MAYFAIR

Vol. 21 No. 3 ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
£1.20

11–PAGE EXCLUSIVE

Miss Austria nude

IT'S NIKKI, THE SECRETARY FROM LEICESTER'S ROYAL INFIRMARY

WE PUT THE BYTE ON HOME COMPUTERS

A CUT ABOVE THE REST: OUR SEXY HAIRDRESSER

MODEL 'T': FORD'S TIN LIZZIE LIVES ON

LUCKY US: IT'S THE CUTEST CROUPIER

THE HAWKHURST GANG: KENT'S MOST FAMOUS SMUGGLERS

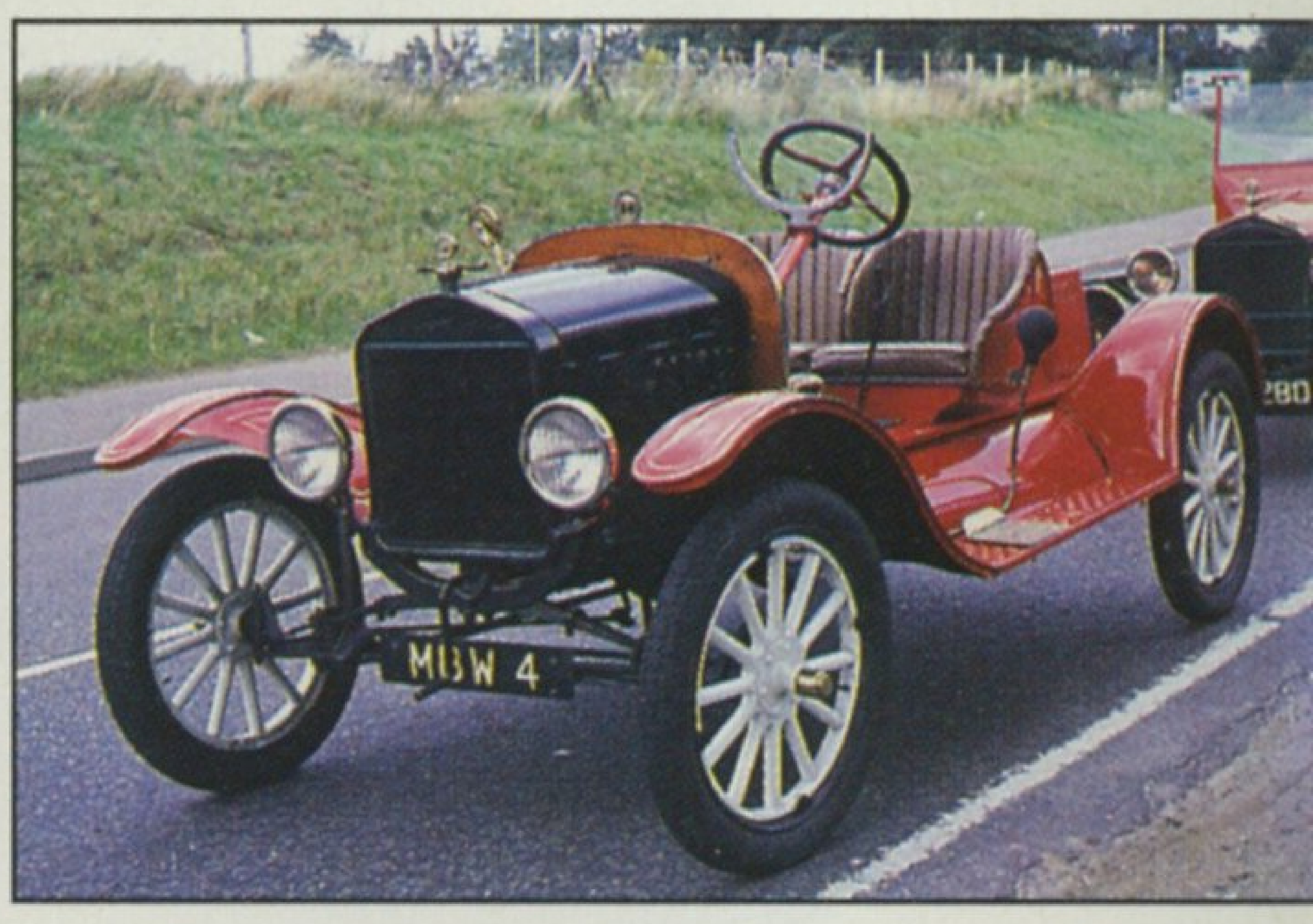
NEW QUEST SURVEY: THE MEMORY FACTOR

NORTH AMERICA $3.95
AUSTRIA 65 A SCH
CANARY ISLANDS 475 PTAS
DENMARK 28 00 KR
FINLAND 20 50 FM
FRANCE 32 50 NF
GERMANY 13 80 DM
HOLLAND 8 90 FL
ITALY 6 400 L
NORWAY 29 50 KR
SPAIN 450 PTAS
SWITZERLAND 6 70 SFR

Black Magic.
JPS
JPS8DKK

MIDDLE TAR As defined by H. M. Government
DANGER: Government Health WARNING:
CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

Cover: Model Evelyn Rillé; photographed by Donald Milne.



MAYFAIR

Incorporating King

Telephone number: 01-242 1593

95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

Vol 21 No. 3

ABC net paid circulation 342,797

Exciting Evelyn, page 49.

Ford's Model Ts, page 60.

SPECIAL FEATURES

			page
The Hawkhurst Gang:	Kent's most vicious smugglers	*Kenneth Jefferson*	44
Games For The RAMs:	Hacked-off over home computers?	*Gerald Cole*	78
Carrie:	Our stripgirl gets stuck with the decorators	*Steve Kingston*	112

GIRLS

Jennifer:	A crossword puzzler gets one across	*Gerth Sernelin*	9
Debbie:	Cute croupier has a bet on the side	*Ed Alexander*	20
Linzi:	Hairdresser and perm favourite	*John Allum*	35
Evelyn:	Meet a former Miss Austria	*Donald Milne*	49
Charlotte:	Pasta master at Italian cooking	*Michael Moore*	72
Nikki:	This secretary operates from Leicester's Royal Infirmary	*John Bernard*	91
Joanna:	Our own soap star to get you in a lather	*Jean Rougeron*	104

HUMOUR

Planning the root:	Rallying cartooned	*Anthony*	27
Heads You Win:	The trophy room lampooned	*Fieldvole*	97
Gentlemen, That Reminds Me:	Our round-up of your choice jokes		102

INFORMERS

Motoring:	Ford's famous Tin Lizzie	*William Boddy*	60
Quest:	The memory factor		83

FICTION

The Performer:	The rock singer's world's about to go pop	*Michael East*	16

SPECIAL OFFERS

Jigsaws page 6/ **Mayfair Diver's Watch** page 26/ **Adult Playwear Lingerie** page 70/ **Best of Mayfair** page 71/ **Sensational Satin Lingerie** page 81/ **Fashion Swiss Watches** page 101/ **Mayfair Maids on Video** page 103/ **Subscription Details** page 111

READER SERVICES

Letters page 8/ **Book Society** page 30/ **Back Numbers** page 34/ **Film Society** page 86/ **Binders** page 90

Editor **Kenneth Bound** / Deputy Editor **Peter Wilton** / Art Editor **Kenneth Sims** / Features Editor **Martin Burr** / Chief Sub-Editor **Clive Harris** Motoring **William Boddy** / Eating Out **Brian O'Hanlon** / Discs **Peter Hopkin** / Travel Editor **Ian Marlowe** / Films **Gerald Cole** / Wine **Charles Fforde**/Readers' Service **Pat Asquith**/Advertisement Director **Chris Robins**/published monthly by Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2. Reg. London No. 875169. Reg. Office 95a Chancery Lane, WC2/Distributed by Seymour Press Ltd., 334 Brixton Road, London SW9/Origination by Moorgate Lithoplates Services Ltd./Printing and binding by The Artisan Press Ltd., Beaumont Leys, Leicester, England/**Fiction:** all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead/**Contributions:** although every care will be taken of all materials submitted for publication Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., their servants or agents, accept no responsibility for loss, damage or destruction, however arising, while in their offices, in transit or elsewhere/Copyright — Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., London, WC2.

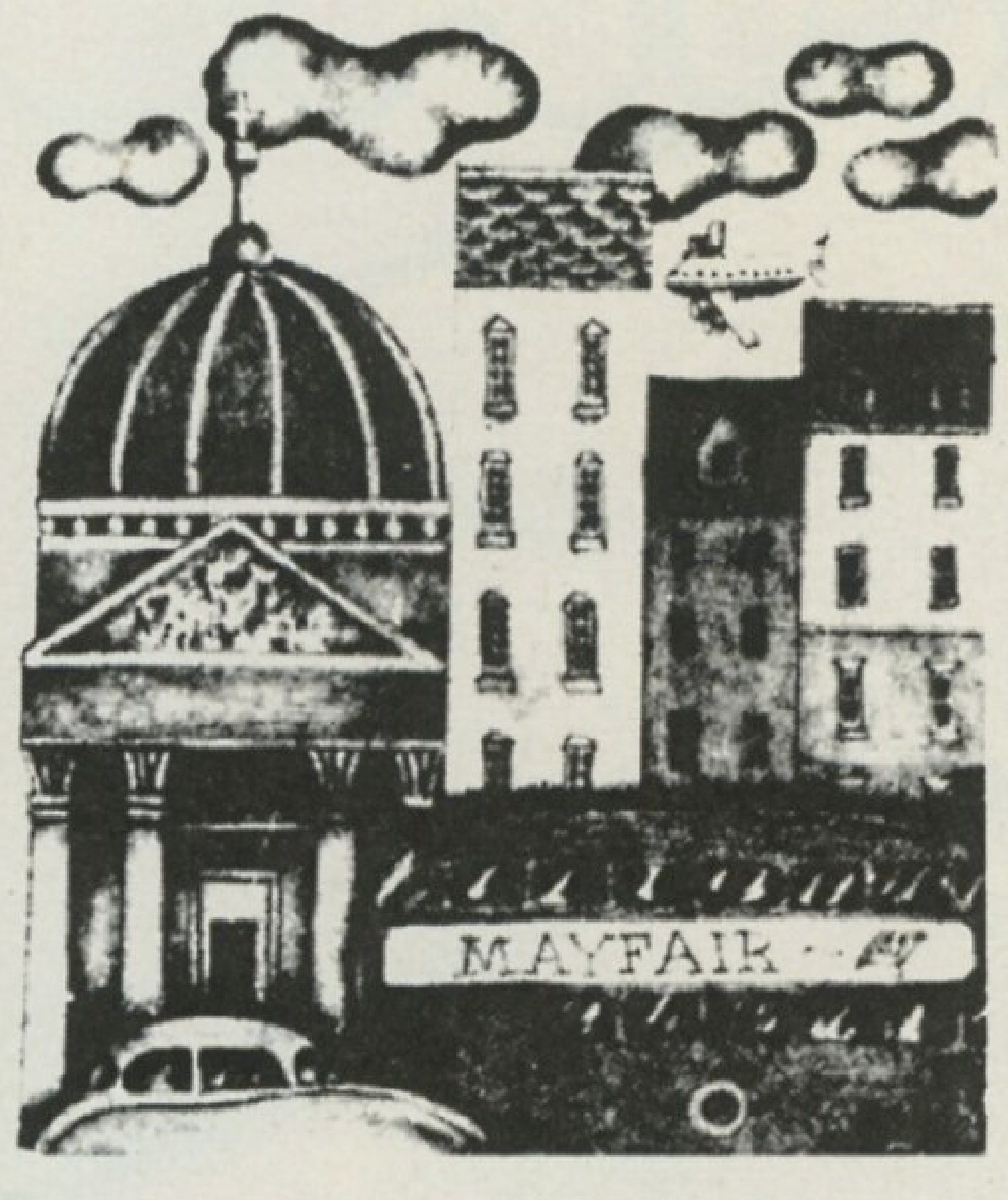
BENSON and HEDGES
Special Filter
SF 175

MIDDLE TAR
DANGER: Government Health WARNING: CIGARETTES

As defined by H.M. Government

CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

SCENE



All *Mayfair* readers are pretty good at picking beautiful girls, but Paul Edwards of Northampton can claim to be one of the best. He has just won £1,000 in our competition in Vol 20 No 11 to pick the *Mayfair* models who provoked the greatest response from readers. Prior to the competition our computer buzzed and clicked away analysing your letters, and producing a top ten of the girls that received most letters of praise. This order was:-

1) Samantha Fox
2) Joanne Latham
3) Jean Rutledge
4) Linda Lusardi
5) Marina L
6) Jane Warner
7) Jackie St Clair
8) Tracy Dixon
9) Patricia Hayes
10) Debbie Boyland.

Out of the thousands of entries, Paul came closest to this order. We are also awarding six runners-up prizes of a year's subscription to *Mayfair* to Simon Vowles of Timsbury, Bath; Mark Chillman of Nottingham; James Bell of Blackheath Hill, London; Paul Harrop of Maidstone; Irfan Butt of Maidenhead and R George of Pendeford near Wolverhampton for getting close. However, even if you weren't a winner, your views will be studied as we plan our *Girls You've Asked to See*.

And now here's another winner. Evelyn Rillé is a superb example of female beauty. At least the stout burgers of Vienna must think so because she won the title of *Miss Vienna* before going on to be crowned *Miss Austria*. At *Mayfair* we meet many sexy girls, but with her long blonde hair and svelte figure we all fell for Evelyn. Her English is very good, spoken with a sexy accent which makes the hairs on the back of your neck tingle. Unfortunately for us, Evelyn's ideal man is the Sylvester Stallone type, and even with journalistic exaggeration we couldn't claim to be budding Rambos! You can judge Evelyn on page 49.

Only the French could have come up with them! They bored us with their bland apples, they've ripped us off for their fizzy designer water. Now here's their latest gambit in the gourmet world. Snails' eggs, or should we say *Les Perles d'Escargot*, which is how they would like you to describe them. They are, it's claimed, simply adored by the 'glitterati' (please don't blame us for the choice of phrase), and are described as being like nutty Caviar only sweeter and more delicate. Physically, they are grey, about the size of a small pearl, and cost a mere £16 an ounce. And, adds the chef-manager of the *Mirabelle* restaurant, they're the perfect complement to raw sea bass and pink champagne. Of course, how silly of us not to have thought of it. Less pretentious readers might be more interested in how these eggs come about. The snail is a hermaphrodite, alternatively both male and female as the whim takes it. This means it is never short of a sexual partner, and the fun-loving snail makes the most of it. In perpetual sexual ecstasy, it procreates almost all the time, ensuring the French have a ready supply of *Les Perles* to cast before the swines of the aforementioned glitterati.

It is quite often members of the glitterati, full of pink champagne, who get stopped for drunken driving. Perhaps they might be interested in the results of a survey by St Christopher Motor Insurance Company. They reveal that you are over four times more likely to be stopped for a breathalyser test in Nottingham than anywhere else. The police there conducted, 4,733 breath tests there over the Christmas period compared to North Wales, the second busiest breathalysers, who did 1,134. Greater Manchester was the third most likely place to fall foul of the law (890 tests) followed by the Thames Valley (827). The residents of Cleveland had a better chance, however. In the same period their police force only breathalysed 54 people, the fewest in the country. However, it has to be said that of all those Notts tests only 115 (2.4 per cent) proved positive, whilst of Cleveland's total 15 (27.8 per cent) were above the limit. The sherrifs of Nottingham are obviously still as suspicous as ever when it comes to rounding-up possible outlaws.

TERRIFIC DOUBLE JIGSAW OFFER

Do girls go to pieces when you touch them? Our two will. That's because lovely Lesley and Lynda are featured on *Mayfair's* quality hand-cut wooden jigsaws. They are just waiting to be reassembled. Lesley is provocatively poised in her PVC boots, Lynda in a clingy, wet smock. Both are perfectly reproduced and measure 11½ inches by 8½ inches. What's more, you don't have to puzzle out which one to choose. Both our jigsaw girls will be sent to you, discreetly packaged, for just £4.99 Why not get them together today.

Please send me....(Qty) set(s) of the two *Mayfair* Jigsaws at the special offer price of £4.99
I enclose a cheque/postal order for £.............. made payable to *Mayfair* Jigsaw Offer.
Signed...
NAME...
ADDRESS...
....
....

IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO CUT YOUR MAGAZINE, THEN PHOTOCOPY THIS COUPON OR SEND YOUR ORDER ON PLAIN PAPER

FEW COGNACS HAVE A NOSE AS LONG AS OURS.

NAPOLEON SAVOURING THE BOUQUET OF A GLASS OF COGNAC

Boisé, Equilibré, Honnête, Puissant.

There's no end to the terms that our tasters use when describing the aroma or nose of cognac.

There is however, a simple (if painful) way to discover the long lasting qualities of cognac Courvoisier.

Take the balloon glass in the palm of your hand and give the contents a resolute swirl.

As the liquid clings to the side of the glass, place your nose above the rim and savour the distinctive bouquet.

Then (this is the painful bit) pour away the cognac and leave the glass overnight.

The subtle aroma will still be evident the next morning, thanks to the skilful hand of the masterblender and our use of only the finest grapes.

A combination which prompted a certain M. Napoleon Bonaparte to describe in the following manner.

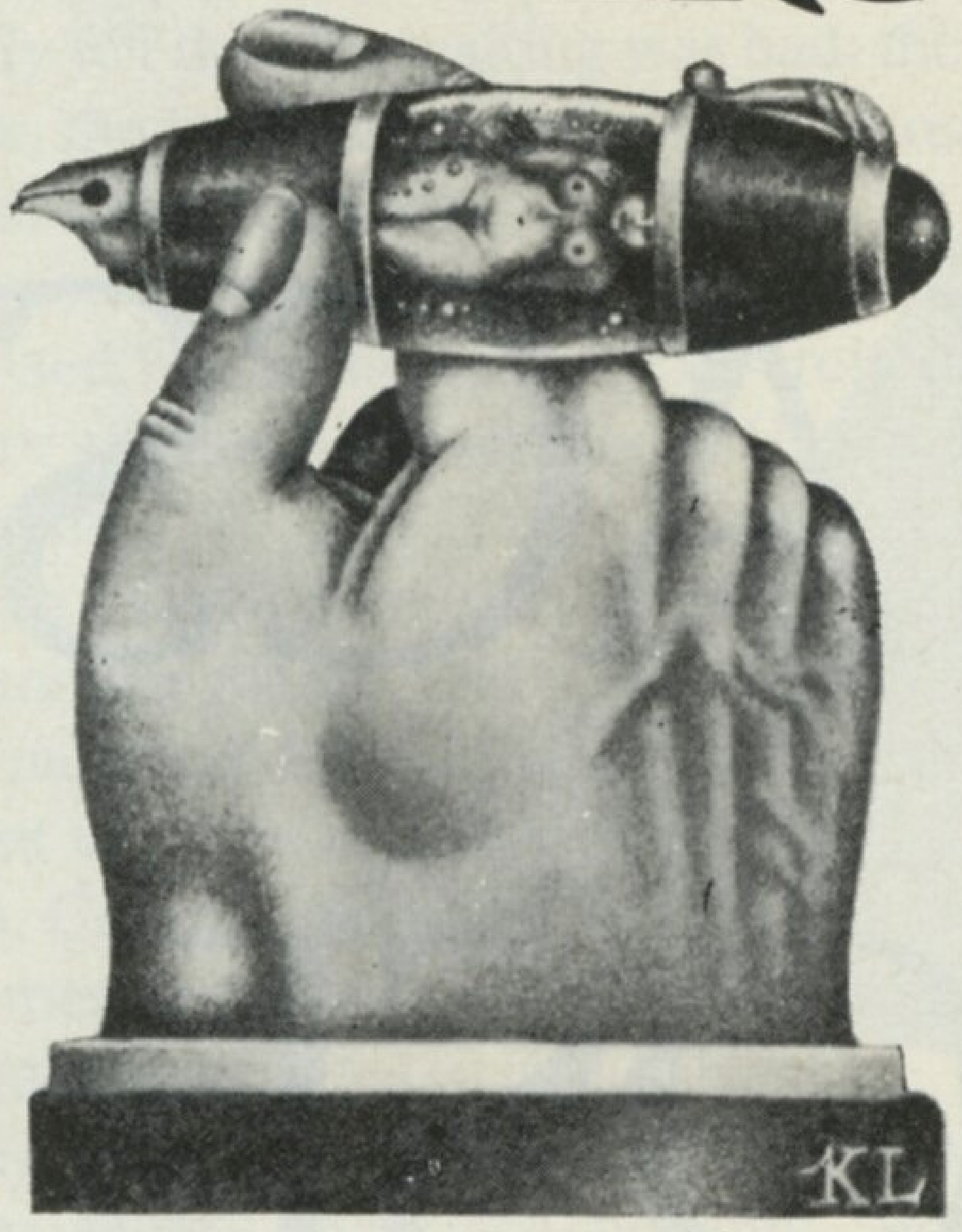
Magnifique.

VSOP
Fine Champagne
COURVOISIER
Le Cognac de Napoleon
LIQUEUR COGNAC
COURVOISIER S.A.

COURVOISIER. THE BORN LEADER.

Le Cognac de Napoleon

LETTERS



You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

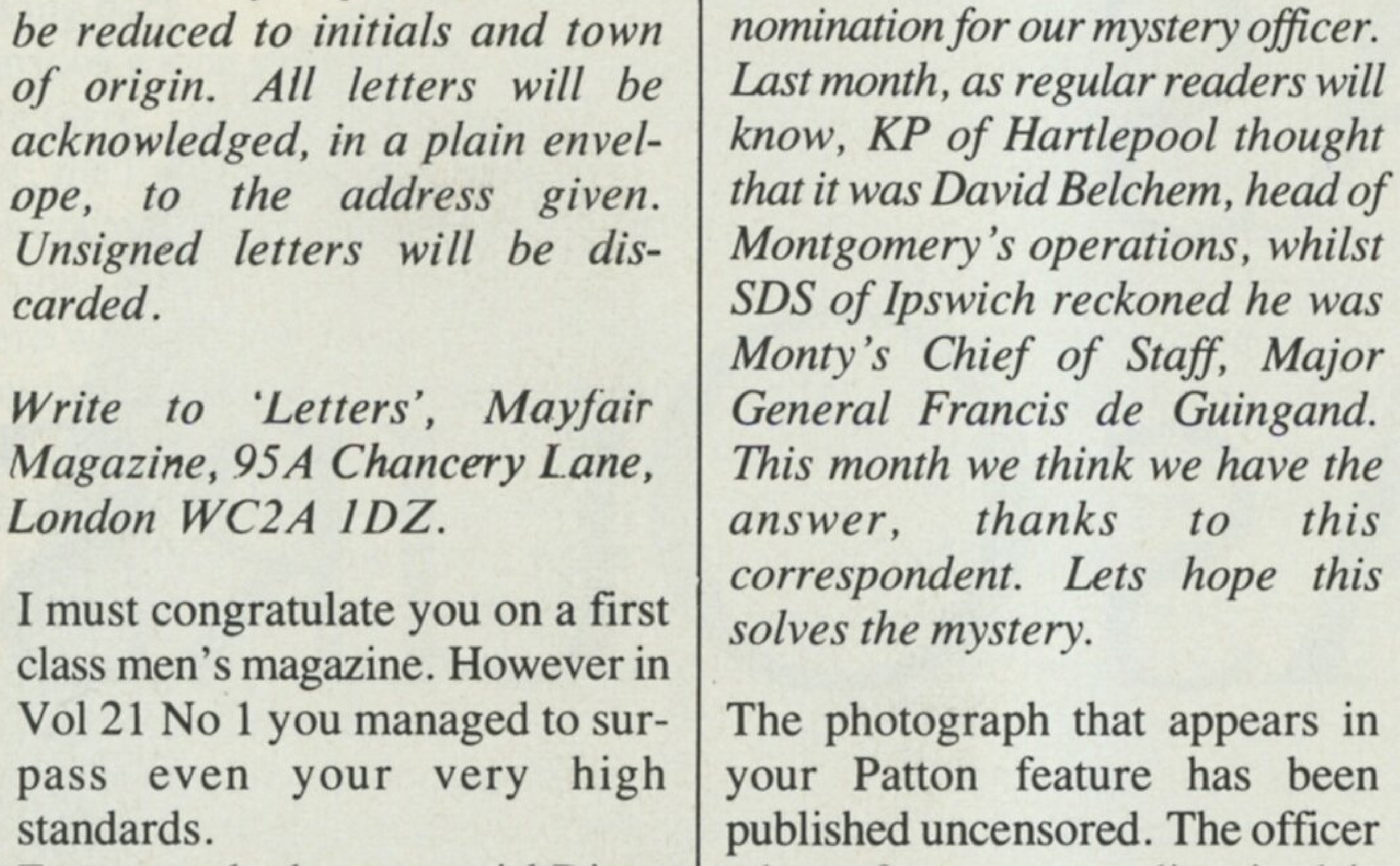
Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

I must congratulate you on a first class men's magazine. However in Vol 21 No 1 you managed to surpass even your very high standards.
For example the cover girl Diane in mountaineering outfit is in my opinion one of your best ever. The way her briefs are pulled up tight between her cheeks just made me rush to the full set inside. I was not disappointed.
For me however the pick of your belles just had to be Susie. In a word she is stunning. The way she slowly discards her sexy lingerie to reveal the most perfect female form is the ultimate turn on. From her suggestive smile to her firm pert breasts, then finally her inviting blonde thatch is a dream come true.
Keep up the good work. If future issues are half as good as this one my flexible friend will not be disappointed.
LM, North Berwick

Regarding the blanked out face of the British Army Officer in your article about Patton in Vol 20 No 12, I think that it is probably Lt General Miles Dempsey, Commander of the 2nd British Army...
P P Poole.

Thank you, PP, that is the third nomination for our mystery officer. Last month, as regular readers will know, KP of Hartlepool thought that it was David Belchem, head of Montgomery's operations, whilst SDS of Ipswich reckoned he was Monty's Chief of Staff, Major General Francis de Guingand. This month we think we have the answer, thanks to this correspondent. Lets hope this solves the mystery.

The photograph that appears in your Patton feature has been published uncensored. The officer whose face appears disguised is Major General Belchem, Head of Operations and Plans at Headquarters 21st Army Group, and thus one of Montgomery's most senior staff. At a guess, I imagine his face was covered up to conceal the fact that this meeting was an operational conference as opposed to a public relations exercise.
Cpt N J Ridout RMP, Royal Military Police, BFPO 16.



'You could call it a break with tradition — I'm a tit man . . .'

Why doesn't that famous television advertisement for Milton Keynes (you know the one with everyone fishing or cycling, deserted roads and so on), why doesn't it mention that it's the home of Kaie McDonald? That would get people moving there in their droves. If only all girls were made that way...
STP, Poole

Once more *Mayfair* is ahead of the times. I remember reading, in Vol 17 No 4, an account of Canadian air ace Billy Bishop and his exploits in World War One, The White Knight with a Tinge of Grey. Your author, Edwyn Gray, reported the controversy surrounding the award of a Victoria Cross to Bishop for a daring single-handed dawn raid on a German airfield. 'Despite long years of painstaking research historians have failed to identify a substantial number of his alleged victims . . . and even more damning — enemy records contain no reference to the famous airfield attack,' wrote Mr Gray.
I went searching through my back copies to check your story, prompted by an article which appeared in *The Guardian* on January 21, under the heading, 'Battle rages over air war ace Bishop.'
Here are the salient points from *The Guardian* article: 'Canada, which has few national heroes, is caught up in an argument, provoked by a state-subsidised film over whether its best known military hero was a cheat.
'Senators, film makers, historians and editorial writers, have all plunged into the fray, taking sides on the issue of whether Billy Bishop falsified the claim that won him the Victoria Cross seventy years ago.'
The report says that Bishop's reputation was secure until recently — the *Mayfair* story perhaps? He was credited with 72 victories, the top-scoring ace of the British Empire, and won a DSO and MC, and survived to become a pioneer in commercial aviation.
'Bishop was a flamboyant character,' says *The Guardian*, 'a terrible pilot but a terrific shot. The National Film Board's film, *The Kid Who Couldn't Miss*, makes more damaging criticism than that.
'Its writer-director, Paul Cowan, discovered in the archives of the Imperial War Museum a taped interview with a British pilot who became Sir Archibald James, in which he said it was common knowledge in 60 Squadron that Bishop made fraudulent claims.
'Cowan realised some British fliers resented a colonial hero with uncouth manners, but he pursued this line.' This allegation of fraud features in the film, and in particular in connection with the famous dawn raid in which Bishop said he shot down three German planes, and straffed the airfield.
'The film implies,' adds *The Guardian* report, 'through the words of a mechanic, that Bishop landed somewhere and fired bullets into his own tail to fabricate a fight. The mechanic, Walter Bourne, says that Bishop returned with his Lewis gun missing, adding, "It's a bit of a mystery".'
We shall have to wait for the outcome of a Canadian Senate enquiry, started in October last year. Rumour has it however, according to *The Guardian* report, that the Veteran's Subcommittee report will condemn the film, and set Bishop on a pedestal once more. Has anyone else light to shed on Billy Bishop, VC, DSO and Bar, MC, DFC?
Arthur Osborne, Bournemouth

Reading your excellent feature in Vol 21 No 1 about the journey to Lake Tanganyka put me in mind of an expedition I led to South West Africa in the thirties. I was a member of the 8th Battalion Bridlington Sea Squirts. Reports had come through to England of a lost tribe of Amazonian-style women living in the Congo basin. As we were in training for our tracking and knot-tying badges we thought we could put our skills to the test. We caught the six o'clock steam packet from Penzance, and after a steady journey weighed anchor at Brassiereville at 0400 hours the next morning. Now your dear wayward readers (for whose moral salvation from the sins of the flesh I earnestly pray) may be justly perplexed as to the point of my tale, and perhaps consider it best consigned to the *National Geographical* or some similar journal of fieldcraft and rumbustious survival. Well, the plain fact of the matter is (if fact is not a queer bedfellow in my story) that the N'dinga tribe women were the sexiest ladies set upon God's earth. Not one of these beauties was less than shoulder high to a Wensleydale shire, and totally nude except for a rough bark thong hewn from the outside of a Bimba tree.
And what great powerful buttocks they had! Large round firm and muscular. For some obscure reason known only to the High Priest of erotic fancy, I called these ruddy

turn to page 14

Jennifer

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GERTH SERNELIN

If you're thinking of dating 19-year-old Jennifer Mason you'd better have a way with words. For Jennifer is an English Literature graduate with a fondness for competition crosswords. 'I can usually do the Azed one in *The Observer*, and *The Times* is a doddle once you know the rules,' she said casually. But don't be too intimidated, Jennifer also likes a quiet meal, a drink and dancing.

Jennifer's sincerest hope is that by baring her 34-23-34 figure she will prove once and for all that girls with a love of literature are not stuffy. 'Booky types are always portrayed as frumps in glasses and cardigans,' she protested. 'I've always liked sexy clothes, particularly underwear, and I've never had any qualms about showing my body off on beaches.' Back in her home town of Norwich, Jennifer also enjoys meeting people and engaging them in conversation. 'You learn a lot more about life that way than even books can tell you.'

LETTERS

continued from page 8

buttocks 'Nutcrackers'. Breasts! Did I hear your lusty readers enquire as to the shape and size of the N'dinga's mammary organs? They were indeed monstrous, if such be the word to describe those succulent glands so beloved of young bucks and ageing suckling babes. They preceded their bearers by a full 12 inches. By exquisitely well calculated torsion they needed no truck with ribs and bones. With great purple areolae, and stout grease nipples, they thrust forward.

At the time of our arrival in the N'dingas' encampment, there was a bit of a kerfuffle in the offing. It so happened that the N'dinga women kept a stock of Bonga Wanga men solely for the purposes of breeding and sexual gratification. The Bonga Wanga, ungrateful wretches that they were, were revolting against the sexual rule of the N'dingas. As a punishment the men were ordered to service the N'dinga ladies three times a day for a full week.

When we saw the Wanga's knobs we saw that they had been specially selected by the N'dinga for their length and thickness. They were the size of carthorses. Ever since my infancy when I caused consternation in my father's car by asking why that gee-gee in the field had five legs, I have pondered upon the capacity of the vagina to accommodate outlandish members. The N'dingas must have been capacious indeed, and have very deep throats for as we watched their punishment take place they were buried to the hilt.

The N'dinga ladies clung to special servicing handles dug into the ground as the Wanga men plunged their massive members in and out of the women's pleasure chambers. After the servicing came a lengthy session of whipping, the N'dinga ladies smacking their buttocks with mosquito swats.

The N'dinga women were fascinated by our pith helmets which they caked with mud, and used for chamber pots and soup tureens. They also showed a disquieting interest in our novel white bodies. 'You have big knobs like the Wanga men, yes?' they enquired whilst staring at our crotches. I have to admit that the prospect of my white penis grinding into the black ladies' glory hole sent tingles of anticipation down my spine. However the others in the expedition were not of a similar persuasion or we might have all become slaves of the N'dingas to this very day. We took off quietly one dark night while the N'dinga women were carving knob horns for the men.

Nowadays whenever I see a beauty photographed in *Mayfair*, I think back to our expedition in the Congo. Although I am now well into my nineties, I often wonder what exquisite pleasures I missed by not becoming the first white sex slave of the N'dingas.

I Fox (with a touch of beri-beri), Shoreham-by-Sea.

You've been watching Carry On Up the Jungle *too often, Mr Fox, but thanks for the tall story. We always need new fiction writers!*

In my opinion, there is too much outdoor and bath sex in *Mayfair*.

I don't like outdoor bath sex.

I don't like indoor bath sex.

I don't like outdoor sex at all.

The sex I like best is the back room sex.

Torbjohn Yttervoll, Mosjoen, Norway.

Quite! We're sorry, we think.

Reading FT of Eastbourne's reply in Vol 20 No 5 to your humorous school story, *The Day that Randy Harrap Forgot the Headmaster's Homily* (Vol 20 No 3), made me recall an incident at my school — a co-ed school on the North Island. We didn't have a Harrap at school. Maybe a few were around but I wasn't aware of their existence.

I hadn't been at school very long, about five months in the third form, when I heard that a committee of five girls had got together on a form (a school assembly bench), and were waiting to see me.

When I got to the hallway, I saw the five girls sitting on the form (how they got it there during a busy lunch hour, I'll never know). The first thing they asked was which of the five I liked the most. There were two I fancied, Rosemary and Karen (names changed). Rosemary was a tall, and beautiful blonde with a figure good enough for a *Mayfair* model. Karen was plump but still had a gorgeous figure in my opinion, and was a brunette as I recall (this was 13 years ago).

I chose Karen, and they said that they would see me later.

I went to the library to bone up on a book about sex, and had read a couple of pages when Karen crept up beside me. She whispered that she had a secret she wanted to reveal to me.

I walked from the library around to the technical block, and stood between her and the occasional

Rothmans
SPECIAL

AT LAST, FULL FL

A LOW TAR CIG

LOW TAR

DANGER: Government Health WARNING: CIGARETTES

I must thank you for your article on the BMW motorcycle in Vol 20 No 1. As a self employed motorcycle mechanic, I get my hands on all sorts of bikes, many foreign, but now and again I find an old Brit. Recently I repaired a British moped owned by a woman aged around 37, who contacted me through her son who is a biker. I went around to her house, dressed as usual in dirty jeans (black with engine oil), tee-shirt and leather jacket. My hair was tied back to keep it out of my eyes, and I had a black open helmet. I was riding a good old Norton.

I knocked on the door, and asked her where the bike was. After spending a few minutes taking the engine out and dismantling it, I found the problem. The conrod bearings had gone, it was simple really. I had an idea what the problem might be so I'd brought a spare set of bearings. The whole job only took about two hours.

I knocked on the door to ask if I could wash my hands. To my surprise she was standing there in a pair of knickers and nothing else. Her breasts were small but firm, her nipples standing erect in the cold air as the door opened.

I must say that I was taken aback, but put on a brave face, and ran the hot water. As I did, she put her arms around my waist, and proceeded to undo my jeans. I turned around, and she started to kiss me, French kissing deeply. I thought, if she doesn't care, neither do I.

I ran my hands over her breasts, and kissed her nipples. Then I pushed my hand down the front of her knickers, and started to rub her clitoris. Her hands went to work on my member.

Then she said, 'Hadn't we better go upstairs?' I didn't reply but just moved her towards the wall. I kissed her nipples again, then slowly moved down, and removed her knickers, kissing her mound, my tongue darting into her lips.

As she was about to come, I stood up, and put both hands under her buttocks, and lifted her up. She wrapped her legs round me, and I pulled forward and entered her.

She started to moan and dig her nails into my back which is a real turn-on. The harder I pushed, the more she dug her nails in. She came shortly after I did.

We both stayed in that position for a few minutes. She admitted later that it was one of her fantasies to get laid by a Hells Angel. She also said that she had never done it up against a wall before.

I put my jeans back on and left. As I did I could see my oily hand prints

turn to page 114

AVOUR IN
ARETTE.

Rothmans Special.

20
SELECT BLEND
Rothmans
SPECIAL
KING SIZE
FILTER TIPPED
ROTHMANS OF PALL MALL LONDON

As defined by H.M. Government
CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL AUSTIN

It was one of the band's best gigs. The audience were screaming, reaching out to touch the lead singer. Then he spotted her in the crowd — slim, dark, beautiful — a real fan, he thought as he led her backstage. How was he to know she belonged to the huge, volatile drummer?

THE PERFORMER

Fiction by Michael East

Loud was the music that night. He had the feeling. He belted out the lyrics, the rubbish lyrics, and his eyes roamed the ranks of the faithful swelling at the front beneath the stage. Christ, he wanted a freebie!

They went through *No Manana*, and he saw a girl with flashing eyes on the left, and announced *Dance Time* next and bent, shaking hands with the throng, catching hers, pulling her towards him, taking up the first half of the song as though this was all timed and rehearsed. She was there on the stage shaking her amazed and delighted head, long brown hair flying ready for the dance interlude; and then she flashed her bold grey eyes, and called him John, and stamped her amazingly fine strong legs, and nearly stole the

show, and he was thinking, 'Yeah! Yeah! This is all right!' and it was closing time when he came off for ten minutes, missing two numbers, his only break in the whole long session.

But now he had her hand. He kissed it lightly at full stretch while the band roared through the crazy disjointed chorus they all thought so much of at the time. She looked thrilled. He liked that.

He came back to the mike for the main part of the number — always faithful to the show, and gave it all he'd got, noticing irritably all the bum notes that faulty memories struck behind him without the fans ever realizing; and still holding the light cool hand of this magic girl.

'*Eyes for You*!' he yelled on an upbeat, and the fans went wild.

They'd probably never heard of the song, it was a real oldie. Heavy Mont, the drummer, would have a job recalling it since he'd been new in the group then.

This was stupid, the whole thing. At this stage of the concert they needed a memory stretcher. But that was how he felt. He wanted this dark-haired girl with eyes only for him who looked as if she'd just stepped out of a library. And he meant to woo her further with *Eyes for You*. So roll it.

And Surprise One: Heavy Mont remembered the beat, and thrashed the skins right.

'Eyes for you,' John sang. 'Only eyes for you. How can you claim we're through when I have such eyes for you?'

He leaned right out there over the heads of the jigging cheery crowd, shaking hands here, shaking them there, kneeling to kiss a cheek or determined lips, coming back into the song on each of the cues, but all the time reaching, reaching for the one he really wanted. Shy, she held back, her eyes avid for attention.

He was getting stupid again. Any second he could lose his balance, and go right down into them, like that time in East Ham.

But now he had her hand. He kissed it lightly at full strech while the band roared through the crazy disjointed chorus they all thought so much of at the time. She looked thrilled. He liked that.

He came back to the mike for the main part of the number — always faithful to the show, and gave it all he'd got, noticing irritably all the bum notes that faulty memories struck behind him without the fans ever realizing; and still holding the light cool hand of this magic girl.

The fans were sussing it now, enjoying it, parting amicably so he could draw her through the throng, the shy face taking on a look of unbelievable joy. Half upright now, he pulled her up beside him. She stood between the front microphones with her face in her hands.

'Eyes for you only eyes for you.' They danced. She was clumsy, unpractised; looking about her with a little girl delight. Shapely legs in thick woollen socks. At times as they stepped she covered her face again, overwhelmed; but she loved it, welcoming his mischievous kisses on her cheeks while the band eyed each other knowingly.

That perfect oval face, pale tan of last summer against black clothes, dark hair bunched about it; the eyes a lovely grey, clear, open, innocent. A teddy bear girl. Yet the body beckoned beneath the sweater, the light gleaming off her rustling skirt. He liked the combination: matt sweater, glossy skirt, matt socks, shining flat-heeled shoes. She was all right.

And she was enjoying it, too; looking up at him, singing the words to the final chorus. At the end of the song, he pushed her towards the exit.

'Be with you,' he told her firmly. 'Wait there.'

He did one more number, the one before the break: 'Ten days without a fag,/ it's getting such a drag/ and I nag,/ O, how I nag! I'd love to blag/ one off my mate/ (they'll stick you in a casket/ silly basket!)/ that'd be great/ but it's a jag/ I could do without. Don't want to be prag/ matic,/ but I can live without it./ You know?'

It was a complicated number, one of the few where they thought the words were quite good. He had to concentrate, and was glad it went well.

'Well, that's it from *me*. . .' he told the fans.

They moaned till some wit cried 'Good!' and the yell was taken up here and there.

'. . . for at least 12 minutes!'

They all yelled. What atmosphere! It was incredible. There were at least three tiers of them out there in the semi-dark. Some were waving green luminous plastic worms.

In the quiet dark corridor she was waiting, black against the sombre wall.

He kissed her firmly, feeling confident.

She trembled.

'Are you really John Anderson?'

Taking her by the arm, he led her towards the dressing room, and shrugged. Such was life.

'I can't believe it!' she said, excited.

He crowded her in. The boys had started *Music Master*, a really heavy number. But it was odd how, back here, you seemed behind it all as if it was just a hollow shell facing outward with nothing behind it, just a fake too soon forgotten.

Maybe it summed him up: all he was good for was shafting some innocent kid he'd just met who liked his music. Not a groupie, but a real fan, all right, a nice girl, a rather short girl all in black. Rather shy.

He pushed the deep thoughts away, and shut the door on them both, snicking it briskly, professionally.

The place was a mess, the lighting too glaring.

'Gosh!' she whispered, looking round as though it was the antechamber of Heaven.

Why shouldn't he? How many times did she escape reality briefly through him? Okay, the words were nothing — he'd never earn a penny with his writing — but the beat carried them away all right, the rhythm took them. His rhythm.

'I just can't believe this,' the girl raptured, eyes huge in an upturned face.

'It's happening,' he told her, and kissed the fluttering eyelids. 'Relax,' he murmured, kissing her mouth. His hand went to her back.

'Oh,' she thrilled.

'Mmmm!' he sighed, busy along the fine line of the jaw.

'This is incredible,' she whispered.

'Yeah,' he breathed, stroking her form through the thick warm sweater; lithe, firm.

Excitement, maybe even inspiration: whatever it was, something was definitely stirring.

She pulled away.

'Did you really mean what you said in *Rhapsody*?' she asks.

'Sometimes,' he barely replied, mind elsewhere, hands busy. The words were nothing; only the beat counted.

Time pressed.

Beneath her crackling skirt he stroked upwards between thighs like silk above the thick woollen socks. She gasped and shifted, her arms going round his neck, the wool rough against him. He heard her watch briefly.

'In *Sounds* it said — oh! — you meant what you wrote,' she jerked as quick, but gentle fingers probed the cleft at the tops of her thighs, the black

turn to page 26

'When I married you, you were a saucy, little baggage. Now, you're a baggy little sausage.'

FILTER C
PM INC.
VENI·VIDI·VICI
Marlboro
20 CLASS A CIGARETTES
Discover the flavour.

LOW TO MIDDLE TAR As defined by H.M. Government
DANGER: Government Health WARNING:
CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH.

Debbie

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

Think of casinos, and most likely you think of some of the world's slickest resorts. Monte Carlo, Las Vegas, and all the playgrounds of the rich offer gaming tables, and so, surprisingly, do a lot of the northern English towns. It might be hard for the more sophisticated residents of the south east to imagine, but those traditional centres of industry are now as keen on roulette and blackjack as the gamblers of Monaco. Perhaps one reason might be 22-year-old Debbie Illingworth from Bradford who has worked in many casinos as a freelance croupier.

Almost every night Debbie squeezes her 36-24-35 figure into one of her tight evening gowns, like the dress she's wearing here, and drives to one of the north's casinos for six hours hard work.

Debbie finishes work generally at about 4am, which makes her social life a little unconventional. 'I go home, and snatch some sleep, then generally get up around lunchtime. The trouble is that when I feel like meeting people, they are all still at work.' What about the men she meets at the casino? 'I never combine work with pleasure, it gets too complicated,' she replied at once, then her face softens. 'Mind you, there are a few that I'd like to meet away from the tables.' What does she do in her spare time? 'I love driving on the moors, and meeting friends for a late lunch in one of the old stone pubs. It's great wearing old jeans and pumps after a night in the gown and high heels. You'd hardly recognise me.'

SPLASH OUT...WITH MAYFAIR'S DIVER'S WATCH

The ideal present for the adventurous man, *Mayfair's* watch offers quartz accuracy with a host of features. It's irresistibly masculine, and at just £39.95, now's the time.

Superbly accurate quartz timekeeping * Digital and analogue display * Waterproof to 50 metres * Anodised aluminium case and strap * Stop watch accurate to 1/100th second * Alarm * Day/Date calendar * Hourly chime * Rotating bezel * 12/24 hour format * Mineral glass * 1 year guarantee.

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

To: WATCH OFFER, Mayfair magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Please send me ...... watches at £39.95. I enclose a cheque/postal order made payable to Fisk Publishing Co Ltd. Or debit my Access/American Express account.

MY CARD NO IS ____________

NAME ____________

ADDRESS ____________

____

SIGNATURE ____________

Please allow 21 days for delivery. If you are not completely satisfied, simply return goods unmarked within 28 days of receipt for immediate refund. All prices include postage, packing, VAT and insurance. Customers outside Europe add £3.50 to total to ensure air mail delivery. All payments from abroad should be in Sterling (IMO).

M213

continued from page 18

skirt gathered about her slender waist. She shifted again, and a gap opened slightly. He touched warmth.

'Right,' he crooned, kissing her lovely face as the minutes urged him on.

'But when you wrote-'

He kissed her mouth, swift fingers on her skirt urging the little catch out, fumbling the zip. With a sigh, the fabric fell about her ankles.

'Oh!' she gasped, trying to look down.

'You're beautiful,' he whispered, holding her still. 'Beautiful,' he seduced.

'Thanks!' she gasped, grinning despite herself as he pulled the sweater up under her arms. 'I don't believe this!' Her voice shook.

'Don't worry,' he soothed. 'Relax.'

Too late to get concerned, he thought; nearly all over.

The woolly was too floopy to stay up by itself.

'Please!' she said, anxious.

'Easy,' he murmured, and tugged the sweater over her neat little head which ducked obligingly. He kissed her face quickly, repeatedly, holding it to him. Then he pulled the woolly off her arms, and dropped it on the floor.

She wore a white teeshirt which was easily rolled up. His brisk fingers slipped under the edges of her modest bra, and lifted the cups from her conical breasts.

'Wait!' she muttered grimly, her arms tugging about his shoulders. She wanted to get free.

'A minute!' he urged, baring her breasts completely now, the warm silky bra wrapped in rolled teeshirt, snug under her arms. Breasts thrilled him: these, so separate in their pale prominence, the nipples standing sharply from the swollen dark centres, captivating him. Lost, he caressed them. Feeling them was like no other sensation he knew.

But the minutes flew.

He observed her. White-skinned, she looked incredibly naked, her clothing up under her arms, her neat short hair darkly tousled by the sweater. She wore white cotton briefs and her shapely white legs slid into those thick black socks. Her shoes were hidden by the fall of silken shirt.

'What I came for was-...'

He ignored her. The white panties were irresistible, such an image of English virginity if there was such a thing. He touched them, feeling her warmth and moistness again, seeing the hair curling crisply over the waistband, black against her white.

'I almost worship you!' she wailed.

'Yeah,' he muttered, concentrating on the fingers that slid beneath the cotton, pushing through soft wiry pubic hair to the warm soft haven.

Almost? he thought suddenly. Finicky, aren't we?

'No!' Her thighs were tight together.

Relax, he thought irritably.

Bang! Bang! on the door.

'Six minutes!'

'Oh!' she jerked, and he used the chance to best effect, white panties tangling round her knees while he was cleared for action himself. Not a record time at all, but not bad.

'Don't!' she gasped, and clung to him as he hoisted her onto the table edge. She swung her hips, trying to dodge, but he had a good grip on her upper thighs, and pulled her steadily onto him, easing himself all the way in. Her tightness hurt them both. She was dry, not moist at all. But he ignored it: there was a show out there waiting for him.

'You don't understand,' she groaned, collapsing on his shoulders, her arms tight around his neck as he worked.

He didn't hear. Always pretty fast off the mark, he was getting the tingles already.

When the three minutes signal thundered on the door, he was fixed up, and checking himself in the mirror. The girl sat on the table, crying softly.

He regarded her image coldly. Not coming herself, she had made it hard for him.

But he had got there. He felt tall and cool. He poured himself along the passage to the stage and timed it just right. Heavy Mont was doing the final rolls to *Jamboree Time* which was some little thing they had mucked about with last summer, ready to come off for *his* twelve minute break.

Heavy Mont, a hard man, 14-plus stone of top level muscle. Magic on the drums. Amazing how he'd recalled *Eyes for You.* Gazing at him affectionately as he made for the mikes, John remembered their first performance together in Pwllheli when the bouncers had lost control.

'He's all right,' the guy who introduced them to each other had warned. 'Just don't rile him.'

They had laughed. After all their trouble, they were going to upset a drummer?

John came up by Vince on the left hand mike. Tall, skinny, with a long doleful face half hidden by thatched fair hair, he wore just a scruffy vest and shorts. John would have kept knees like those well out of sight.

Joyous hullabaloo rose to meet him from the gloom beyond the lights. Terrific. Nothing said, they went straight into three heavy guitar numbers which took the heat off Heavy. He just upped and walked away behind the drum kit. Pack came off synth, and took up a bass guitar. Lacking skins, this bit was all on its own. Just the three of them standing there with the packed happy fans spread out in front, turning out sheer uncomplicated rhythm without pause.

Vince kept grinning at him.

Eventually they got a chance to put their heads together while the fans yelled below, a sea of contented faces in the hall.

'Did you make his lady?'

John felt a chill.

'Whose lady?'

'Mont's. The girl you had on the stage.'

They parted to hammer out another number, and John felt himself shake.

'Never thought she'd come out of the audience like that,' said Vince when he got the chance.

Don't believe it! John thought. But he could recall the girl saying that. And it had happened to her. Oh, Christ, Mont would kill him.

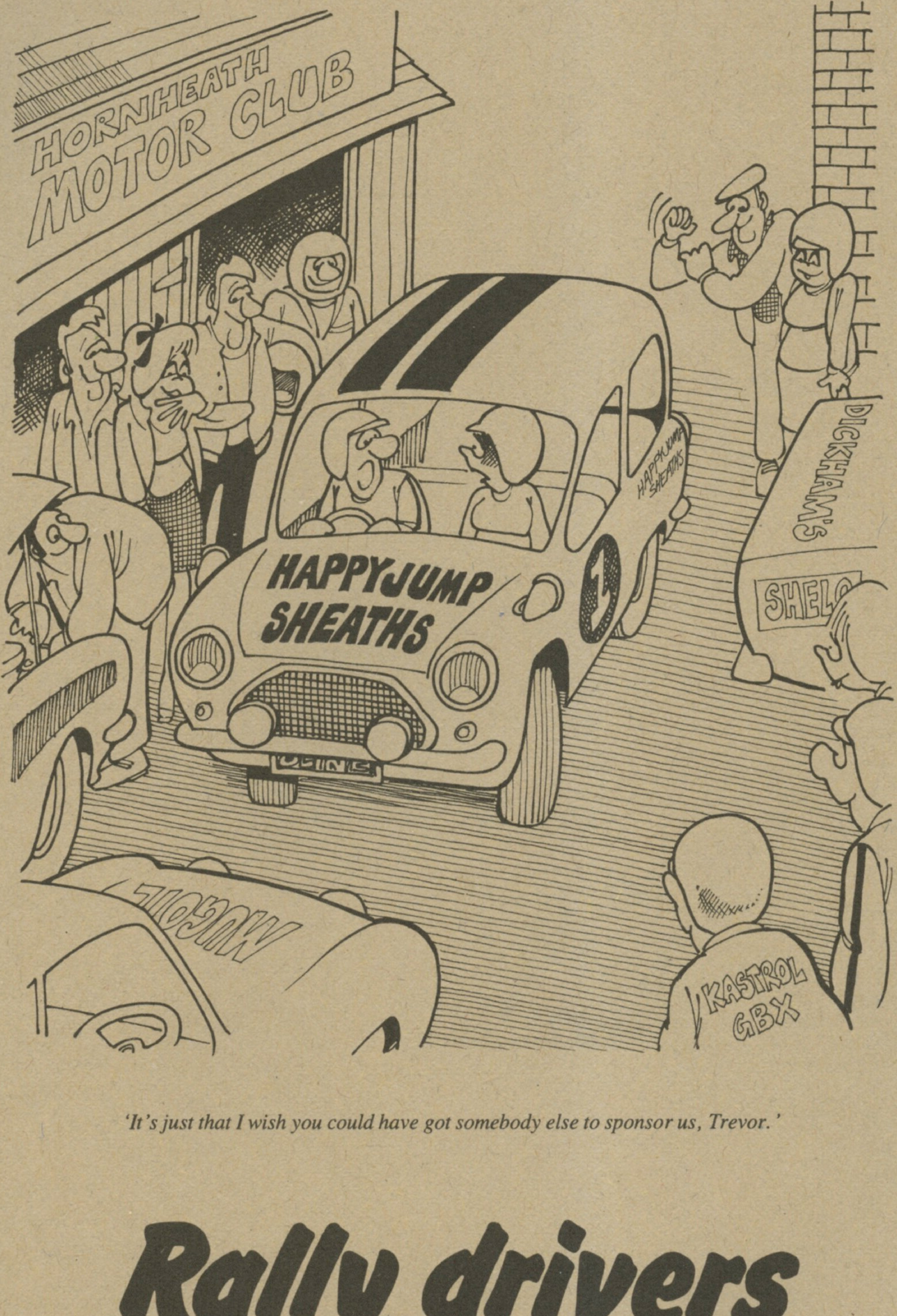
He went quite absolutely cold with the realisation.

But she'd been asking for it in her quiet little way. How could Mont get taken with a kid like that?

Vince said: 'We'd been wondering who this girl was, me 'n' Pack. You know Mont: he's hardly the one to talk about a girlfriend. Some reporter pointed her out just before the show. Stunned to see her.'

In Pwllheli when the bouncers got chucked out, Mont had ambled down off the stage, pushed through the press right into the middle of the

turn to page 71


HORNHEATH MOTOR CLUB
HAPPYJUMP SHEATHS
HAPPYJUMP SHEATHS
DICKHAM'S
SHELO
NUGOIL
KASTROL GBX

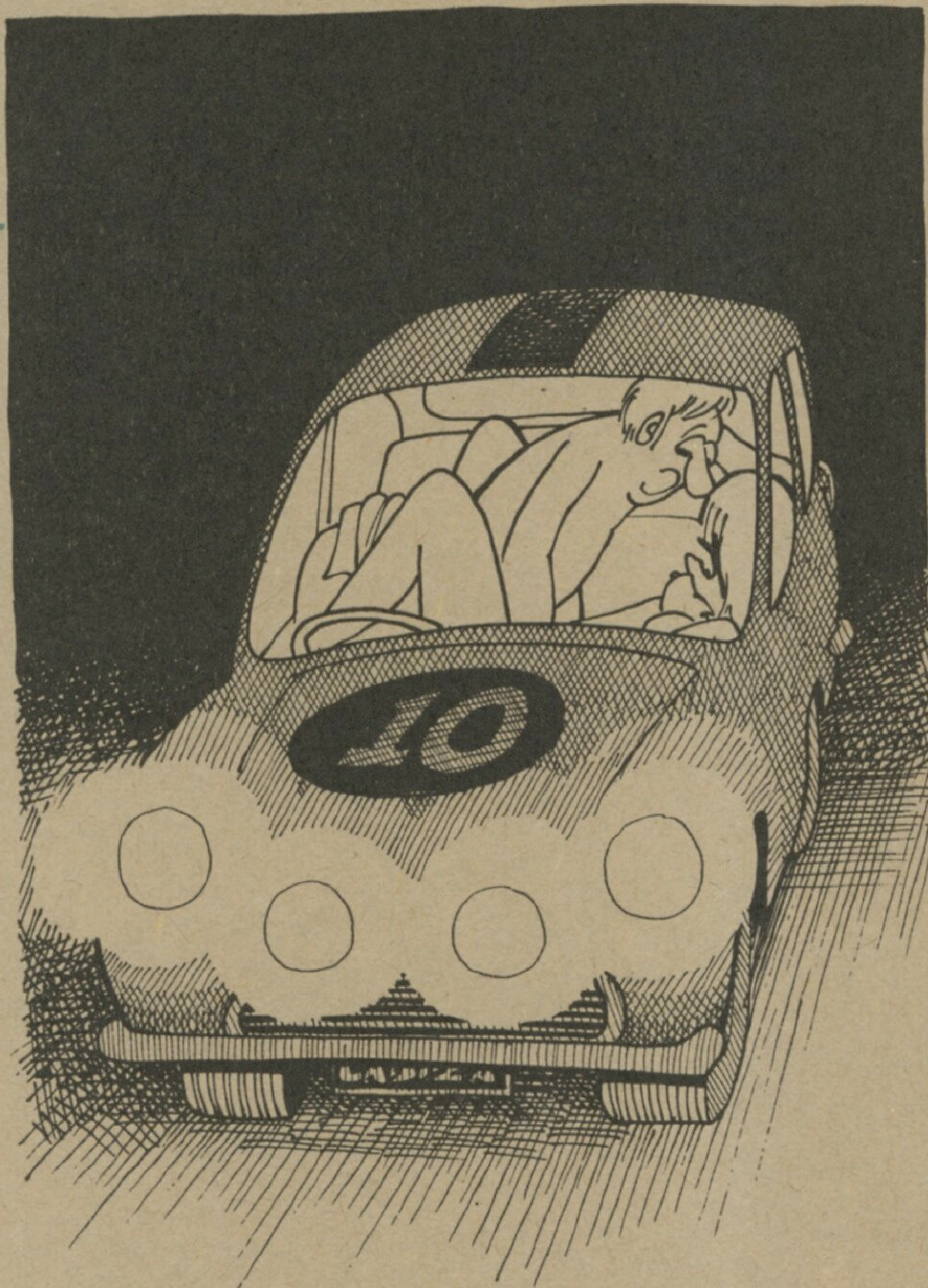
'It's just that I wish you could have got somebody else to sponsor us, Trevor.'

Rally drivers do it in stages

A heavy foot on the accelerator may bring rallying success, says cartoonist Anthony, but girls prefer a light touch of the clutch

'Haven't you finished plotting your course yet, David.'

'I'm well aware of the time schedule, but it's not my fault this bra won't undo.'



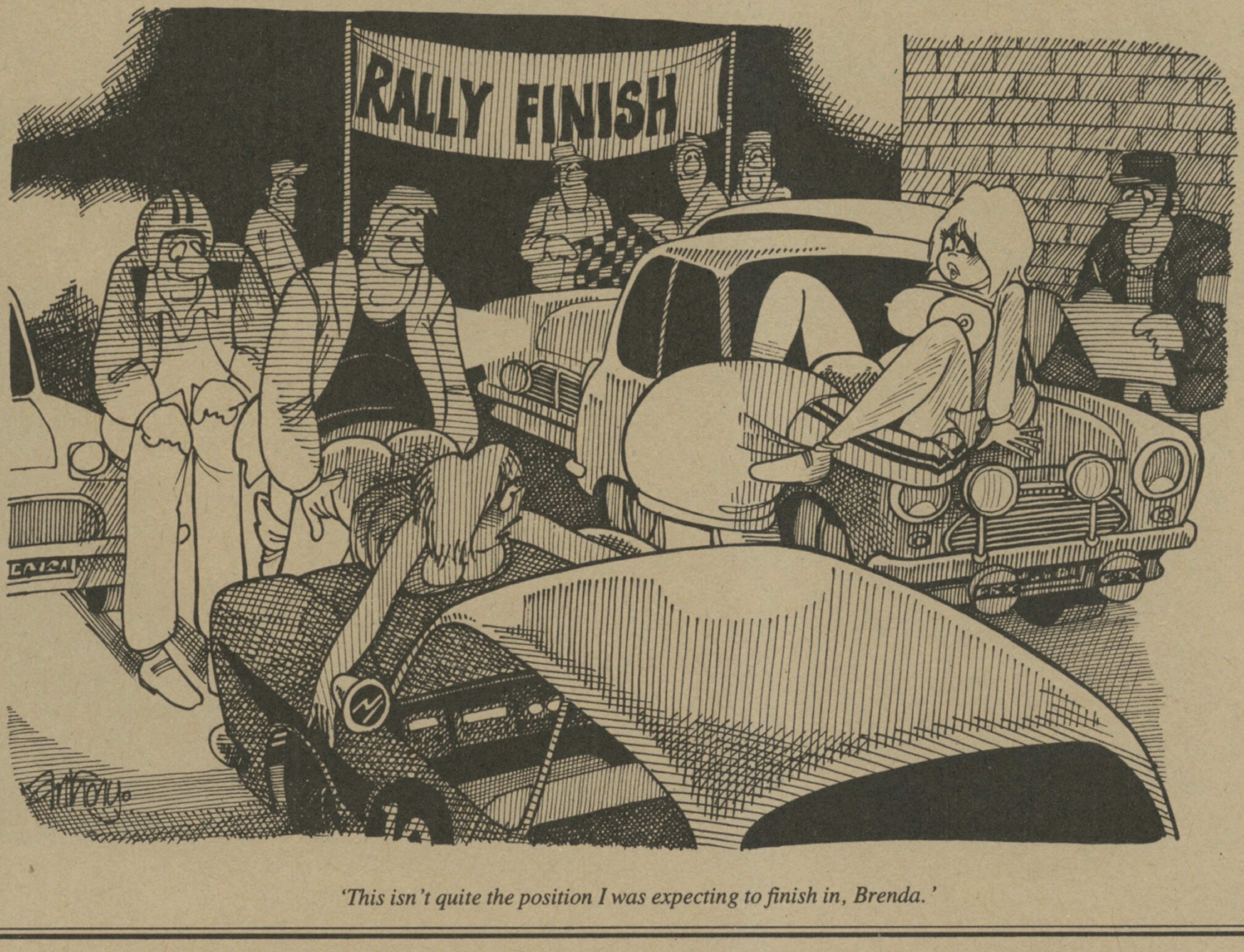
'Oh, come on John — let me do the navigating or we'll be here all night.'

CHECK POINT

'You were right! That was one of the most hazardous stages.'

'Yes, I quite agree, the conditions are becoming extremely slippery.'

'I didn't forsee myself being placed this high up at the over-night stop.'


RALLY FINISH

'This isn't quite the position I was expecting to finish in, Brenda.'

The Mayfair Book Society

SEXUAL POSITIONS

Here is a book which depicts the sheer horniness of sex like no other we've ever seen. Just imagine this: a beautiful woman giving herself completely and utterly to a handsome man, and it all depicted in 224 full colour photographs. *Sexual Positions* provides an imaginative guide to all aspects of love-making, and is extremely arousing yet tasteful – ideal for enjoying alone in private, or experimenting with your partner. This is an essential addition to the bookshelf of any connoisseur of pure erotica. Indeed, the photographs are so explicit the book is sent sealed in Cellophane.

Price £6.95.

20th CENTURY MASTERS OF EROTIC ART

A truly magnificent full-colour coffee table edition, *Masters of Erotic Art* contains 163 newly photographed works, many of which are seen here publicly for the first time. The book is a journey into the erotic imagination of some of our century's most famous artists, and contains pictures far too explicit to be reproduced in *Mayfair*. See Igor Mead's erotically detailed close-ups of the female vagina, Picasso's highly arousing study of cunnilingus, *Dos Figuras y un Gato* (Two Figures and a Cat). Other works include American artist Larry Rivers' ultra explicit and detailed study of actual intercourse, in a painting based on Japanese Shunga. This edition will delight both art-lovers and fans of erotica. **Price: £10.50.**

To: Mayfair Book Society: 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2.
Please send me, under plain wrapper, the books I have ticked.

Sexual Positions **£6.95**	☐	**Dear Doc** **£3**	☐
20th Century Masters of Erotic Art **£10.50**	☐	**How to Last Longer** **£9.85**	☐
The Pillow Book **£6.70**	☐	**Sexual Techniques** **£5.80**	☐

I enclose cheque/PO for £...... made payable to Fisk Publishing Co. Or debit my Access/American Express Acc.

My Card No is..

Name..

Address..

....

Signature...Date ....

Orders clearly printed with name and address on plain paper are acceptable. Prices include postage and packing, and books are sent under plain cover.

M213

THE PILLOW BOOK

At last, here is the British edition of a masterpiece of Far Eastern erotica containing more than 300 highly original and highly arousing 'naughty pictures'. This book is sure to add a new and stirring dimension to all of your sexual activities regardless of whether you share its contents with your partner or choose to linger over its pleasures at your own leisure as you savour the sensual visual delights gathered from all over the world which are often banned or closeted in private collections. **Price £6.70.**

DEAR DOC

Author Dr David Delvin is one of Britain's foremost authorities on sexual matters, and in *Dear Doc* he deals with more than 150 questions he is commonly asked about sex. Many of the myths and old wives' tales are explored, and his reassuring answers are further enhanced by the very frank illustrations. Here you will find all the problems you are too embarrassed to talk about to your own doctor, and they are dealt with frankly but sympathetically: his style is authoritative but never authoritarian. *Dear Doc* removes love-making from the solemn sex-manuals, and places it in its true perspective – at the centre of life. **Price £3.**

HOW TO LAST LONGER

To be an accomplished lover you don't have to be an athlete, says author Michael Castleman. It is all a question of attitude and technique, and by following this informative book's invaluable advice you can become the wonderful lover you've always wanted to be. This textbook will help you gain confidence, and achieve a better and satisfying sex life. Reassuring and practical, this volume helps dispel the hangups, both physical and mental, which can prevent the fulfilment of a satisfying sexual relationship. **Price £9.85.**

SEXUAL TECHNIQUES

A sex education book, *Sexual Techniques* clearly and precisely explains the basic positions for intercourse, and discusses ways of improving your technique by positioning the body and regulating orgasmic pleasure. The 42 full-page photos of a beautiful young woman and her man show fully how a girl can manipulate her own and her partner's erotogenic zones. This is a frank, sensible and modern guide to physical love. **Price £5.80.**

FILMS

Gerald Cole

*****A Classic, ****Excellent, ***Good, **Average, *Boring ♡♡♡♡♡An Erotic Classic, ♡♡♡♡Highly Arousing, ♡♡♡Titillating, ♡♡Limp, ♡No discernable sex content

*** ♡♡♡ **Death In A French Garden** (18), 1 hr 40 mins. Subtitles. A classic seduction situation appears underway when a handsome young music teacher (Christophe Malavoy) is hired to teach guitar to a voluptuous teenage girl (Anais Jeanneret). But it's the girl's chic blonde mother (Nicole Garcia) who visits the teacher in his garret, revealing rather more cleavage and leg than politeness requires. Soon the couple are performing nudely in a chair, against a table and even in bed. But an unseen camera is observing them. Who is the apparent blackmailer? The mother's odd neighbour — a dark-haired lady with a limp (Anemone) who seems equally keen on luring our hero into bed, speculating on the colour of the waitress's pubic hair as they drink in a cafe, or later lifting her skirt to show him what a nice — knickerless — bottom she has. Or is it the well-mannered contract killer (Richard Bohringer) who apparently rescues the teacher from a mugger on his stairs? Murder, it transpires, has much to do with it.

**** ♡♡ **Out of Africa** (PG), 2 hrs 38 mins. Jilted by her Swedish lover, Karen Blixen (Meryl Streep), a young Danish woman, travels to 1914 Kenya to marry her lover's aristocratic but profligate brother (Klaus Maria Brandauer) who all but abandons her then gives her syphilis. Meanwhile she carves a coffee plantation from the wilderness, aids her husband heroically during the Great War's African campaign, and falls for Great White Hunter Denys Finch Hatton (Robert Redford) who prefers freedom in the Bush to marriage. Based on Isak Dinesen's autobiographical writings, it's an epic, involving and superbly acted story.

** ♡♡ **Rocky IV** (PG) 1 hr 31 mins. America's Italian Stallion (Sylvester Stallone) takes on a computer-trained Russian super-boxer (Dolph Lundgren) in Moscow, and even has a Gorbachev lookalike cheering. Once Stallone's no-hoper-who-makes-good had something to fight for. Now he's an all-purpose super-hero who's nice to his kid. Fine for a late night but not to be enjoyed seriously.

*** ♡♡ **Forbidden** (PG), 1 hr 54 mins. In Hitler's Germany Jews were forbidden to have sex with Aryan women on pain of death — a risk accepted by anti-Nazi aristocrat Nina Von Halder (Jacqueline Bisset) when she secretes her Jewish lover (Jurgen Prochnow) in her tiny Berlin apartment for the duration of the war. Based on a true story, it starts banally but scores heavily by the end.

*** ♡♡ **Remo Williams: Unarmed and Dangerous** (15) 2 hrs. Mugged and heaved off a quayside in his patrol car, New York police sergeant Makin (Fred Ward) wakes to find he has a new face and name, and has been forcibly enlisted in an ultra-secret crime-busting organisation. He's put straight into training under Chiun (Joel Grey), an 80-year-old Korean master of *Hinanju* — allegedly the original martial art — whose finest exponents can sidestep bullets and walk on water. Within weeks Remo is running lightly across wet cement, and wrestling baddies on the scaffolding round the Statue of Liberty. A thick-ear version of James Bond, which takes its perils just as seriously. Good, undemanding entertainment.

*** ♡♡ **The Sure Thing** (15), 1 hr 34 mins. Two college students (John Cusak and Daphne Zuniga), thrown together on a hitch-hiking trip across America, fall reluctantly in love. Reluctantly because the boy was going to enjoy a leggy and willing Californian blonde (Lisa Jane Persky) — the 'sure thing' of the title — whose favours have been promised by his best friend. Low-key, realistic and funny.

♡♡ **Police (15), 1 hr 53 mins. Subtitles. French detectives appear to enjoy unusually easy-going relationships with their clients, at least in the case of Inspector Mangin (Gerard Depardieu), an amiable, randy bear of a man with a tendency to crack suspects' heads against his desk. No one, however, seems to bear grudges. One suspect later stands him a drink. Another — the sultry, amoral girlfriend of a drug dealer (Sophie Marceau) is happy to be groped and fondled against an interview room wall. Despite an untimely interruption. Mangin promptly falls in love, But the girl has stolen thousands from her boyfriend's gangster chums, and neglects to tell her law-abiding new lover. A rambling tale of Parisian low-life.

Satisfied?

Blakoe's six aids make sure you are!

Increase your drive and overcome poor performance like thousands of men have done already with Blakoe's selected range of six sex aids.

First, there is the **Dr. Blakoe's Energising Ring** widely recommended by doctors for impotency and loss of erection. Gives that extra boost of confidence to all lovers. Medically tested and approved. Over a million sold worldwide. Just **£35.00** for a lifetime's enjoyment.
M12A Normal-Medium M12B Medium-Large £35.00

Dr. Blakoe's Powermaster Penis Developer is the original vacuum instrument made to exacting standards and specification by craftsmen. The undisputed premier product in this field. Nine inch or twelve inch model just **£95.00** for that extra special something. *M35 £95.00*

SPHP is a powerful male tonic tablet made with concentrated natural extracts. It is the longest established male tonic available today. Fully approved by authorities. Just **£5.10** for a month's supply. *M43 £5.10*

Rise Cream (M65) for greater sensations, **Carry-on Cream** (M64) for gentle delay and **Bliss Cream** (M66) for your partner's satisfaction complete Blakoe's selected six and they are just **£4.00 a jar,** containing a full 42 grammes.
M64, M65, M66 £4.00

Send for full details including testimonials, medical trials and current special offers and bonuses using the coupon below.

BLAKOE A DISCREET AND PERSONAL SERVICE

BLAKOE LIMITED, 225 Putney Bridge Road, London SW15 2PY.
Personal callers by appointment only.

SPECIAL OFFER

To: **BLAKOE LIMITED**
225 Putney Bridge Road, London SW15 2PY, ENGLAND.

Please send me by return post-free and without obligation in a plain sealed envelope full details of your selected six sex aids:

Name ....

Address ....

....

Code	Product	Price	Quantity
FREE	Vitamin E Cream TOTAL		

If you wish to order the items from this advertisement and enjoy a special free gift of an extra jar of Vitamin E Cream for each item ordered, just send this coupon with your order and remittance covering the cost at the prices stated. (Cheques and P.O.s payable to Blakoe Ltd.) Overseas add 10% for Air Mail delivery.

blakoe MYF

WINE

Charles Fforde

The South Tyrol is in Northern Italy. It's a much fought over land that once belonged to Austria, where the populace still speaks German as its first language, and where they have some very worthwhile wines, highly underrated insofar as the British market is concerned.

South Tyrol wine expert Burton Anderson, puts the whole thing neatly into perspective in Tom O'Toole's excellent *South Tyrol Wine Companion*. He writes, 'If you find it hard to believe that a bottle labelled *Südtiroler Gewurztraminer Qba Kellereigenossenschaft Schreckbichl* is as Italian as *Spaghetti alla Carbonara* you might appreciate the challenge faced by the South Tyrol in introducing its wines to the Anglo-Saxon world.'

They had a jolly good bash at it though at a dinner given at *Methuselah's* in Victoria. We sipped Ehrmanns' (the wine shippers) *Chardonnay Vino da Tavola* (table wine) 1983/84 (£27.80 a case) — young, fruity, and full-flavoured. We continued with another Ehrmanns import, the *Goldmuskateller Trocken*, of the same quality and year (£34.25) with our *Schulzkrapfen* (cheese dumplings in butter, Parmesan, and spinach). Too sweet for my taste after the *Chardonnay*, perhaps, but I did appreciate the two reds, the light *St Magdalener*, and the rich *Cabernet*.

These are just the sort of wines one should be looking at to occupy the basement and middle ground of one's imbibing. Nor are they cursed by the price-crazed notions of fashion yet.

In South Tyrol white grapes are grown high up, away from the summer heat. These wines are dry, although their clean delicacy without any hint of harshness or astringency, makes them seem less so. The grape varieties are those generally associated with neighbouring France and Germany. *Gewurztraminer* came from the village of Tramin in South Tyrol, after all. The reds, grown lower down in the heat, range from delicate, easy drinking *Kalterer* (or *Lago di Caldaro* in Italian) and the *St Magdalener* that I enjoyed so much, to the aristocratic *Pinot Noir* and *Cabernet*. Not all wines from the region are recognisable by their labels. Many are named after smaller areas inside the region; *Terlaner* and *Eisacktaler* for the white wines for example, and *Kalterer* and *St Magdalener* for the reds.

'Those who insist on associations,' writes Mr Anderson, 'might find resemblances to cetain Alsatians and Frankens. In the final analysis South Tyrolean whites are highly distinctive, with their own sorts of perfumes, hues, textures and an incomparable Alpine *gout de terroir*. Look for the delicacy of mountain flowers and the crispness of fresh fruit in the best of them.'

Ehrmanns import from J Tiefenbrunner, Schlosskellerei Turmhof Entiklar-Kurtasch in Bolzen. Case prices at £27.05 a dozen for *Pinot Blanc* DOC 83/84; fresh, fruity, very dry, crisp and light, for drinking young, sipping as an aperitif or taking with vegetables, soups, fish and poultry. For £31.40 try *Pinot Noir* (also called *Blauburgunder* and *Pinot Nero*), which has a typically soft *Pinot* character, (the best vintages of which require five to 15 years cask and bottle age) or at the top of the range, you can pay £50.10 for a delightful *Muller-Thurgau Feldmarshall*.

I totally agree with Nicolas Belfrage MW, when he says, 'South Tyrol stands on its own, just as in France Alsace stands on its own as a producer of wines of a particular style. It's recognisably South Tyrolean, and not like anything else, be it Italian, Austrian, German, or Alsatian.'

French classic varieties, but from Italy, further confuse the subject of South Tyrol wines. They go exceptionally well with the local food, described by Tom O'Toole as 'Alpine farmhouse cookery. The different types of pasta, for example, are made with half rye flour, half something else. They turn out perfect.'

South Tyrol wine spotters look for *Lagrein* in the full reds. It's very deep, almost black, a rich depth of fruit, good acidity and tannin. Good vintages are drinkable between five and 15 years, ideal with roasts, red meats, game, and piquant cheeses.

Then there's *Cabernet Franc* or *Sauvignon;* grassy, herbaceous, blackcurranty, full-bodied, velvety soft, ideal with all the red meats, plus venison and game. It also matures and keeps longer than *Langrein* and *Pinot*. They are all worth trying.

Prices may have altered since these restaurants were reviewed. Please enquire with the establishments if you are in any doubt.

THE PARK STREET HEALTH CLUB

An Oasis of calm in the busy city

Situated in the heart of Mayfair, the Club offers a friendly and informal atmosphere and a complete range of relaxation therapies including:

Massage and aromatherapy
Sauna
Steam Cabinet
Manicure
Pedicure
Uvasun suntanning equipment

Whether you come in for an hour between meetings, or spend longer, you'll leave feeling rejuvenated, at ease and with total peace of mind.

80 Park Street, London W.1. Tel. 01-493 0057

PEN PALS

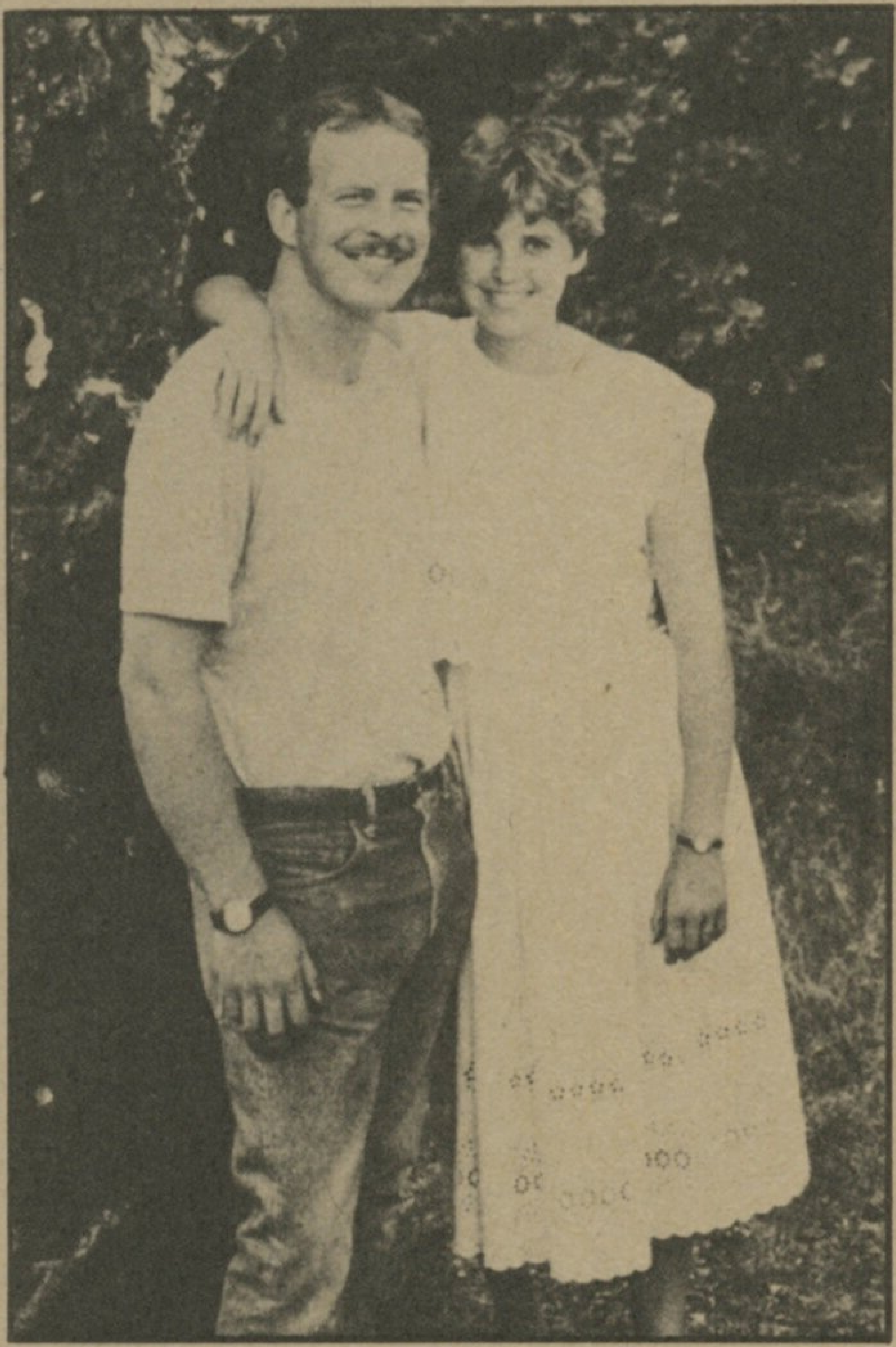
Make yourself a new friend right away with MATCHMAKER, a monthly catalogue of EXCITING NEW CONTACTS, penpals and sweethearts near and far.

Every page is ABSOLUTELY PACKED with descriptive commentaries and photographs of people who are waiting to hear from YOU.

WRITE NOW enclosing a stamp, if possible. By return we will RUSH to you an APPROVAL copy of MATCHMAKER to view for yourself.

MATCHMAKER, Dept. R.1.
CHORLEY, LANCS. PR7–4BS.

Mayfair is anxious that services offered by advertisers should meet with the approval of readers. For this reason, comments on any advertised services would be welcome. Please address any comments that you may have to The Editor, *Mayfair*, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. It is important that you supply us with your full name and address, so that we may inform you of our findings. Your name and address will not be disclosed to anyone without your express written permission



Suzanne and Tim — engaged

'I thought Suzanne was too attractive to be a member of Dateline. I thought the only people who used dating agencies were the real lonely-hearts types, but not at all!'

Sue and Martin — married

Sue says: 'I met genuine men who honestly and truly wanted to meet new people as much as I did; who wanted to make friends, and have a good time — and I met Martin!'

Margaret and Louis — married

'When you meet other members of Dateline you know they have gone into it with the same attitude as yourself — they want to meet people. Some people think Dateline is cold but you are meeting men who have something in common with you, and quite frankly how else do you meet them?'

WOULD YOU HAVE THE COURAGE TO JOIN Dateline

– for friends, love or marriage?

WHO JOINS DATELINE?

People just like you! Currently 2,000 people a month join Dateline, so you probably already know people who have used the Dateline service, or met through Dateline.

People who join Dateline come from all over the country — from farms, villages, market towns and cities. The problems of meeting people are not confined to any particular locality. The backgrounds and occupations of Dateline members are equally varied — MP's, surveyors, solicitors, engineers, doctors, journalists, teachers, secretaries, stockbrokers, nurses, chemists, receptionists, bus drivers and even zoo keepers. Loneliness is classless. What all Dateline members have in common is an optimistic, positive attitude in tackling the problem practically. Meeting someone special is difficult, but after that the romance is easy.

WHY?

If the disco is not for you, your friends are all married, you don't meet anyone through work, you have just moved to a new area, or you are newly single again — just where do you begin? There really are very few ways you can meet the kind of people you want to meet. Dateline is simply the most honest and realistic way of being introduced to a wide choice of compatible partners. It also saves a lot of wasted time and expense!

HOW DOES DATELINE WORK?

When you join Dateline you will complete a very comprehensive questionnaire, information from which will be confidentially locked into the memory of our computer; the matching process, in which your data is compared with every Dateline member of the opposite sex, will then begin. Finally the computer will have found the most compatible matches for you, and their details will be forwarded to you. You will also be matched to other compatible people living in your area, and they will contact you. And so, with your year's membership, a whole new social life begins.

IS DATELINE SUCCESSFUL?

Yes, in many different ways! Some people simply have a wonderful time, meeting as many new people as possible, sharing new interests, going out, just enjoying themselves. Some are looking for the companionship, the love and romance of one or two relationships, and others are looking for a special love with marriage in mind.

Many thousands of couples have met and married through Dateline, as the Dateline questionnaire is designed to match couples through many facets of physical type, personality and life-style; not just matching those who want to meet people similar to themselves, but those who also want to meet someone different. With Dateline you meet the people you want to meet, who also want to meet you.

If you would like to be one of the many thousands of people nationwide who have been enjoying a new social life, and finding love and happiness through Dateline, complete the simple questionnaire below. We will send you confidentially and completely free, full details about Dateline and how it works, and details of just one of the Dateline members who are compatible with you. Send to: *Dateline Computer Dating, 23 Abingdon Rd., London W8.*

CONFIDENTIAL

FREE

Computer Test to Find Your Ideal Partner.

START HERE

1 Do you consider yourself:

☐ Shy
☐ Extrovert
☐ Adventurous
☐ Family type
☐ Clothes-conscious
☐ Generous
☐ Outdoor type
☐ Creative
☐ Practical
☐ Intellectual

2 Indicate which activities and interests you enjoy by placing a '1' (one) in the appropriate box. If you dislike a particular activity, write a '0' (nought) in the box. If you have no preference, leave the column blank.

☐ Pop music
☐ Fashion
☐ Pubs
☐ Sport
☐ Pets
☐ Folk music
☐ Jazz
☐ Travelling
☐ Cinema
☐ Good food
☐ Politics
☐ Classical music
☐ Art/Literature
☐ 'Live' theatre
☐ Science or technology
☐ Creative writing/painting
☐ Poetry
☐ Philosophy/Psychology/Sociology
☐ History/Archaeology
☐ Conversation

■ **I am over seventeen and would like you to send me completely free and without obligation, a description of my ideal partner. Plus a free full colour brochure and lots more information about Dateline. I enclose two first class stamps.**

3 Your sex ____ put M or F **Your Height** ____ ft. ____ ins

Your Age ____ yrs. **Age you would like to meet** Min. ____ Max. ____

Christian Name ____________

Surname ____________

Address ____________

____

____

Nationality ____________ **Religion** ____________

Occupation ____________

Send today to
Dateline, Dept F.36
23/25 Abingdon Rd.
London W.8.
01-938 1011

Dateline

WE OFFER A GREAT DEAL

Adorable Anna James (Vol 17 No 5) is one of the girls in our five issue bargain packs. For £3.75, enjoy Vol 15 No 11, and Vol 16 Nos 5 and 8, and Vol 17 Nos 2, and 5.

Other back numbers available include:
VOL. 15 No. 8 *(Saucy Sally, Lost locos of Barry Island)* £1.20; **9** *(Vivacious Viv — the nude from the Royal Shakespeare Theatre)* £1.20; **11** *(Top model Helle, Scrambling)* £1.25; **VOL. 16 No. 5** *(Motorcycling Marilyn, Bayonets)* £1.30; **6** *(Queen's hairdresser, MG Magic)* £1.30; **8** *(Yanez, Big Bentleys)* £1.30; **9** *(Susie from Sherborne School, Powerboats)* £1.30; **11** *(Jannie from Page Three, Gymslip Capers)* £1.30; **VOL. 17 No. 2** *(The girl who stripped on TV's "OTT", St Valentine's Day massacre)* £1.30; **4** *(Delicious Debbie Boyland, Billy Bishop: VC air ace)* £1.30; **5** *(Janet from the Kennel Club, How the world's greatest illusionist died)* £1.30; **6** *('Miss Nude UK' finalist, Bogus Beasts)* £1.30; **7** *(Bonnie Langford look-alike, Sex-mad Rasputin)* £1.30; **8** *(Joanie Allum nude, Windsurfing wizards)* £1.30; **11** *(Tula, the James Bond sex-change starlet, Jensens)* £1.30; **VOL. 18 No. 4** *(Continental star Sybille Rauch, Gurkhas)* £1.45; **5** *('Dynasty' star, Hot rods)* £1.45; **6** *(Nude Miss Weymouth, Hendon's historic aircraft)* £1.45; **7** *(Bond beauties — Maud Adams, Joni Flynn, and Camella Thomas)* £1.45; **10** *(Kim Mills, Rifles)* £1.45; **12** *(Jo Peace, 40 Girls of the Year, Uncovering the curse of Tutankhamen)* £2.30; **VOL. 19 No. 1** *('Whose Baby?' hostess Nikki Critcher, Wild West gunfighters)* £1.45; **2** *(Miss Yugoslavia's nude debut, Joan Crawford full-frontal)* £1.45; **3** *(*Mayfair *scoops the* Penthouse *pet, Porsches)* £1.45; **4** *("Starbird" Carol Needham, Nurse Andrea)* £1.45; **5** *(Lindy Benson, Britain's first great air race)* £1.45; **6** *(Lingerie model Helen Masters, Rio's carnal carnival)* Issue banned by Menzies, £1.45; **7** *(Lynn Taylor, the Hurricane)* £1.45; **8** *(George Best's sexy girlfriend nude, Lagondas)* £1.45; **9** *(Top model Nike Clarke, Sunderland flying boat)* £1.45; **10** *(Telecom's TV ad girl Helle, Gambling at Monte Carlo)* £1.45; **12** *(Joanne Latham, 40 Girls of the Year, Morgans)* £2.25; **VOL. 20 No. 1** *(Top models Tracy Dixon, Sian Adey Jones, Molly Parkin short story)* £1.65; **2** *(Page Three pet Jane Warner, Brides in the bath murders)* £1.65; **3** *(40-in busted Danuta, Angie Lyn)* £1.65; **4** *(Stars who stripped for the cinema, Burke and Hare)* £1.65; **6** *(Bouncing boobs video, the Surrey puma)* £1.65; **7** *(We bare the new Bond beauties, Epic Cruise of the Emden)* £1.65; **8** *(The Sun's virgin strips, Early balloon pioneers)* £1.65; **9** *(Lynette Gordon, British International gymnast bared, We fly with the Schneider Trophy pilots)* £1.65; **10** *('Superbitch' Stephanie Beacham, sinister Dr Crippen)* £1.65; **11** *(Marvellous Marina, The Black Watch)* £1.65; **12** *(Paul Newman's nudest co-star, General Patton)* £2.50; **VOL. 21 No. 1** *(Miss Scotland finalist nude, skate-sailing)* £1.65; **2** *(Julie from The Late Late Breakfast Show, Gloster Gladiator)* £1.65; *Best of* Mayfair *No. 3,* £2.25; *Best of* Mayfair *No. 4,* £2.50; *Best of* Mayfair *No. 5* £2.65.

To: Pat Asquith, Mayfair,
95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.
Please send me your bargain offer and/or
these separate issues . . . .
Name . . . .
Address. . . . .
. . . .

If you don't wish to cut your magazine, photocopy this coupon or send your order on plain paper.

I enclose a cheque/postal order for £ . . . .
Reg. London No. 875169 M213

EATING OUT

Brian O'Hanlon

Hiders *(755, Fulham Road, London SW6, Tel: 01 736 2331)* is one of those smooth middle class operations where the English take on the French at their own cuisine and win. It has been with us a year, and is owned by Richard and Hilary Griggs. The English, of course, run a restaurant rather like a prep school, when they do it well. Everything is briskly to the point. 'Two courses £11. Three courses £12.50,' the menu announces, noting that a supplement of £8 will be charged for two main courses. Food to your left. Wine to your right. Read on. A light mousse of avocado, set in lettuce leaves, and served in a lobster and tarragon sauce. Nectar! Slices of duck breast, placed on a crisp onion pancake, surrounded with a lemon and honey sauce. Absolutely delicious. My guest's delicate soup of smoked haddock and Vichyssoise, finished with cream, and his English lamb cutlets, cooked pink and finished with a tomato and sage Hollandaise, were also exemplary. Puds? Of course, but they are £2.50 extra. I am sure Bunter would have moaned about that, being perennially short of 'tin'. With our lunch we enjoyed a *Chateau Cissac '79* at £12.75. The £2.50 fee for those yummy desserts of all our schoolyears applies only to lunch when prices are cheaper and there is a special à la carte, as an option to the all-in structuring. *Hiders* is good value, though it is not cheap. What it represents is the best of English know-how at the going price, backed by a 21-itemed wine list of vintage growths except for the *Blanc de Blanc* and *Rouge de Champlos* house wines at £5.25. Paul Duvall, the Chef de Cuisine deserves a really special mention, as does his Sous Chef, Andrew George. I have paid much more for far less elsewhere.

Gaylord is to Indian food what I suppose the *Caprice* is to French cuisine. There are many fine Indian restaurants in the metropolis now, as well as hundreds of High Street curry houses, but my ultimate eating experience was when I lunched at Mangat Lamba's *Gaylord* at *79 Mortimer Street, London W1 (Tel: 01-636 0808)*, just north of Oxford Circus. *Gaylord* has class, genuine, instant, and totally unmanufactured. It offers business executive dining with that touch of the Raj; waiters snapping to attention, gliding noiselessly between tables, and first class service. It is where I enjoyed the best *Chicken Do-Piaza* (breast in a mild gravy with onions and spices for £3.15) I have ever tasted. I began with *Boti Kebab* (£2.95) which is pieces of roasted lamb cooked in the tandoori (clay) oven. Five stars, too, for Mr Lamba's *Dal Special* (£1.95), lentils cooked in cream. An appetizing purée with no surface oil rising from beneath, as is generally the case with less well prepared concoctions of that ilk. The *Gaylord* provides Special Tandoori mixes at £8.25, very popular with the first time visitor, and special dinners and Indian *Thali* vegetarian dishes at an inclusive £7.50 a head. There is a very comprehensive wine list, but in their own country Indian people tend more to drink French champagne or whisky, or more simply lager beer or plain water.

Always a pleasure to renew an old acquaintance with **Mimmo e Pasquale,** at *64/65 Wilton Road, London SW1 (Tel: 01-828 6908)*, especially now they have opened their downstairs room as a night annexe with music and dancing. There's a music charge of £1.50 but it's worth it, especially with the marvellous waiter at our table who served, sang to my lady accompanied by the gentlemen on guitars, and even offered to dance with her. It's all part of the fun, and there's very good Italian cuisine at this old established restaurant on the borders of Victoria and Pimlico. Ideal, especially, for a late-ish night.

It's called **Tropical Elegance,** and is in the more civilised reaches of Hanwell, London W7, at *177 Uxbridge Road (Tel: 01-579 1219)*. It's a new Caribbean restaurant that already commands a following from the local population as well as West Indians. Calaloo soup (liquidised spinach with spices) 70p, roast pork Calypso (£5.50), with spices, and those Caribbean vegetables — plantain, sweet potato, yam, and marinated escoveitch and salt fish. Eating is believing here, and so inexpensive — and fully licenced with West Indian cocktails.

Prices may have altered since these restaurants were reviewed. Please enquire with the establishments if you are in any doubt.

Linzi

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

In the last few years, having one's hair cut has stopped being a chore, and become a highly arousing experience. Instead of the dull old barber, a sexy stylist will shampoo and style your locks, whilst you lie back, feeling her thighs push against yours, and watching as her boobs hang temptingly above your face. Quite a lot of fun, especially if the hairdresser happens to be 19-year-old Linzi Mansell from Croydon. Linzi is the manageress of a hair salon, though exactly where, she is reluctant to say. Perhaps that's as well. Her curvaceous 36-23-34 figure might prove a little too exciting when pressed against her customers, and we wouldn't want to be the cause of any coronaries amongst men having a trim.

Linzi started as the salon's receptionist before becoming the full-time manageress. Her modelling work is reserved for her spare time, in between the parties and discos that she likes so much. Her favourite club is *Stringfellows*, 'though it's expensive,' she adds quickly. However, if her dreams come true, it could soon be one of her regular haunts. 'I'd love to be a famous model,' she claimed. 'My ambition is to do *Page Three* and to work on famous calendars like the Lambs Navy one.' She is also keen to appear in advertisements and on television. She has every chance.

Television producers might like to know that she is trained in balletic dance, passing her last exam with honours. She is also good at gymnastics. Her tastes are diverse. 'I love the lingerie you see in these pictures,' she says, 'and I'd wear it all the time if I could.' But that might be a little impractical for her other great love — walking in lonely landscapes like the Lake District. 'I like holidays where everyone just mucks in,' she said. We'd happily muck in too.

LOW TAR As defined by H.M. Government DANGER: Government Health WARNING:

CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

In the 18th century the vicious Hawkhurst Gang held the villages of Kent and Sussex in a grip of fear. Armed to the teeth, they defied the law to import contraband tobacco, spirits and tea, fighting Customs officers, and torturing and murdering anyone who dared to cross them

The smugglers who ruled the coast

By Kenneth Jefferson

In January 1748 a farm labourer called Richard Hawkins was threshing grain in a barn near Walberton in Sussex when two men came in and demanded to speak with him. Hawkins agreed to go with them, and they took him on horseback to the *Dog and Partridge* inn on nearby Slindon Common. Here the first pair, Jerry Curtis and John Mills, were joined by two others named Richard Robb and Thomas Winter. These four took Hawkins into a private room, pushed him into a chair, and asked, 'Where are our two bags of tea?'

The question was not a joke. Curtis, Mills, Robb and Winter were smugglers, and the tea had apparently gone missing from a cache of run goods. Suspicion had fallen on Hawkins, but he denied any knowledge of the theft. Curtis told him, 'If you do not confess, I shall whip you till you do, for, damn you, I have whipped many a rogue, and washed my hands in his blood.' Hawkins continued to deny the charge, and the innkeeper, who had joined the group for a while, said, 'Dick, you had better confess, it will be better for you.' Not wishing to be a witness, the innkeeper then made himself scarce.

The four smugglers stripped Hawkins of his

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES GOODRIDGE

outer clothes, and Mills and Robb began to beat him with lead-loaded whips. Hawkins fell to the floor, protesting his innocence, and begging his attackers to spare him for the sake of his wife and child. This made no impression on Mills and Robb, who grew so hot with their exertions that they took off their own coats and waistcoats. In agony after being lashed on the stomach and genitals, and kicked by both his assailants, Hawkins laid the blame on his wife's father and brother before passing out. Curtis and Mills set out to find them, while Robb and Winter put Hawkins in a chair, and went for a drink. They returned to find him dead.

This was more than the smugglers had bargained for. Curtis and Mills were bringing Hawkins' terrified in-laws to the *Dog and Partridge* when Robb and Winter rode to meet them, and reported Hawkins' fate. After some argument the smugglers decided that having one corpse on their hands was enough, and reluctantly they let their prisoners go. Hawkins' body was weighted with stones, and dumped in a pond some miles away. Whether he or his in-laws had actually stolen the tea is not known. One account of this incident records that when the smugglers checked their stores again they found that they had miscounted, and nothing was missing.

Guilty or not, Richard Hawkins had the misfortune to fall foul of the most violent group of men ever to be involved in running goods into Britain. This was the association of Kent and Sussex smugglers known as the Hawkhurst Gang, of which all his killers were members. At the climax of their illicit activities, in the late 1740s, the smugglers brought the lawlessness of the Wild West, and the ruthlessness of the Mafia to much of south-eastern England.

This situation was the unintended result of Government policy. During the eighteenth century customs duties on imported goods such as tea, brandy, gin, tobacco, lace and silk were imposed to finance costly wars against France and other European powers. As the national debt rose so did the duties, until some of them far exceeded the value of the goods themselves. A massive increase in smuggling resulted. 'Free trading', as it was known to its practitioners, enabled the rich to obtain their luxury goods more cheaply, and made tea, tobacco and gin available to the poor. The smugglers' activities thus came to be popular, except with the Government and its agents.

Kent and Sussex were the counties nearest to the Continent, and 'free trading' flourished there more than anywhere else. A particularly favoured spot was Romney Marsh, at the border of the two counties, with its lonely beaches, and sparse population. A few miles further inland lay the Kent village of Hawkhurst, which the smugglers made their headquarters.

It was said that the smugglers could assemble five hundred armed and mounted men at Hawkhurst at an hour's notice. This was certainly an exaggeration, but the Hawkhurst gang was always well prepared for a fight. When a cargo was brought ashore, gang members, known as 'batmen' from the heavy wooden sticks that they wielded, stood guard over the men actually carrying the goods. More sophisticated weapons, such as cutlasses, pistols and muskets, were also used. Customs officers were mounted and armed, but they were too few in number to police the coast effectively. In December 1744 four Customs men confronted a larger number of Hawkhurst men bringing goods ashore at Shoreham. The smugglers simply overpowered them, and took them as prisoners to Hawkhurst, where they were flogged before being dumped on a vessel bound for France. The following year three Customs officers having an off-duty drink at Grinstead Green were attacked and robbed by a dozen smugglers. A worse fate befell two officers taken prisoner by the smugglers in 1747. They were left tied up on the beach at Seaford to be drowned by the rising tide.

The smugglers accused Hawkins of stealing from them, and tortured him to death.

The first known leader of the Hawkhurst gang was Arthur Gray, a highly successful smuggler who defied the law for many years. In 1744 he was indicted for the murder of a Customs officer at Hastings, only for the chief prosecution witness to be silenced by bribery or intimidation. Gray owned a large mansion to the west of Hawkhurst village, and had warehouses built on to it to store run goods. He was never arrested for smuggling, but his criminal career ended when he was charged with highway robbery, and sent to London for trial. What happened to him after that is obscure. It seems likely that he went to the gallows, for by 1747 he had been succeeded as Hawkhurst leader by Thomas Kingsmill.

Originally a farm worker from the village of Goudhurst, Kingsmill was still in his twenties. He had distinguished himself in skirmishes with Customs officers, and his leadership was marked by increasing recklessness and willingness to use force. In 1745 duties had been cut on tea and spirits, and the profits from smuggling had declined. Under Kingsmill the gang began to diversify into other kinds of illegal activity, including looting in the villages around Hawkhurst. They terrorised the local population which had formerly been sympathetic to them, burning the houses and crops, and slaughtering the livestock of anyone who resisted. On one occasion twenty of the smugglers engaged in a prolonged drinking bout at the *Red Lion* inn in Rye, firing their pistols as they came reeling out. A bystander who made the mistake of staring too closely at them was carried off, and never seen again.

Ironically, it was Kingsmill's native village of Goudhurst, five miles from Hawkhurst, which suffered worst from this violence. It was, however, the only village that took up arms to defend itself, which it did with great success under the leadership of an ex-soldier called George Strut. In April 1747 the villagers fought off an attack by the gang, killing Kingsmill's brother George. After this, Goudhurst was left alone.

One of the most prominent members of the gang was a disabled ex-carpenter named Richard Perrin. In September 1747 he went to Guernsey to buy tea, brandy and rum on behalf of the Kent and Sussex smugglers. He was returning with the goods in the *Three Brothers*, a fast cutter, when another cutter saw the smuggling vessel, and gave chase. The pursuer was the aptly-named *Swift*, a privateer licensed to take smugglers, and she proved to be even faster than the *Three Brothers*. When the privateer came within gunshot range, Perrin and the crew had no choice but to abandon both their cutter and its cargo, and make their escape in a small sailing boat. The *Swift* did not pursue them, her captain and crew being more interested in securing their precentage of the captured cargo. The chase had taken place surprisingly far west, off Poole in Dorset, and the *Swift* sailed to Poole Quay to present the seized goods to the Collector of Customs. They were unloaded and stored in the Custom-house on the quay.

This was a modest success for the revenue men, but a disastrous blow to the smugglers. When Perrin returned empty-handed to Hawkhurst, Kingsmill and his confederates were beside themselves with rage. Their only thought was to get back what they considered to be their rightful property — which it was in the sense that they had not stolen it but paid for it with their own money. Perrin, presumably to make amends for failing to bring home the cargo, was sent to Chichester to discuss with the Sussex smugglers a plan for getting it back. The plan was nothing less than to break into Poole Custom-house, and repossess the goods by force. The Sussex men, dominated by a notorious villain named Edmund Richards, agreed to it.

On October 5, 23 of the Sussex smugglers rode to a remote area north of Havant in Hampshire to rendezvous with Kingsmill. He was accompanied by one of his toughest henchmen, William Fairall, and five other Kent men, including Perrin. The combined force of 30 men then headed westward, armed to the teeth, and taking with them a pack-horse loaded solely with extra firearms. After riding all night, they reached Lyndhurst in the New Forest where they rested and refreshed themselves and their horses. The journey was resumed in the evening, and they came to the outskirts of Poole at about eleven o'clock at night.

Kingsmill sent two scouts into the town ahead of the main party. One of them returned to report that there were no Customs officers or soldiers about, but that an armed sloop was moored alongside the quay directly opposite the Custom-house. It was not apparent whether the sloop was a naval or revenue vessel or a privateer. What was clear was that a broadside of grapeshot from her could wreak havoc among a group of men gathered at the doors of the Custom-house. Alarm spread through the party, and some of the Sussex men talked of calling off the raid. Kingsmill and Fairall pointed out that if the Sussex men could not do the job, the seven Kent men would go it alone. The waverers were finally persuaded when the other scout arrived to report that the tide was ebbing, and the sloop was

continued on page 48

Vladivar
THE IMPERIAL SPIRIT LIVES
Vladivar
Imperial
VODKA

In a daring night time raid the smugglers broke into the Custom-house at Poole to repossess the two tons of tea which had been seized.

The Hawkhurst Gang

continued from page 46

now lying so low that her guns could not be brought to bear on the quay.

The party then rode to the waterfront. The horses were left with the disabled Perrin and a nervous young man called Thomas Lilliwhite while the main group proceeded the last few hundred yards to Custom-house on foot. The only person they encountered, a fisherman on his way home, was seized and held prisoner until the raid was over.

All seemed quiet on the sloop, but two of the smugglers were stationed on the quay to keep watch. One of them, William Steel, was to have a fateful role in the future of the Hawkhurst gang.

The padlocked door of the Custom-house was quickly levered open with crowbars. The inner doors, also locked, were smashed down with axes. The smugglers were not concerned with the spirits, being intent only on the tea. Almost two tons of it lay in oilskin bags in an upper room. The bags were passed from hand to hand until they were all on the quay. Then they were carried to the horses, and loaded up in pairs of sacks slung across the animals' withers. Still unchallenged, and apparently unnoticed by anyone in authority, the party rode off into the night.

At Fordingbridge in Hampshire the smugglers stopped to have breakfast, and take a rest. When they resumed their journey they felt confident enough to ride through the busy main street of the town without any attempt at secrecy. People cheered as the cavalcade passed. One of the smugglers, John Diamond, paused to talk to an old friend, throwing him a bag of tea when he rode on. This was a generous gift, the success of the raid — and, probably, plenty of gin as well — having put Diamond in a benevolent mood. He did not realise that he was setting off a train of events that would lead to disaster for himself, his friend and his fellow smugglers.

The recipient of the tea was Daniel Chater, an elderly shoemaker. Having received run goods he should have kept quiet about it, but this he apparently failed to do. The authorities, smarting from the Custom-house raid, soon heard about Chater's bag of tea, and saw their chance. In return for not prosecuting Chater for receiving run goods, they persuaded him to declare on oath that he had seen Diamond, armed and carrying tea, at Fordingbridge. Their aim was to build a strong case against Diamond, whom they hoped would turn King's evidence, and testify against the other gang members to save himself from the gallows. Diamond was soon in Chichester gaol, and Chater was required to go there and make a positive identification. He was also to be questioned by Major William Battine, who was the local Surveyor-General of Customs, and a magistrate.

Chater's escort was William Galley, a man as old and foolish as himself. Armed with an official letter to Battine, but no weapons, this pair set out from Southampton on February 13, 1748. Their destination was Battine's house at East Marden, a few miles north of Chichester, but they never reached it. On the way they stopped for a drink at the *White Hart* public house at Rowland's Castle, where the landlady was a friend of the Sussex smugglers. She quickly became suspicious of the two men carrying an official letter to the Surveyor-General, and after whispered instructions her son rode off to raise the alarm. Before long Edmund Richards, William Steel and several other smugglers were also drinking at the *White Hart*. One of them, William Jackson, asked some apparently friendly questions of Chater, and pressed him to admit that he was going to testify against Diamond. Galley's attempts to interfere were brushed aside. Both Galley and Chater were then persuaded to drink themselves insensible while the smugglers argued what to do with them.

Eventually the two old men were roughly awakened from their drunken stupor, lashed with whips, and bundled on a horse with their legs tied together. Six smugglers accompanied them on horseback, flogging them mercilessly. Galley took the worst of it, and finally fell heavily into the road, and lay unconscious. Although he never revived, he was probably still alive when the smugglers buried him in a secluded spot they had once used to store spirits.

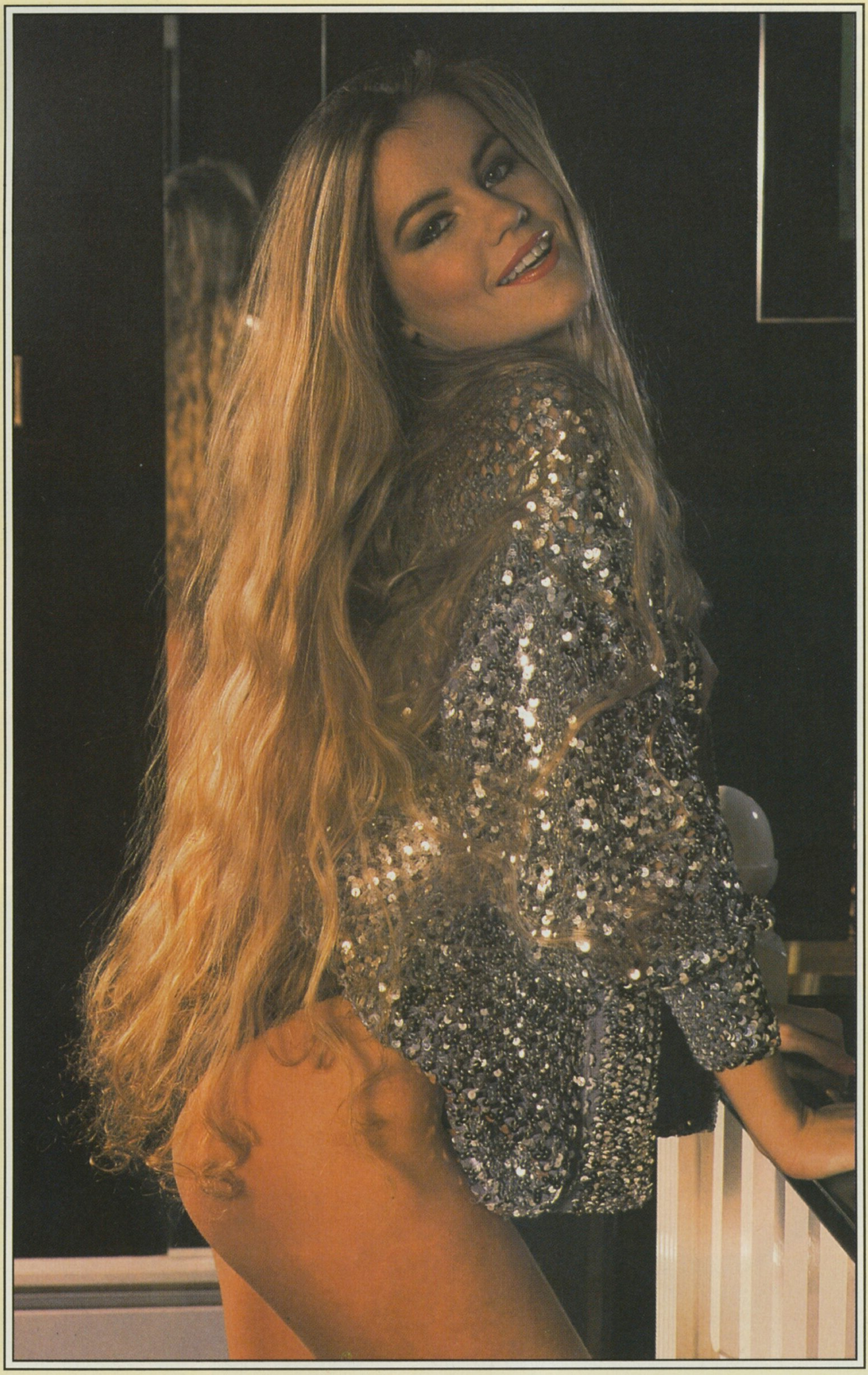
For three days Chater was kept in chains at the house of Richard Mills, an elderly ex-smuggler, and father of the John Mills who had participated in the fatal beating of Richard Hawkins at the *Dog and Partridge* less than a month before. Then a party of smugglers gathered, and took Chater to a dry well in Lady Holt Park near South Harting. After an unsuccessful attempt to hang him from the railings around the well, foiled by too short a rope, they threw him into it in the hope that the 30 foot fall would kill him. It did not, and his groans were not finally silenced until the smugglers had dropped two heavy logs and some large stones on top of him.

The brutal murders of Galley and Chater won a temporary reprieve for the smugglers, but it made the authorities even more determined to bring them to justice. There was already a price on the head of each man involved in the Custom-house raid. When it became clear that a Crown witness and his escort had been silenced for good, a further reward and a pardon for past crimes were offered to anyone who could give information on their disappearance. For six months there was an uneasy silence.

The authorities did enjoy a short-lived success during this period, when William Fairall was apprehended by Customs men in Sussex. He was brought before James Butler, a magistrate at Lewes, who ordered that he be taken to London for trial. Fairall's guards had got him nearly to London Bridge when he broke away from them, jumped on a horse standing conveniently in the street, and rode to freedom before startled bystanders.

Back among the smugglers, Fairall was not content merely to have escaped the gallows. He swore vengeance against Butler, and plans were discussed for killing his deer, destroying his trees, and setting fire to his house. Eventually the gang decided on a more direct form of reprisal, and Kingsmill, Fairall and several others armed themselves with pistols, and went to Lewes to

continued on page 68



Evelyn Rillé

the girl who was Miss Austria

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DONALD MILNE

When you have beautiful long blonde hair that flows all the way down to your bottom, it is not easy to remain inconspicuous while walking down the street. But for sexy 21-year-old Evelyn Rillé it is downright impossible. For not only did her statuesque 36-23-36 figure win her the *Miss Vienna* and *Miss Austria* titles, but she also features throughout her homeland in a massive television, cinema and poster advertising campaign for Mazda cars. 'My hair is a metre long, and people always recognise me when I go out. It can be nice, but not all the time, so I put my hair up as a disguise. I have been growing it for eight years now, and I have to wash it every day, but it isn't difficult keeping it looking nice,' Evelyn said.

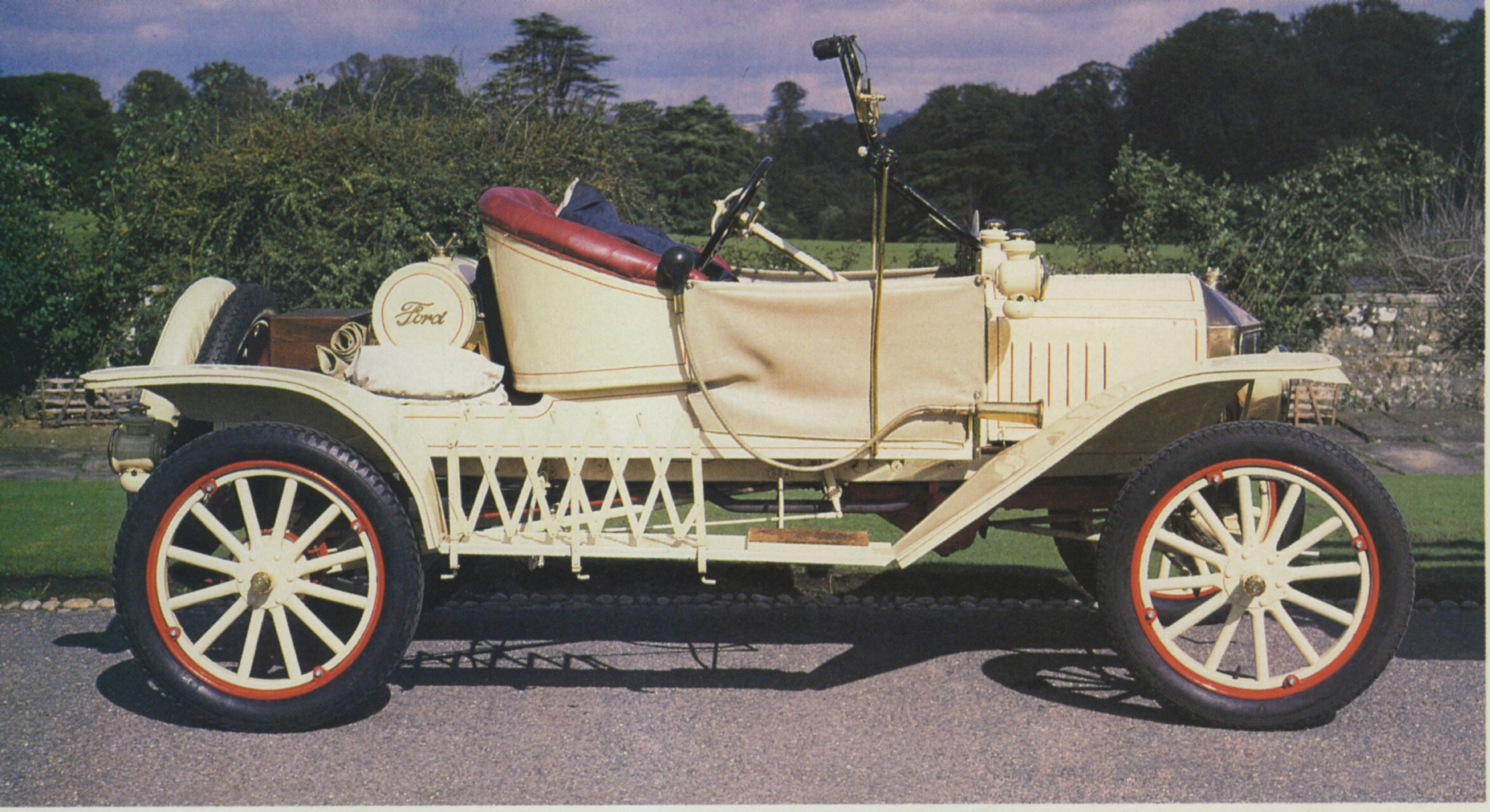
Evelyn, who was born and raised in Vienna, won the *Miss Vienna* title in 1983. Later that same year she was crowned *Miss Austria.* For winning that title, she became eligible for the Miss International competition, held in Japan. 'It was really great fun, and I enjoyed it. Before the competition the girls were all very friendly, but there was a lot of jealousy on the day. I didn't mind because I knew I wouldn't win.' But although she wasn't the winner, Evelyn made a hit with the Japanese, and spent three months out there doing modelling work. 'It was very good for me.' Evelyn has also done a lot of fashion work for magazines and newspapers in Austria and Germany. 'I enjoy doing fashion modelling,' she said.

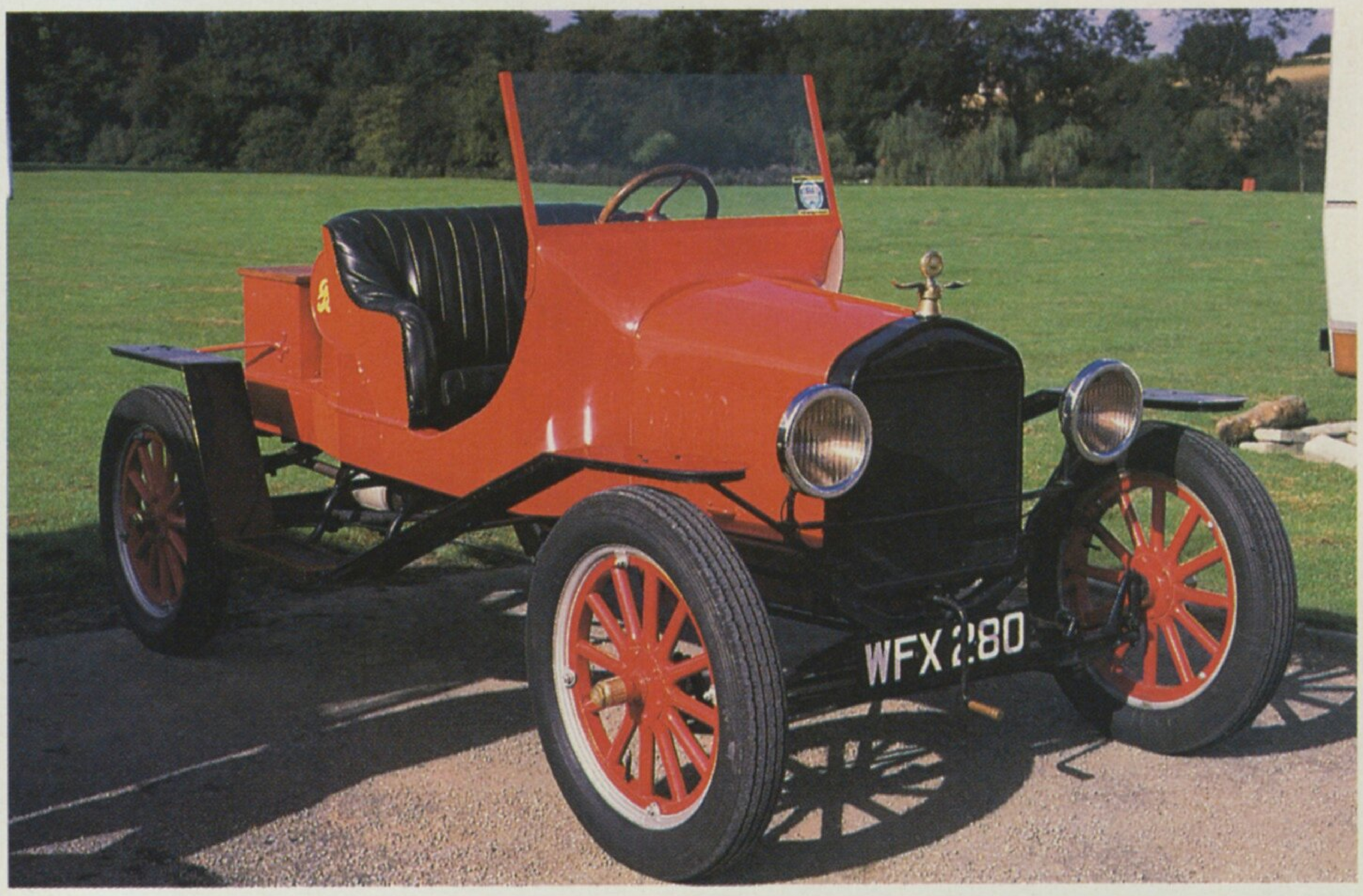
Evelyn, who lives in her own apartment, left school at 15, and took a course where she learned the art of theatrical make-up. 'I worked for various theatres in Vienna, and enjoyed it very much. What I learned has been very useful to me now that I am a model.' She took up a modelling career almost by accident. 'A boyfriend took some photographs of me just for fun. But they were very

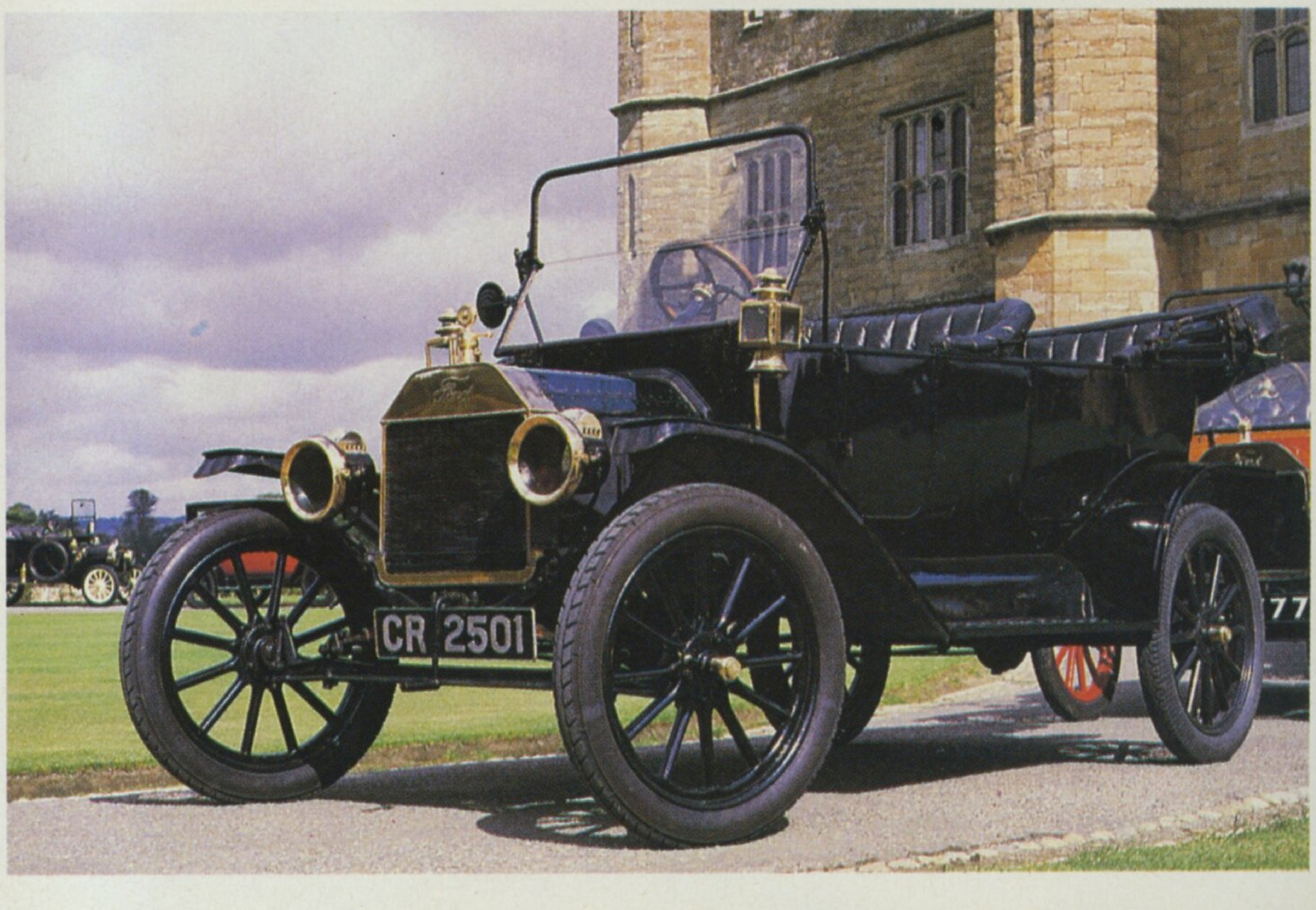
good, so I went to an agent, and got work doing commercials and fashion.' In the Mazda commercials, Evelyn is seen getting into a car, and talking about it. The adverts have appeared on television and at the cinema. She is also featured on huge hoardings in the street. 'It is funny to look up and see yourself so big like that.' She has also appeared in ads for trendy sportswear.

Evelyn harbours an ambition to one day break into the world of films, and with her looks we would be surprised if Hollywood didn't snap her up. 'I don't mind what type of film. Any will do.' But she would prefer to have as a co-star either Sylvester Stallone or Richard Gere. 'They are my type of ideal man.' When she has any free time, you will usually find Evelyn behind the wheel of her Ford Fiesta racing car. 'I have entered for a Ladies Cup in Germany, and this year I hope to do well.' She also has a sports car and a Honda 250 motorcycle. For taking life at a slower pace, Evelyn enjoys relaxing with friends in restaurants. 'I don't like loud discos.'

MAYFAIR'S
GIRL OF THE MONTH
EVELYN RILLÉ







Model 'T's appeared in numerous body styles during their 19 year production run. Far right: One of the earliest, a 1911 Tourer. Near right: Another Tourer, this time from 1915. Above it is a 1922 Special 'T', and to its left, a 1922 Speedster drives through the grounds of Leeds Castle. Top left: The profile of a Model 'T' Speedster from 1915.

In 1908, Henry Ford introduced a cheap but rugged car that became renowned worldwide. It was the Model 'T', and over the next 19 years some 15 million were sold in a wide range of guises. Today, largely thanks to the Model 'T' Register, Tin Lizzie is still going strong

FORD'S MODEL 'T' PARTY

Motoring with William Boddy/Photographed by Andrew Morland

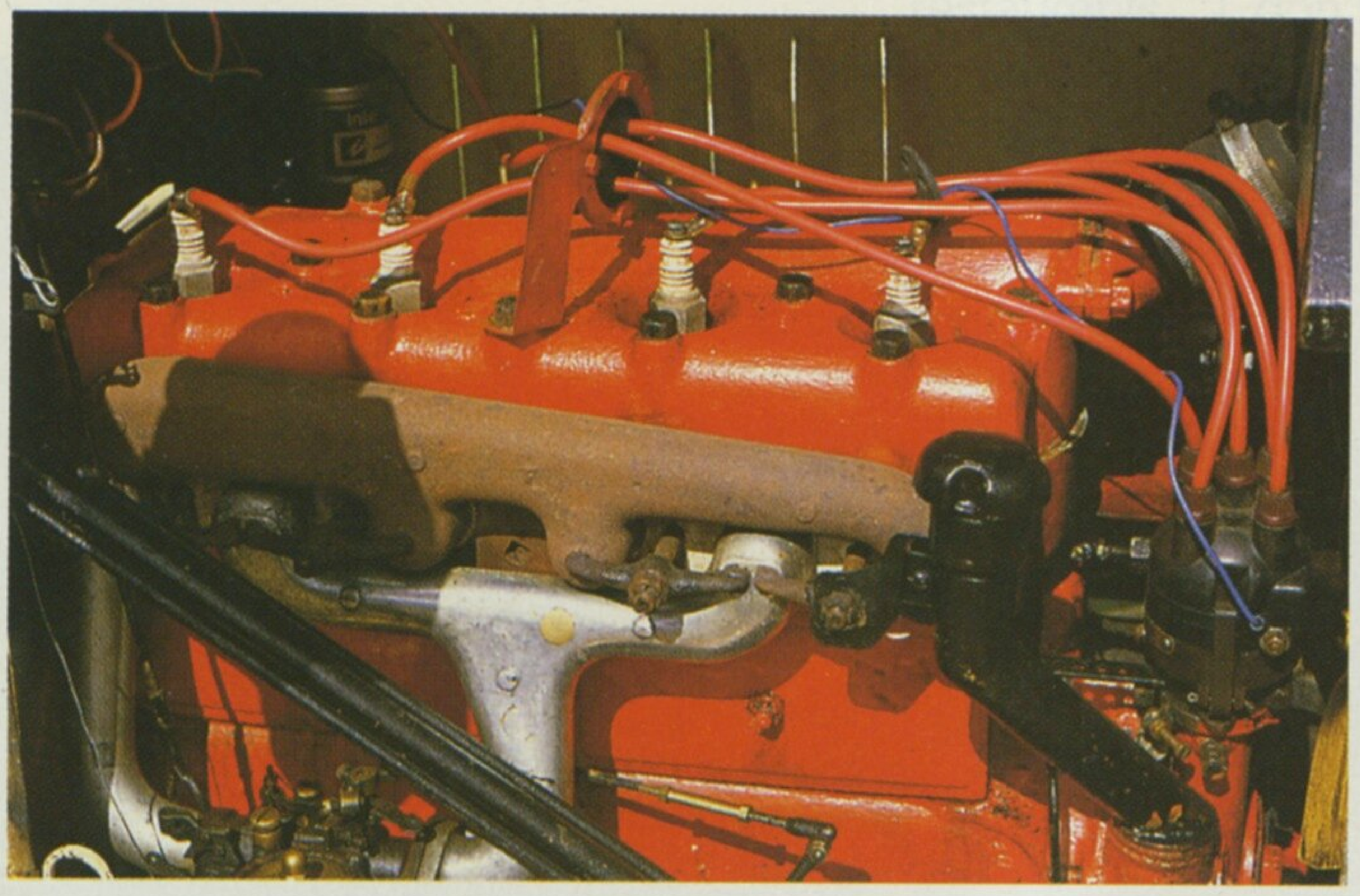
The Model-T Ford — what a remarkable motor-car! It was the butt of all manner of jokes, not all of them kind. Jokes such as, why is the Model 'T' called the family car? Because it has a muffler for father, a hood for mother, and plenty of rattles for the kids. Or, all Fords are going to be painted red next year, because the state laws insist that any tin-can that carries gasolene be that colour. The Model 'T' had songs written about it, cartoons printed about it, and was the great non-status symbol of its time.

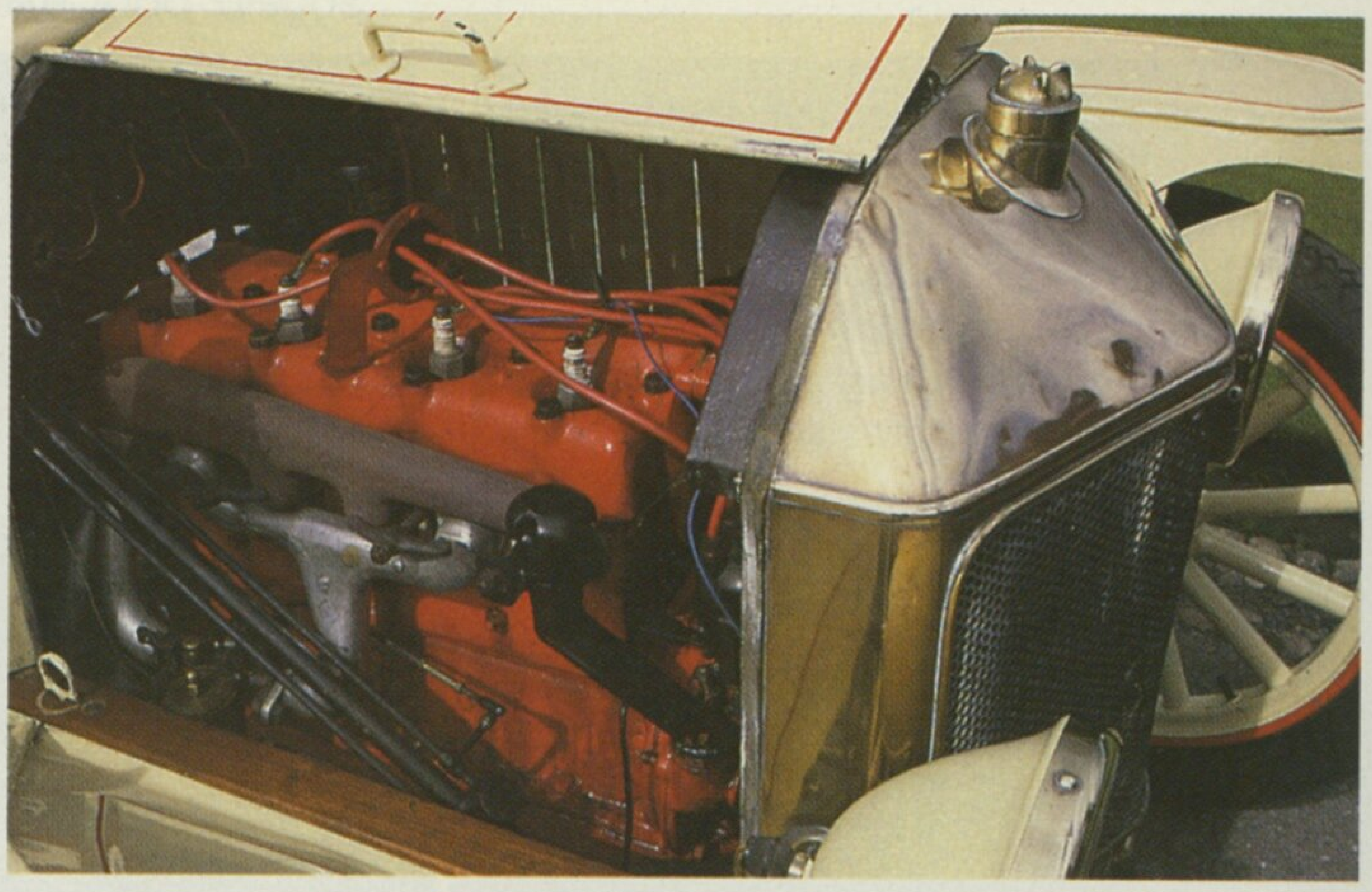
Cast all that aside, and it has to be recognised that this universal Ford was a brilliant mechanical concept. What's more it arrived at the right time to introduce many to motoring who had never previously owned an automobile, and to open up the outbacks of America to mechanical transport. It sold well the world over. From its arrival in October 1908 until its calculated demise at the end of May 1927, 19 years later, the Ford Motor Company sold no less than 15,007,003 cars.

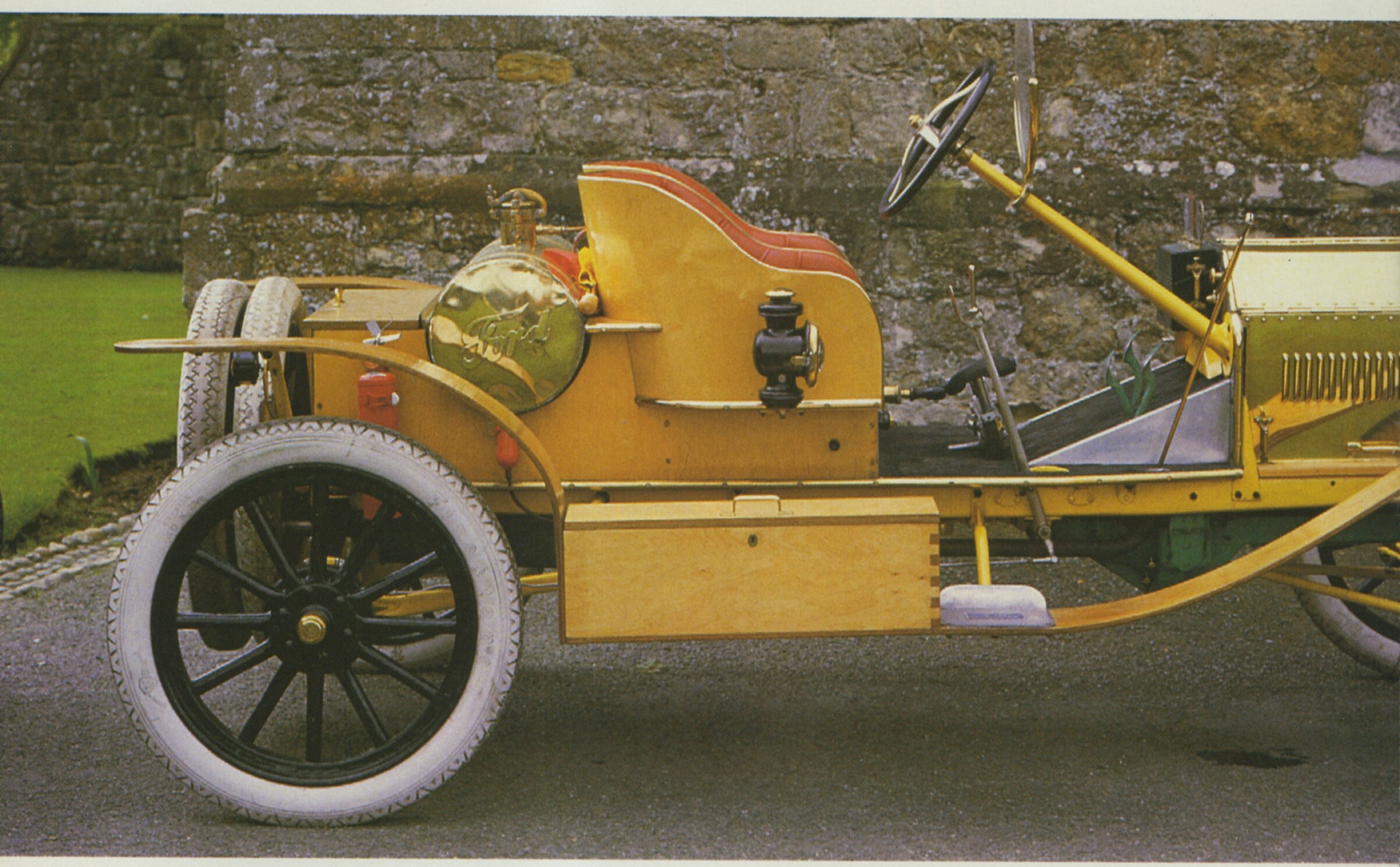
Ford
ZZ-27-56

It was only the horse-power tax that began to kill it off in Britain, around 1923, and even then Lord Nuffield had drastically to cut the prices of his Morris cars to compete with the Ford Model 'T'.

Wily Henry Ford had made many different cars before he introduced his immortal Model 'T', known affectionately as the 'Tin Lizzie' or 'Flivver'. These had ranged from the simple Model 'A' runabout with horizontally opposed twin-cylinder engine, through various other two-cylinder and four-cylinder Fords, to the big six-cylinder Model 'K' luxury model with dual ignition, a 60 mph top speed, and a list price of $2,800. Henry had even indulged in motor-racing before concentrating on running his multi-million-pound industrial empire, and in 1904 he had raised the coveted World's Land Speed







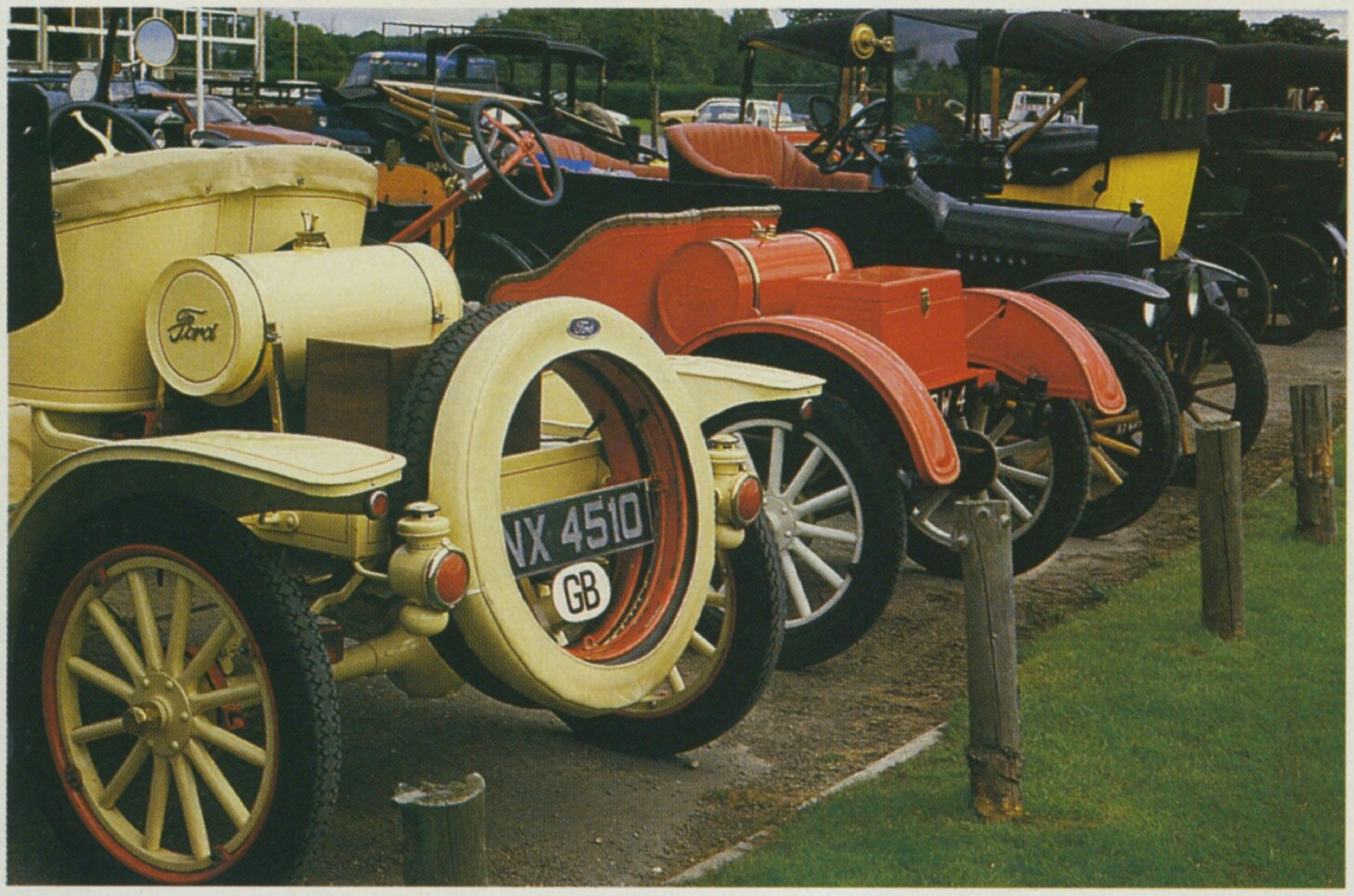
Above: A 1922 'T' Speedster. Two pictures above it: Its four-cylinder, 2,892cc engine giving it a top speed of 45 mph. Top left: A 'T' from 1915. Top right: Its predecessor, a 1906 Model 'C'. Below it is a 1926 'T' tourer. Bottom right: A two-door Tudor built in 1927.

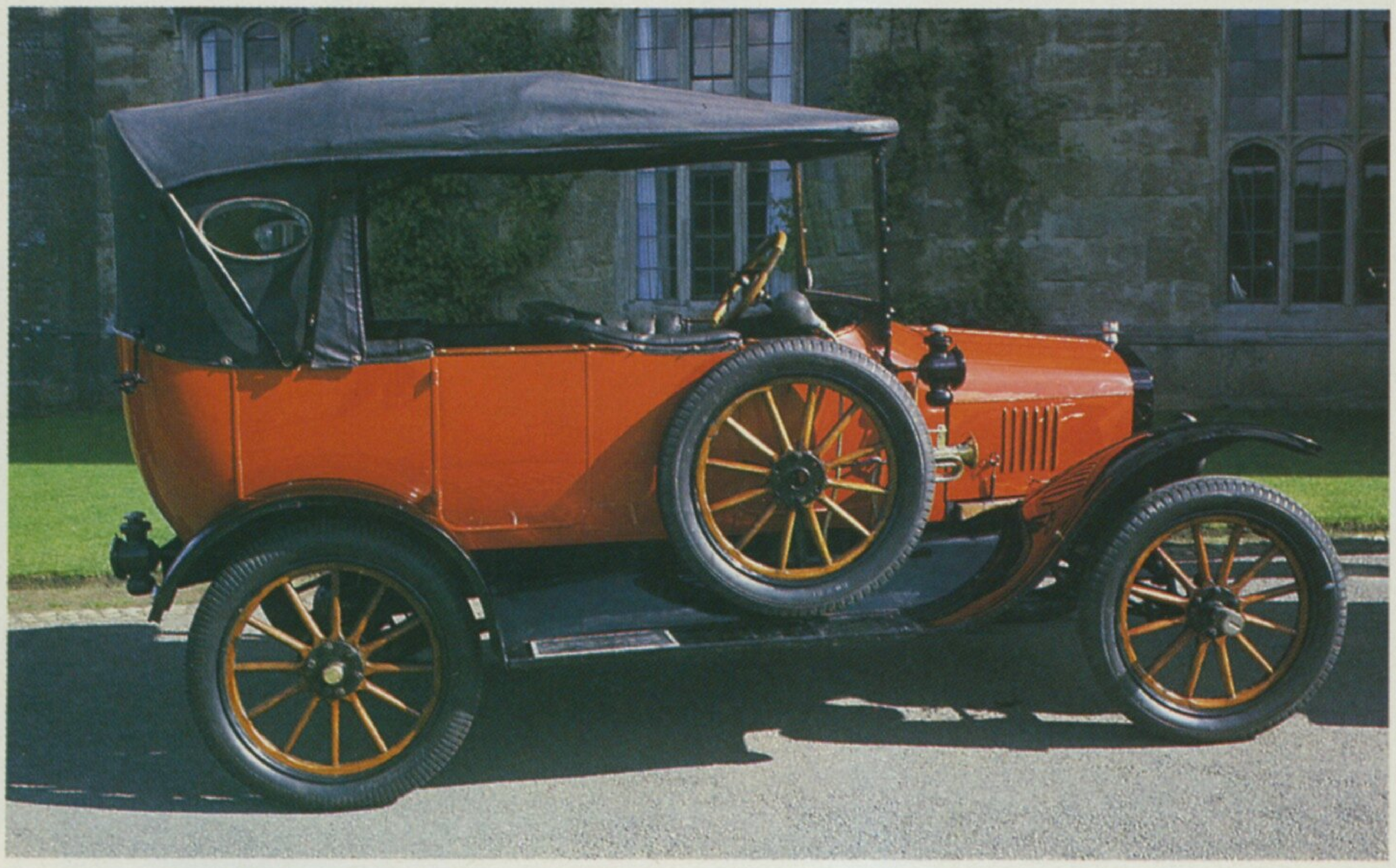
BM 99

EL 1121

Record to 91.37 mph on the frozen Lake St Clair in America. He was definitely a man who knew about motors.

It was the Model 'T' that made his name, however. All his previous cars had had a simple form of transmission in the guise of two-speed epicyclic gears, which was a boon when ordinary gearboxes, as pioneered by Panhard, were full of cogs that were all too easy to crash and grate and grind. For his Model 'T' Henry Ford and his engineering henchmen continued to employ this foolproof gearbox, controlled by two pedals. The engine was a simple side-valve water-cooled four-cylinder with a detachable cylinder head. It had a simple but strong chassis frame, high from the ground, and was sprung on transverse leaf springs — a form of suspension which helped the Model 'T' to ride rough ground, and was also inexpensive to manufacture. There was a simple form of electric ignition, using the engine's





Between 200 and 300 Model 'T's exist in working order in this country, amongst them the 1920 Speedster (right). Above: An early 20s 'T' Tourer. Above it: A Model 'T' with French coachwork. Top left: A line-up of 'T' Speedsters including one from 1922 and another from 1920. Centre top: A 1916 Model 'T' van. Top right: A 1923 Ford one ton lorry.

CEDAR ANTIQUES

J.W.PIGG & SONS
STEAM BAKERY
ORSETT ESSEX
7
PHONE ORSETT 42
ES 5824

MBW 4

flywheel to generate current. Simplicity was the key-note of the Model 'T'.

It is assumed by critics that the low prices charged for the Model 'T' in its various manifestations were due to this mechanical simplicity. Partly it was, but it was also the vast numbers in which it was churned out, by mass-production methods, in Detroit, Michigan, and from 1911 Trafford Park, Manchester.

Simple the Model 'T' Ford may have been, but Henry Ford used good materials in its construction — vanadium steels, for instance, and his mass-building of cars probably made for more accurate assembly than hurried construction by manual labour. The end product was a rugged, go-anywhere motor-car that lasted well, even when badly abused, as many Fords were by their horse-minded new owners. The fact that the brass radiator of the pre-First World War Model 'T's was shaped like that of a Rolls-Royce was, I think, purely co-incidental.

The Model 'T' came on the motoring scene just as car ownership was expanding. There was a big potential market for private cars and simple commerical motors, providing these were reasonably easy to drive and maintain; which Model 'T' was, very much more than most. It had an engine rated in Britain after the war as 23 hp with four 3¾ inch x 4 inch cylinders cooled by the natural circulation of the water through the radiator. It was lubricated by gravity and splash, the simple gearbox gave two forward speeds and reverse. It had 3 inch x 30 inch tyres, a wheelbase of 8 feet 4 inches, an average weight of 1,200 lbs, and a fuel or gasolene tank beneath the front seat. Top pace, with luck, could nudge 45 mph.

There is not an atom of doubt that Henry Ford intended his 1908 Model 'T' to be the People's Car of its time. Long after it had been announced and sold in prodigious numbers it was still being introduced to new customers in very simple terms. I have a book about the Model 'T' Ford which begins by informing the reader how to get the thing out of its packing case, how to tell which is the front of it, and into which holes you should feed petrol, oil and water, before the text ever begins to explain driving procedures! It was the car for the country bumpkin, the outbacks farmer, or war-stranded housewives to get to grips with and motor in.

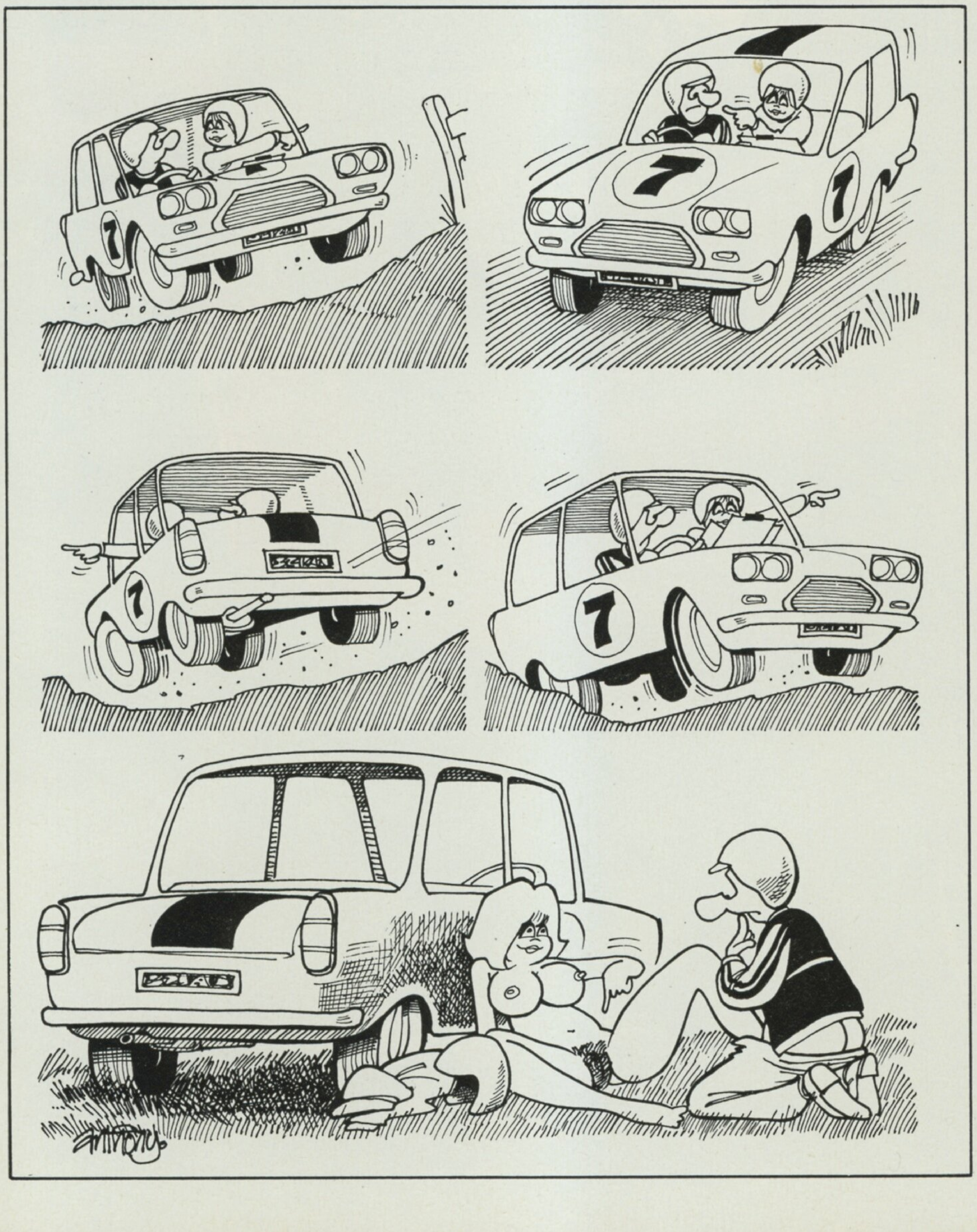
The curious thing is that, easy as it all seemed to novices in 1908 and afterwards, to today's drivers, a Model 'T' may not seem as simple to manage. I have driven a number, but they always alarm me at first, with those pedals to press in various sequences and only a hand-throttle on the high steering-wheel with which to try to arrest the galloping forward motion. It's worse if the proud owner is sitting beside one, shouting instructions over the rattle of the Ford's engine that seem almost self-explanatory to him! There are rather feeble back-wheel brakes, which is fine, if you remember that in an emergency you can pedal your 'T' into reverse. It may seem a complicated joke now, but from the word go to 1927 all this was acceptable. I once even met a taxi-owner who could drive nothing else, and had tears in his eyes when we bought his brass-radiator 'T' from him. The Ford 'T's best years were 1923 (when 1,866,307 passenger models were made in the USA and Canada) and 1925 (when one October day 9,109 Model 'T's were produced). Not long after that Chevrolet went after these figures with a rather similar but longitudinally sprung, sliding-gearbox car which felled Ford's sales, Chevrolet then challenged Ford with an inexpensive six-cylinder car, which Henry countered with his smooth-running, accelerative, low-priced V8; but that is another story.

The Model 'T' came in all manner of body types — two-seater, tourer, coupé and saloon, the last-named style known as either 'Tudor' or 'Fordor' (two-door and four-door you see). The 7 cwt and one-tonner Model 'T' commercials were almost as frequently encountered. Lizzie didn't change much through the years. You got about 20 horse-power at 1,600 rpm from its 176.7 cubic inch engine, and 65 lb/foot torque at the same modest rpm, and in the top speed you lolloped along at 25 mph per 1,000 engine-rpm. The gear ratios were 9.98 low, 3.63 high, with a 14.52 to 1 reverse. Steep hills might be climbed in reverse, partly because this was the lowest gear, partly because the petrol tank would feed the carburettor better that way.

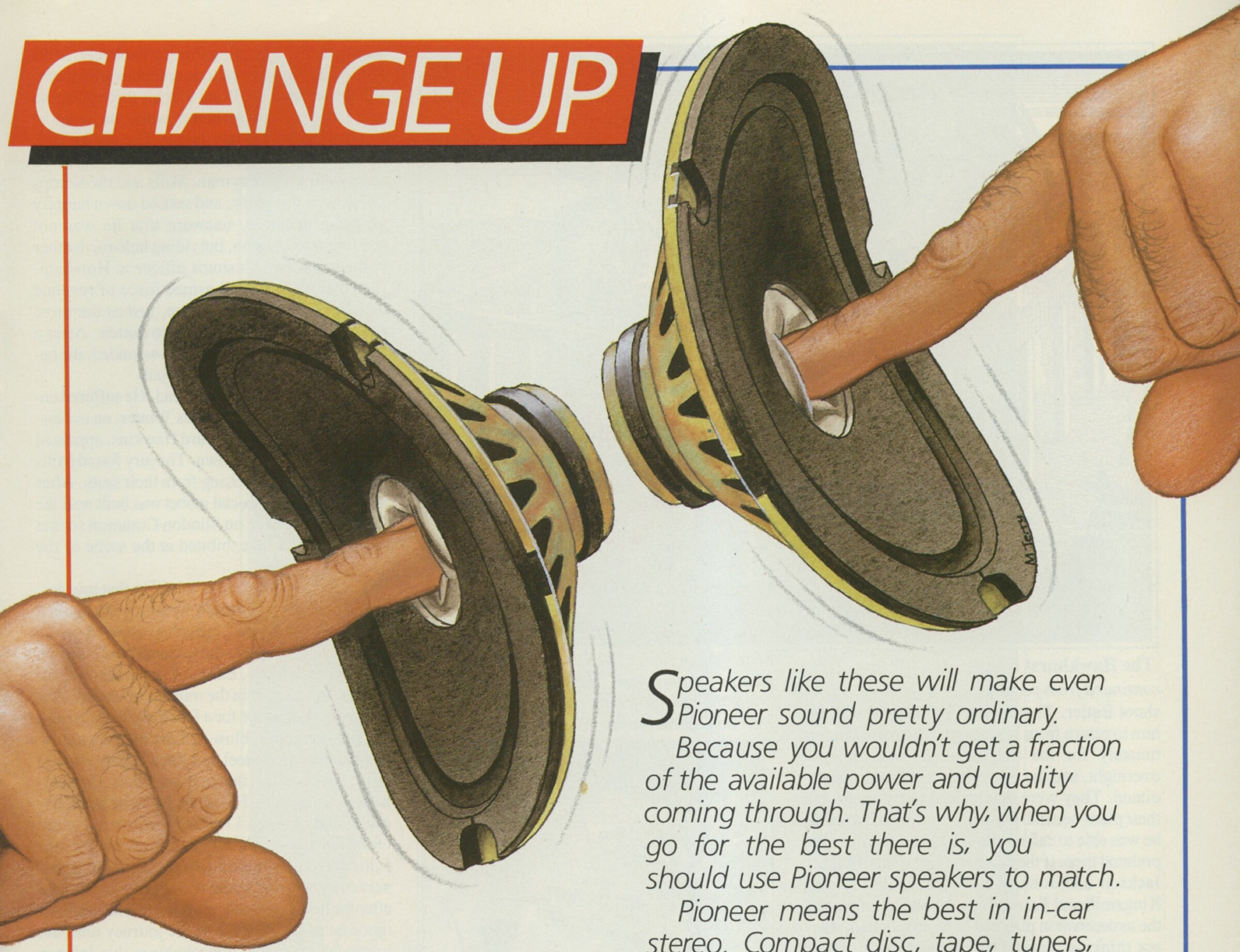
It is one of the Model 'T' legends that you could have it in any colour provided it was black. Not so. Various colours were available as standard finish until 1913. It was then that the all-blacks arrived, maybe due to war restrictions. But in 1926 a choice of colour was again offered. The antique appearance of the 'T' began to go after 1914, when gas lamps gave way to primitive electric lighting, fed from the flywheel magneto, and the former cherry-wood dashboard with varnish finish was replaced by a steel dash. By 1917 the old brass radiator was changed for a rounded all-black cooler, an electric starter was an optional extra by 1919 on the closed jobs, and lower lines (but never front-wheel-brakes) came in 1923, when the 'Fordor' sedan was listed. Podgy balloon tyres were introduced on the 1925 model.

Henry Ford was reluctant to drop his cherished 'T', and for 1926, its last full year, quite drastic changes were introduced. The radiator was nickel-plated, the petrol tank moved to the scuttle, and the coil-box for the ignition went from the dash under the bonnet. Colour came back, with blue, grey or brown for the saloons, and wire wheels were available. Despite this prices fell from $950 in 1909 to $290 by 1925. Model 'T' was replaced with the eagerly-awaited Model 'A', which was much like its famous predecessor, but had a Lincoln-like radiator, sliding three-forward-speed gearbox, and four-wheel-brakes. The world cheered, and sang, 'Henry's made a lady out of Lizzie'.

The human race is very destructive even of the good things in life, and out of those 15 million Model 'T's not many remain. Of the 800 that have survived in this country 200 to 300 are in working order owned by members of the Model 'T' Register, an organisation that holds rallies and runs for these highly individualistic cars pictured here. The Secretary is Alan Meakin, 14, Break Farm Lane, Taverham, Norwich, Norfolk.



CHANGE UP



Speakers like these will make even Pioneer sound pretty ordinary.

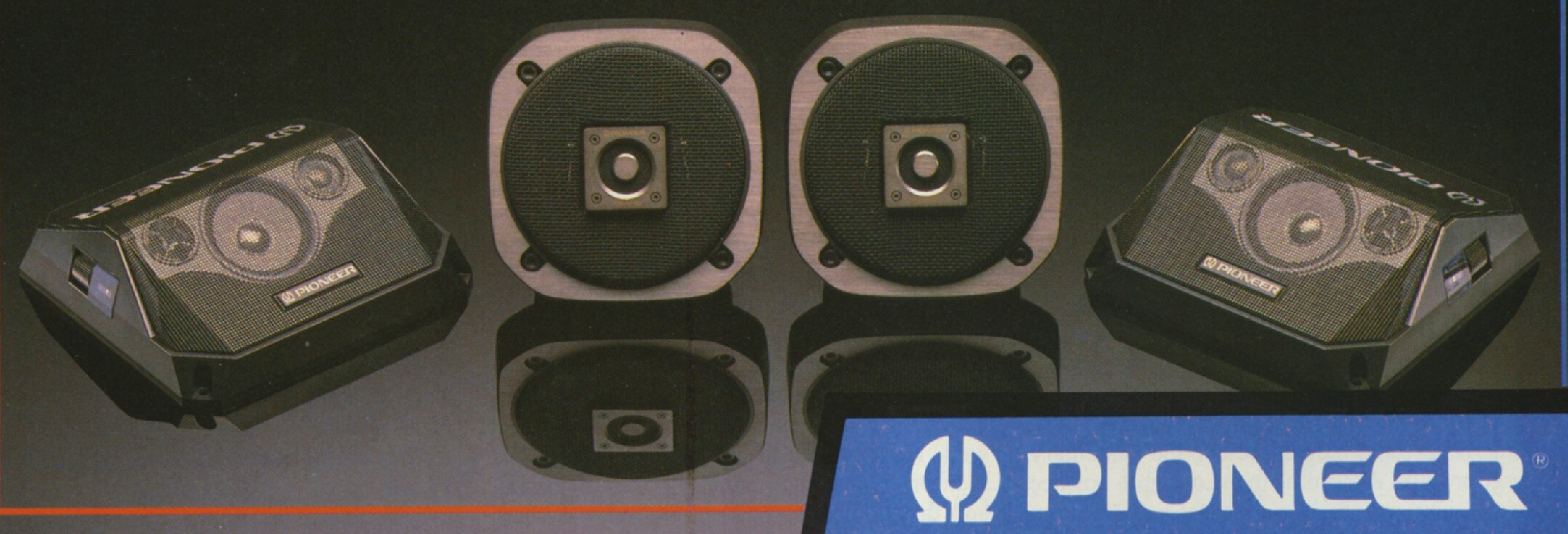
Because you wouldn't get a fraction of the available power and quality coming through. That's why, when you go for the best there is, you should use Pioneer speakers to match.

Pioneer means the best in in-car stereo. Compact disc, tape, tuners, graphic equalisers, the lot, and available power up to a massive 150 Watts.

With power like this, who needs speakers like that? Change up for the better. Change up to Pioneer.

TS-V10 · (CENTRE) 10CM FLUSH MOUNT 2-WAY SPEAKERS · 60W MAX MUSIC POWER ·
TS-1690II · 16CM TILT-AXIAL 4-WAY SPEAKERS · 100W MAX MUSIC POWER ·

Find your nearest Pioneer dealer by calling 01-200 0200 anytime.



PIONEER®

IN-CAR STEREO

The Hawkhurst Gang

continued from page 48

shoot Butler. They waited by his park wall for him to return from business in Horsham, but fortunately for the magistrate he was delayed overnight, and the smugglers went away disappointed. They were determined to try again, but their plans became known to Butler, and it seems he was able to call on enough armed men 'to apprehend them if they came again'. Only William Jackson and John Mills were willing to join Kingsmill and Fairall for a second attempt, and the assassination plan had to be abandoned, 'they not thinking themselves strong enough, being only four'.

The plot to kill Butler showed the smugglers at their most arrogant and merciless; they had left such a trail of blood and terror that their downfall had now become inevitable. In September 1748, anonymous informers disclosed the whereabouts of Galley's body, and named William Steel in connection with his murder. Steel had not in fact been one of those who flogged Galley, but he had been an accessory, and that would have been enough to hang him. Taken into custody, he turned King's evidence to save himself. He was soon joined by John Race, a principal in the murder of Chater who was now ready to sacrifice his accomplices to escape the gallows. Warrants were issued against the rest of those implicated in the murders of Galley and Chater, and in January 1749 seven of the Sussex smugglers were tried at a special assize at Chichester. With Steel and Race as star witnesses for the Crown, all seven were found guilty, and sentenced to death.

William Jackson cheated the hangman by dying of natural causes shortly after being sentenced. The others, escorted by troops in case of a rescue attempt, were taken to an open space north of Chichester, and hanged before the customary large crowds. According to the macabre practice of the time, several of the bodies were hung in chains from gibbets in various parts of Sussex. John Mills was betrayed early in 1749 by another smuggler who concluded that the game was up.

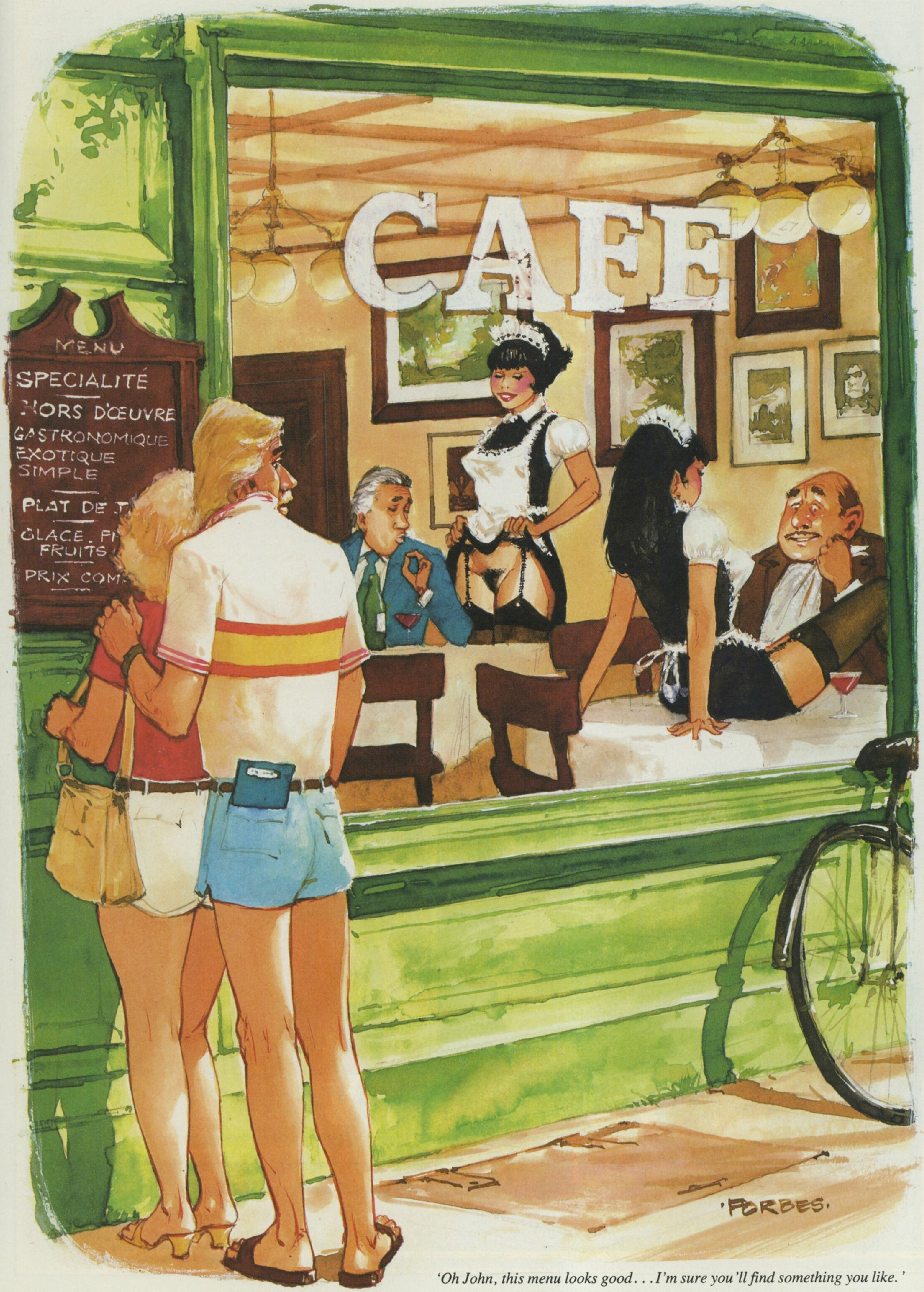
The smugglers tried unsuccessfully to hang Chater from the railings round a well before throwing him in. They had already murdered his friend Galley (below).

Jacob Pring did not merely offer to give evidence, but secretly bargained for a free pardon in exchange for the capture of Mills. The authorities agreed, and Pring travelled to Bristol where Mills was selling run goods. Here Pring found him in the company of two brothers named Kemp, a violent pair wanted for both smuggling and robbery. Pring had not expected this, but reasoned that the more villains he brought in, the better his chance of a pardon and a reward as well. He managed to persuade the others that their prospects in 'free trading' were not good, and that housebreaking and highway robbery offered better returns. He further pointed out that his own home at Beckenham in Kent, a few miles south of London, would be a suitable base for such activities. Trusting Pring completely, Mills and the Kemps agreed to accompany him there. When they arrived, Pring told his three guests to make themselves at home while he went to London to obtain a new horse. The one he had, he claimed, was in a sorry state, and would be a liability to a highwayman. Mills and the Kemps swallowed this story, and settled down happily as Pring departed, unaware that he was not heading into London, but riding hell-for-leather to the house of a Customs officer in Horsham. Late that night, a well-armed force of revenue men burst into Pring's house, just as the three smugglers were sitting down to dinner. After a brief scuffle in which Mills was wounded, the betrayed men were taken off to jail.

Mills was tried at East Grinstead. He suffered another betrayal when Thomas Winter, an accessory to the murder of Richard Hawkins, appeared as a witness for the Crown. The jury found Mills guilty without even rising from their seats. After he was hanged, a special gibbet was built near the *Dog and Partridge* on Slindon Common so that his body could be exhibited at the scene of the Hawkins murder.

Of the other smugglers involved in that murder, Winter had saved himself by testifying against Mills, and Robb and Curtis had escaped — the latter by fleeing across the Channel, and enlisting in the French army. Edmund Richards was still wanted for his part in the murder of Galley, and was to escape justice for a few more months. But the final crippling blow against the Hawkhurst gang came when Steel and Race began to name those involved in the raid on Poole Customhouse. Kingsmill, Fairall and Perrin were arrested, and in April 1749 they were tried at the Old Bailey with the lesser figures of Thomas Lilliwhite and Richard Glover. Lilliwhite, the nervous young man who with Perrin had looked after the horses at Poole, pleaded that he had been ignorant of the purpose of the journey until the break-in took place. Improbable as this defence was, he was acquitted. Glover was Edmund Richards' brother-in-law, and his defence, which was by no means incredible, was that Richards had threatened to shoot him unless he took part. He was found guilty, but received a Royal Pardon shortly before he was due to be executed. Perrin managed to find a witness to his 'good character', but was nevertheless found guilty. Kingsmill and Fairall offered no defence, passing their time in court by laughing at, and, on one occasion, threatening witnesses. After the inevitable verdict of guilty, and sentence of death, they became more serious, and began to pray and attend religious services. While resigned to their fate, they remained defiant to the end. On the eve of their execution, some friends came to have a farewell drink with them in jail. When the condemned men were ordered back to their cells, Fairall asked, 'Why in such a hurry? Cannot you let me stay a little longer, and drink with my friends? I shall not be able to drink with them tomorrow night.'

The next day, April 26, 1749, a large body of troops escorted Kingsmill, Fairall and Perrin to Tyburn, where Marble Arch now stands. After the hangings, Perrin's body was delivered to his friends for burial, while those of Kingsmill and Fairall were taken to a smith's shop in Holborn to be fitted with chains for the gibbet. Both men were gibbeted in their own villages; Kingsmill at Goudhurst, and Fairall at Horsmonden. The Hawkhurst reign of terror was over.

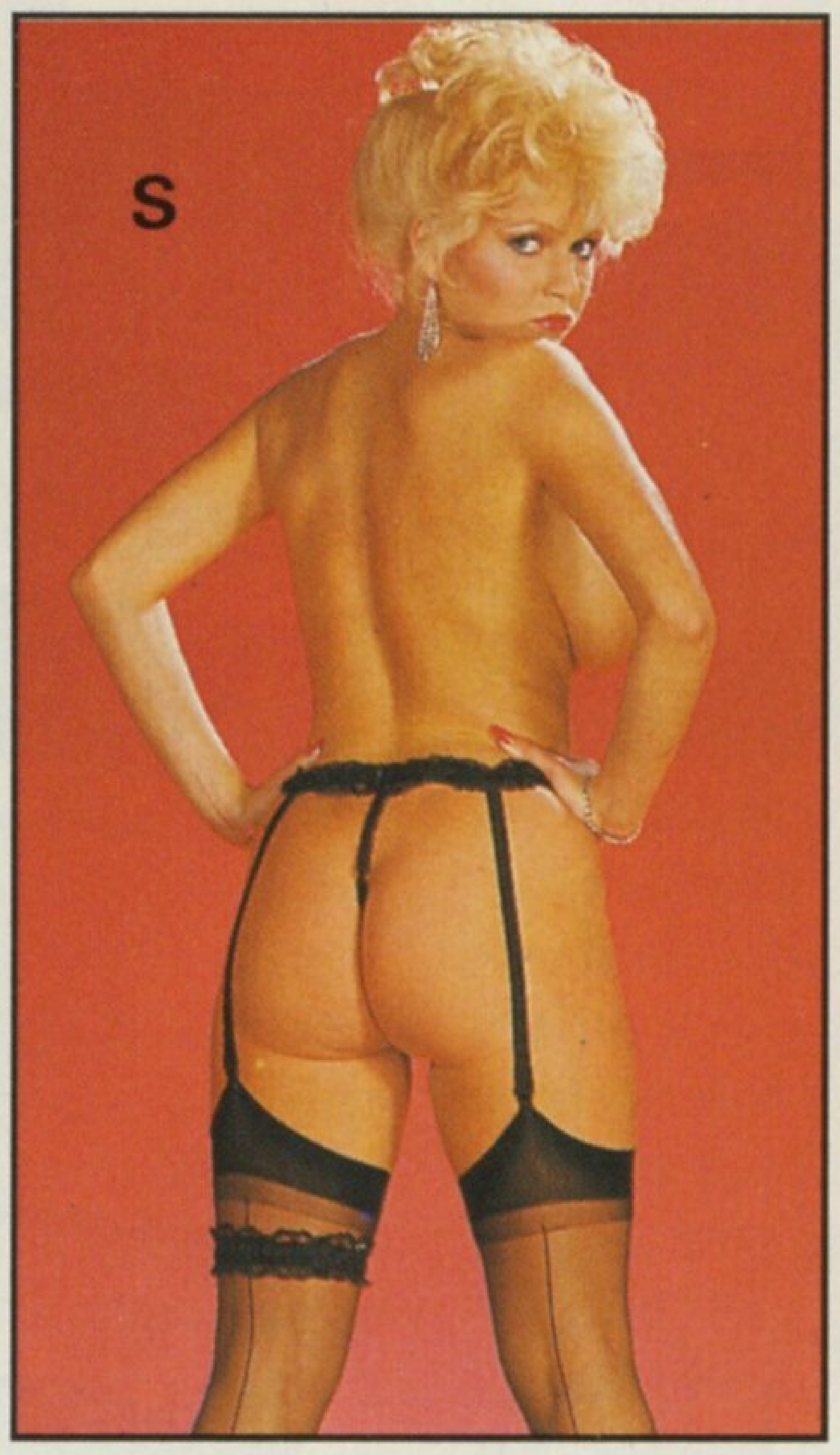

CAFE
MENU
SPECIALITÉ
HORS D'ŒUVRE
GASTRONOMIQUE
EXOTIQUE
SIMPLE
PLAT DE J
GLACE . FI
FRUITS
PRIX COM
FORBES.

'Oh John, this menu looks good . . . I'm sure you'll find something you like.'

Mayfair's new adult playwear

Few presents can be of such benefit to both the giver and receiver as *Mayfair's* exciting new range of feminine fashions. We believe lingerie is at its sexiest when it's brief – scanty, erotic and arousing. That's why the latest items in our collection are selected with you in mind: the saucy lace garter belt is teamed with a matching suspender belt, and ultra-brief thong, and they are available in white, black or red. And to complete the outfit we're still offering our sheer glass nylon stockings in black. Don't forget our erotic bodystockings in black, white, or fishnet. Remember also that our lingerie is made to the highest possible standards. Don't delay – send off the coupon now, and soon you'll be enjoying your favourite lady in *Mayfair's* own sensational lingerie!

DD) Lace garter, suspender belt and thong brief in cool white, arousing red (item BB) and devastating black (item CC). One size.
T) Superstretch bodystocking in black or white (item V). One size.
S) Sheer glass nylon seamed stockings. Sizes. small, medium, or large.
AA) Tantalizing fishnet bodystocking in black. One size only.



To: FASHION OFFER, Mayfair Magazine,
95a, Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Please send me
Qty......garter/thong sets in white (item DD) at £6.95 (one size)
Qty......garter/thong sets in red (item BB) at £6.95 (one size)
Qty......garter/thong sets in black (item CC) at £6.95 (one size)
Qty......bodystockings in black (item T) at £4.95 (one size)
Qty......bodystockings in white (item V) at £4.95 (one size)
Qty......fishnet bodystocking (item AA) at £8.95 (one size)
Qty......nylon stockings in black (item S) at £2.50 (Size s, m or l)

I enclose a cheque/postal order for £......... made payable to Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd. or debit my Access/American Express account.

MY CARD NO. IS ____________________
NAME ____________________
ADDRESS ____________________
____________ SIGNATURE ____________ M213

Please allow 21 days for delivery. If you are not completely satisfied simply return goods unmarked within 28 days of receipt for immediate refund. All prices include postage, packing, VAT and insurance. Customers outside Europe add £3.50 to total to ensure air mail delivery. All payments from abroad should be in Sterling (I.M.O.).

IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO CUT YOUR MAGAZINE, PHOTOCOPY THIS COUPON OR SEND YOUR ORDER ON PLAIN PAPER STATING ALL RELEVANT INFORMATION.

The Performer

continued from page 26

bother, picked the two heaviest characters, and slammed their skulls together. He'd been outnumbered ten to one, and was the shortest guy there.

'Nice dancer,' Vince added.

Then he dropped back beside Pack, leaving John at the front alone.

He was ice cold, the sweat deadly on his back. Mont would have found his lady by now, slightly brutalized. She would tell some story, and he would be back.

How he found the voice to sing, he never knew. But he was a performer, and the crowd were loving the gig, and that helped to pull him through, racing madly from one song to another so the backing could barely keep abreast.

'What's the matter with you?' came Vince's voice from the back. 'Ease up. Mont's back.'

John stared at the seething mass in front. Fans were riotous: they'd rip him apart if they had the stimulus. It might be merciful to slip over the edge, and let them do it.

But Mont chose a waiting game. Though John could feel him behind him as though in reach of the back of his fragile skull, nothing happened. Deepening his voice artificially against a tendency to squeak, he announced the next number, and Mont moved steadily, if forcefully, into the opening of *Damned Men and Charming Women*, never giving a hint of John's immediate future as he crouched over the drum kit, concentrating on the music.

This scared John more than ever. He made mistakes with the song, though the fans never seemed to notice. He lost his place, and Vince had to step in smartly and announce the following number while John grappled with the fact that he was losing hold. If it got worse, it would get pretty public.

But he'd never been in a mess like this before. It was his band — he brought it all together and kept it together — but he'd never fucked with one of its member's women before. He couldn't remember anyone who had.

And, of them all, it had had to be Mont's.

Vince you could talk to. Pack you could ride down, really. But Mont was Mister Hard. Anger quietened him, and it also made him deaf.

They did their *Ballad of Billy the Kid*. On the refrain — 'He got him. He got him good,' — John's powerful voice cracked thrillingly, adding atmosphere. It was as though the song really cried for a fallen hero; in fact it wept for a beaten-up rocker.

In *Fate, Bloody Fate*, the drums were like the roll of doom itself, and now Mont seemed closer, more threatening behind John's unprotected back for both Vince and Pack pulled out for a breather. And yet the harmony worked fine, and when he turned to look daring at Mont, the drummer's heavy shiny face stared back quite calmly. John felt better.

But, when they had that trouble at Swansea, Mont had been charged by this character, had sidestepped and ducked in one, caught him by the leg as he passed and flailed him into a brick wall. Looking quite calm the whole while.

John swallowed. Yet his nerves were recovering. As the performance continued, he gathered himself more, and began to think in the spaces between the numbers.

Okay, he was for it. Mont would have to have a Okay, he was for it. Mont would have to have a go. But he might keep it a private matter between the two of them with no gossip to worry the group or attract reporters. He didn't mind the papers calling him a stud, but they could easily call this something else.

And then it was suddenly the last number. The crowd was wild, thrilling, on their feet whistling and yelling. There were loads of those phosphorescent green tubes out there now, waving to and fro. Normally John loved this bit and did a spiel but tonight, though it might be a farewell speech, he had no heart for yap and just said: 'Okay, thanks. That's it. See you another time. Cheers.'

Vince, coming alongside, his cheery frank face open in a beam, gave him an odd look. He stood right at the front with his acoustic up over his head at full stretch as if he took power from an overhead wire. Pack waved cheerily if vaguely from the synth. Mont, running with sweat, sat humped behind the kit, staring at nothing. Beginnings and endings never seemed to interest him: he just liked hitting skins.

John kept a cautious eye on him. It might be prudent to skip off round the amps.

The curtain dropped abruptly and he jumped. It rose as quickly and they took a bow. The noise was deafening. Vince grinned like a happy puppy. They waved.

Walking down the passage after, all the tension and excitement poured out of them in silly talk and jostling. Warily, John kept away from Mont just in case, though the guy looked okay, talking calmly and cheerfully to Pack loping alongside him. You couldn't get two characters with more different walks.

Drained, John fenced words with Vince, waiting

turn to page 110

COME ALIVE WITH No. 5

Our fifth collectors' edition, *Best of Mayfair No 5*, is still available at your local newsagent, but get yours now because two of our earlier ones are already sold out. Costing just £1.95, it has 196 pages full of the best in girls, features, fiction, and our special humour. PLUS — Britain's top model and TV star Samantha Fox in some of the most revealing poses ever seen of her.

Still available to you — our collectors' editions, *Best of Mayfair Nos 3, 4 and 5*

Please send . . . . . copy/copies of *Best of Mayfair No 3* at £2.25 (inc p&p) . . . . . copy/copies *Best of Mayfair No 4* at £2.50 (inc p&p) . . . . . copy/copies *Best of Mayfair No 5* at £2.65 (inc p&p). I enclose a cheque/postal order for £ . . . . . to Fisk Publishing Co Ltd, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Name . . . .
Address . . . .
. . . .
. . . . M213

SPECIAL COLLECTOR'S EDITION
The Best of MAYFAIR

Best of MAYFAIR

SPECIAL COLLECTOR'S EDITION
The Best of MAYFAIR
SAMANTHA FOX

Charlotte

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL MOORE

The only hard part of persuading 22-year-old Charlotte Bianci to pose for *Mayfair* was getting her out of the kitchen. 'I'm half way through a lasagne,' she said when our photographer arrived, and waved a floury hand. However, 34-22-33 Charlotte spruced up in time for the photo-session although she was still thinking about garlic, tomato paste and strips of pasta. 'Blame it on my parents,' she insisted. 'Like all Italians they love their food, and taught me to cook by the time I was 11. I've hardly left the kitchen since. I love experimenting with new dishes.'

Charlotte may cook like a native Italian but was in fact born and bred in this country. Cookery is a family trademark, and more than a hobby for her parents who run a small restaurant. 'I was in danger of spending all day and night in their kitchen, so I moved away to my own flat here in Hastings. It's some way from Momma, but it stops us arguing over recipes.' How did her parents react when she told them that she intended trying her hand at modelling? 'Wild hysteria!' she replied. 'But then have you ever heard of the Italians accepting anything quietly? It was bad enough when I anglicised my name. "Whatsa wrong with Carlotta?" '

Charlotte's preference is for tall slim men, though with her cooking it's hard to keep them that way. 'I'm never sure whether men fancy me or whether it's my home-made pizzas.' At the moment there is nobody special in her life to cook for, but she's had her eye on a couple. 'I like men to make the first move,' she said. 'I'm waiting to be swept off my feet.'

Where are we after almost six years of home computers for less than £100? Forget balancing your bank account or storing those vital phone numbers — their main use is for space invaders and other sophisticated fantasy games

Hacked off with home computers?

By Gerald Cole

It is 22.30 hours on the night of May 16, 1943. You are at the controls of a heavily-laden Lancaster bomber crossing the Dutch coast on an east-north-east heading.

Seven hundred feet below, the polders of the Ijsselmeer are cloaked in darkness and a light mist, invisible from this height. The altitude has been carefully chosen. Above 1000 feet, and your aircraft can be detected by German radar, either from the ground or from patrolling night fighters. Any lower, and you put your aircraft at risk from ground obstacles, specially as you turn south into the heartland of Nazi Germany, toward the steep valleys and rolling hillsides that surround your targets, the Moehne, Eder and Sorpe dams.

For you are a member of 617 Squadron — the original 'Dambusters' — and your mission is to deprive the Ruhr Valley industries of their most important water supply, to deliver the Nazi war-machine a blow from which it may never recover.

But something is stabbing the darkness before your cockpit canopy. A long, blinking beam of light raking the sky. It swings toward you, catching in its glare the looming bulk of a barrage balloon dead ahead.

You pull the joystick to the left. As the aircraft veers out of the balloon's way, the front gunner opens up. Tracer bullets curve down toward the searchlight's base. Instantly it winks out. And another light flares directly in your path.

This time you climb. Eight hundred feet, nine, a thousand. Something small and fast approaches the rear gunner's canopy. Instinctively he lines it up on the cross-hair sight of his four FN 20 .303 calibre machine guns. As the profile of a Messerschmidt Me 110 night fighter takes shape, turns and is gone in seconds he lets rip, searing the darkness with tracer rounds. Suddenly the

ILLUSTRATION BY SCOTT ATKINSON

night's clear. You are free, undamaged, ready to risk your all for King and country.

Why, then, is this odd light flashing across your instrument panel? It spells out a message. Three of your engines are on fire, and you have failed to extinguish them. You have just crashed in flames.

What?

Nobody told *me*. What was the engineer doing? Ogling 'Jane' in the *Mirror*? There's a war on, damn it!

But of course there isn't. The only thing that's on is your TV set — and your home computer.

The cockpit of your Lancaster is an outline in shades of black, white and blue, framing a view of total blackness, the line of the horizon marked by a moving line of tiny white dots. The front and rear gunners have similar views — only differentiated by the central cross hairs of their machine guns. The engineer's view shows only an instrument panel, the navigator's a crude but colourful map of Europe with a plane symbol marking the aircraft's position.

You don't exactly hear the dull throb of the engines or the rattle of the machine guns. Even as you skim 60 feet over the waters of Lake Moehne, poised to drop your unique bouncing bomb, you don't feel the buffeting of the air, either, or the explosive jolts of flak.

But for less than ten pounds how much of World War Two do you expect? It was certainly enough to put *The Dambusters* among last year's top-selling computer games. And games, no matter what anyone says, are the main reasons for buying a home computer. I say 'no matter what anyone says' because the computer game posses-ses one of the most satisfying 'excuse factors' ever built into an adult toy. A generation ago, newborn boys were hardly off the delivery table before fathers were rushing to buy them a first train set or Scalextric — toys which could be safely installed (and used) in the attic until the offspring were of an age to appreciate them.

Today the home computer fulfils that role — because it is *educational*. Computer studies is a popular subject at secondary school; computers themselves are widely used from the sixth form down to primary level. Of course it makes sense for junior to use one at home.

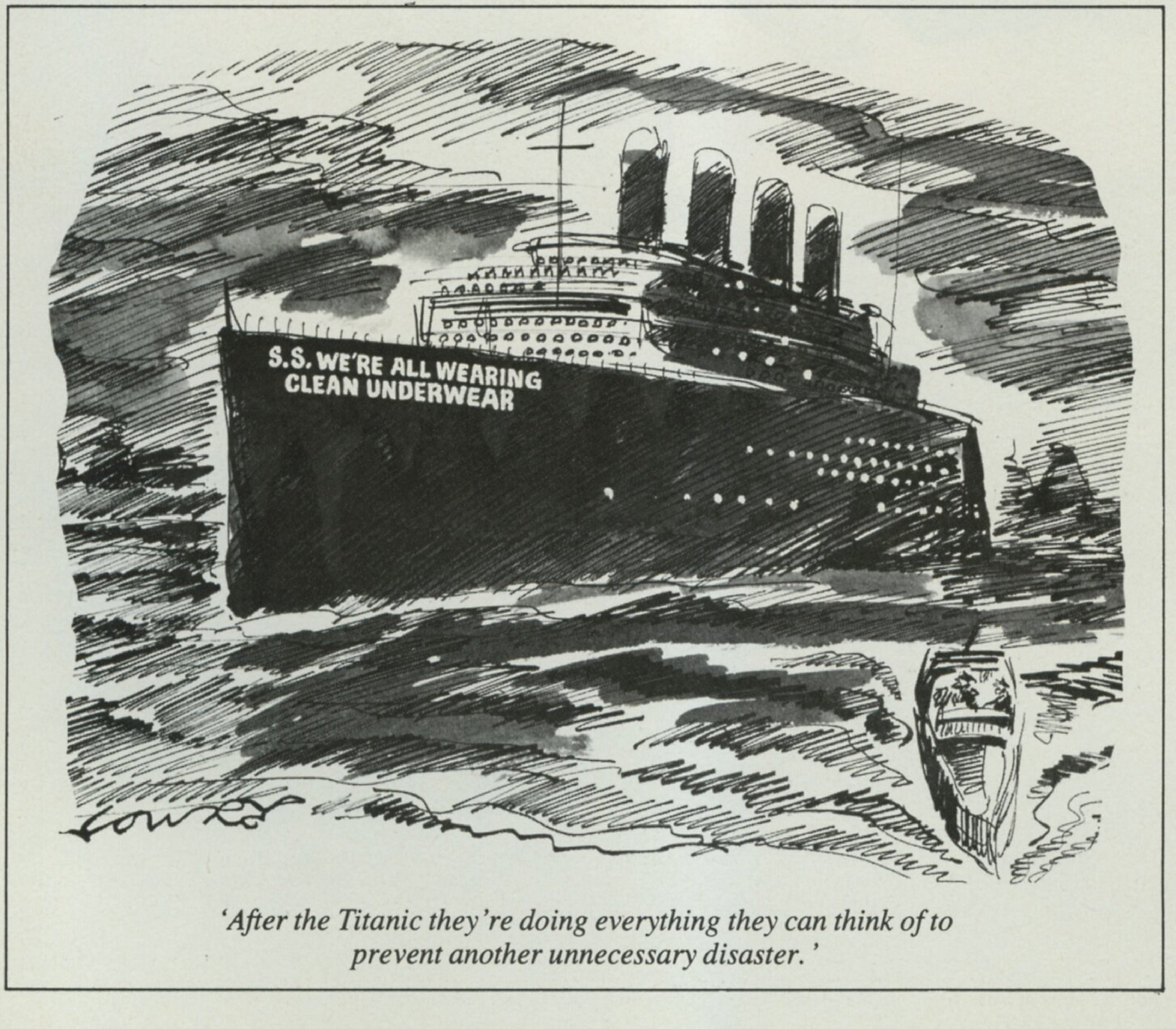
And if there aren't any juniors, how useful a computer can be for balancing your bank account, storing those essential telephone numbers or recipes, or putting your small home-based business in order.

Well, perhaps.

It's certainly how home computers were advertised after Clive Sinclair's pioneering ZX80 — the world's first micro-computer costing less than £100 — opened up the market in January 1980. Before then, the computer was something science-fictional, mysterious, and possibly malevolent — the electronic 'brain' which sent you bills for £00.00, and threatened to sue if you didn't pay up within seven days. Only 'computer programmers' — obvious descendants of the traditional mad scientist — could make sense of them, communicating in obscure tongues called FORTRAN or ALGOL, which sounded like Arabic, and didn't look much different. Now, at last, here was a computer for the home — not much larger than those handy electronic calculators — and simple enough for any idiot to understand.

The ZX80 was a little fiddly to use, of course. You had to plug it into the aerial socket of your TV, find an empty channel, and play around with the tuner to get a picture. Then you had to make two more connections to a cassette recorder. By the time you had attached the transformer to bring power to the computer, and found enough power points close enough to the TV to plug everything in, the carpet resembled an explosion in a spaghetti factory. But never mind.

Turn on the power, and numbers, letters, words appeared on the screen. You were in business. Until you opened the instruction book, and suddenly found yourself in a world of ROMs, RAMs and POKEs, strings and integers, radians and operands — in the very first chapter. Well, you know what trouble you have working out your right change in the pub Saturday nights. Like many thousands who came after you, you had discovered the first truth about home computers: they are invaluable for teaching you absolutely everything you ever wanted to know — about home computers.


S.S. WE'RE ALL WEARING CLEAN UNDERWEAR

'After the Titanic they're doing everything they can think of to prevent another unnecessary disaster.'

Of course that would give you some insight into the monster computers who continued to mess up your bank account. After all, the operating principles were much the same. But unless your idea of a good time was dismantling and re-designing the hi-fi, you tended to pop the machine back into its cardboard box.

Unfortunately, so great was the general enthusiasm for the 'mighty micro', this all too common experience remained largely unreported.

Clive Sinclair's success encouraged a boom. Dozens of home computers flooded the market — from the BBC-sponsored BBC Micro to the VIC 20 and Commodore 64 of the giant American company, Commodore Business Machines, with a host of smaller companies in between.

Meanwhile, it was dawning on manufacturers as well as purchasers that it was necessary to *do* something with these new products. The obvious solution was to provide computer owners with ready-made programs (note the American spelling) rather than leave them to devise their own.

Business computers already used hundreds of such programs — or 'software'. In theory it would be perfectly possible to adapt a company accounting program, for example, to home computer use. But in practice a problem arose. Computers work by juggling packets of information called 'bytes'. A 'byte' can be a number, a letter, a mathematical symbol, or an instruction to the computer. An average page of typing, for example, will take up around 5000 bytes.

But the number of bytes a computer can handle at once depends on the size of its memory. The ZX80 had a memory of only a thousand bytes or 1K. Commodore's VIC 20 had 5000 bytes or 5K, the BBC Micro 16,000 or 16K.

The average business micro-computer at the beginning of the 1980s boasted around 64K, 64,000 bytes of memory. Adapting a program designed to run on a business machine for a home computer with a quarter of its capacity, at best, meant a drastic, and not always successful, scaling down.

But there was an even bigger problem to overcome.

Using a computer to process the information you put into it is only half the story. At some point you need to store the results of the computer's efforts — preferably somewhere where they can be retrieved easily and quickly.

Business machines used 'disks' of fast-spinning magnetised plastic on which information could be recorded groove by groove, exactly like a record in a stereo. The recording head could hop from groove to groove in seconds, retrieving, amending or erasing information as required.

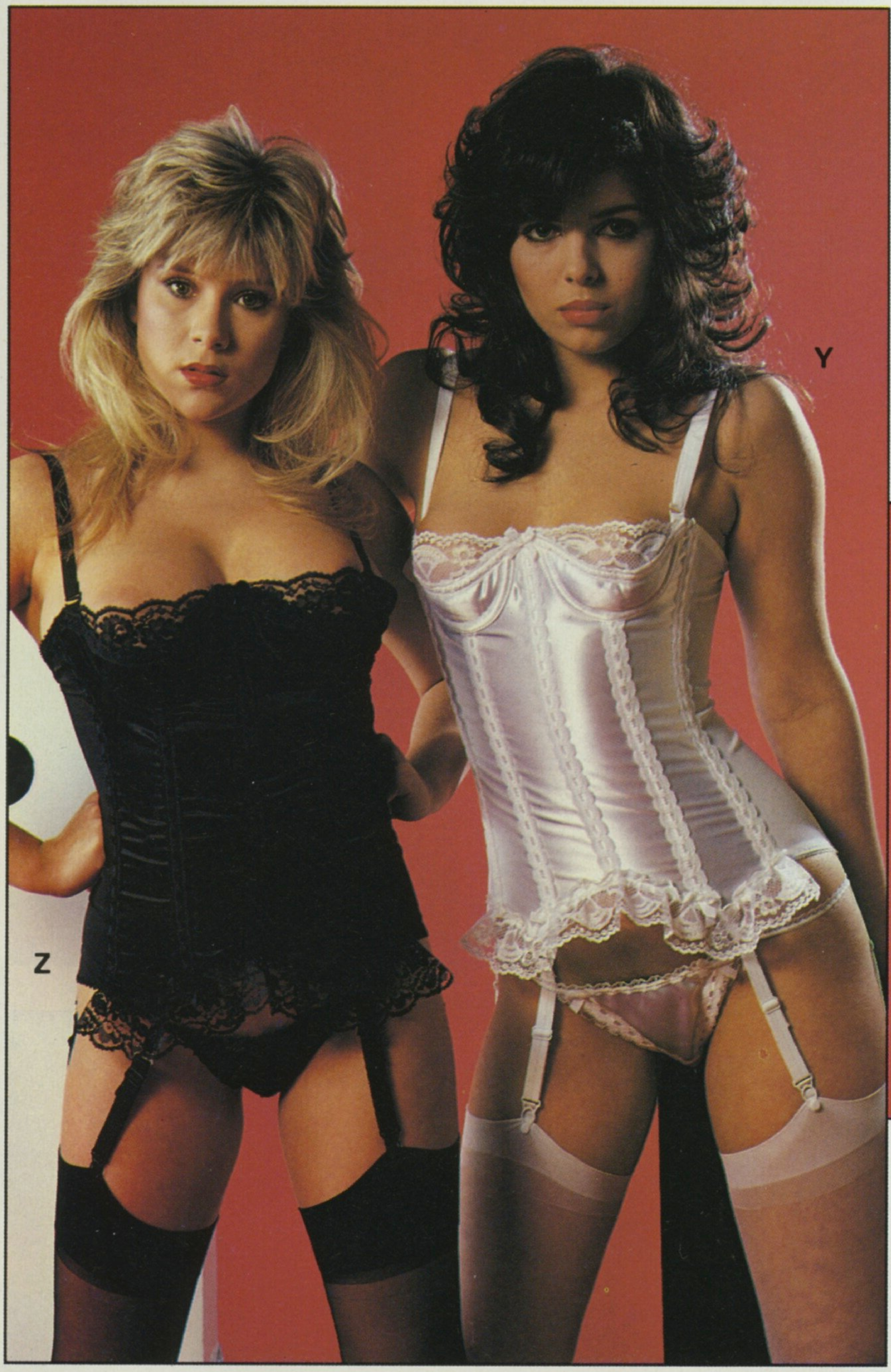
But disk systems were, and are, expensive. To keep down the cost of home computers, ordinary recording tape on ordinary cassette machines was used instead.

Unfortunately, the only advantage of tape cassette storage is its cheapness. Even the most sensitive tape cassette is notoriously unreliable

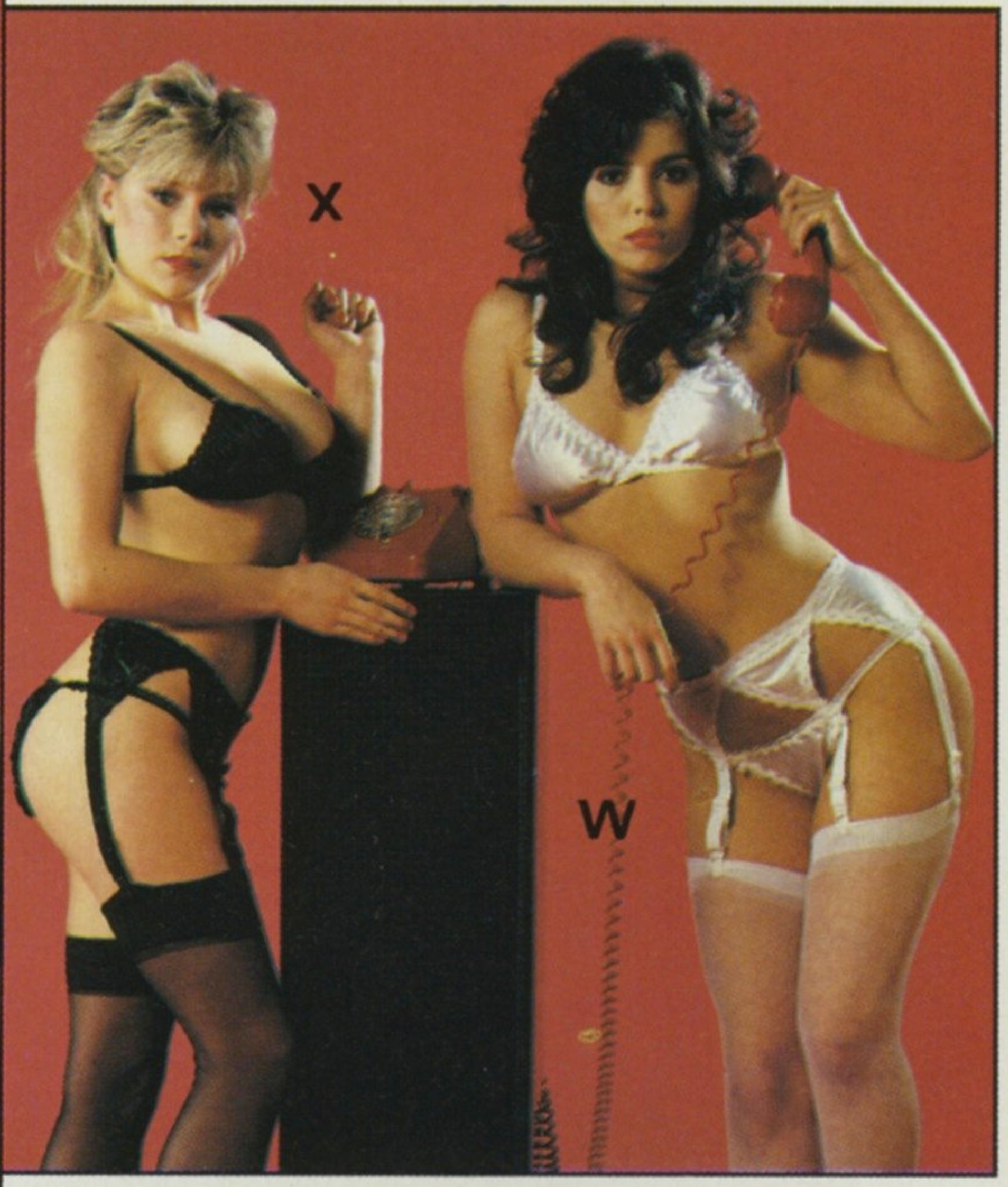
turn to page 96

It's our Satin Sensation

Mayfair's exciting lingerie offer



Satin has an unmistakeable feel when worn against the skin, a rich smooth sensation which will make any woman think she is somebody special. Picture the lady in your life on those magical nights when she wears our sexy satin collection, modelled so seductively by Samantha Fox and Debbie Boyland. Specially selected with you in mind, our lingerie is made to the highest possible standards.



W) Sexy satin three-piece set (bra, bikini briefs and suspender belt) in pure white or provocative black (X). Sizes small (34″), medium (36″) and large (38″).
Y) Seductive satin basque in white or black (Z). Sizes small (34″), medium (36″) and large (38″).

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

To: FASHION OFFER, Mayfair Magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Please send me:

Qty ...... 3-piece set in white (item W) at £13.95. Size ......
Qty ...... 3-piece set in black (item X) at £13.95. Size ......
Qty ...... Satin basque in white (item Y) at £25.95. Size ......
Qty ...... Satin basque in black (item Z) at £25.95. Size ......

I enclose cheque/postal order for £.........made payable to Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd. Or debit my Access/American Express account.

MY CARD NO. IS ....

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

..................................SIGNATURE..................................

Please allow 21 days for delivery. If you are not completely satisfied, simply return goods unmarked within 28 days of receipt for immediate refund. All prices include postage, packing, VAT and insurance. Customers outside Europe add £3.50 to total to ensure air mail delivery. All payments from abroad should be in Sterling (I.M.O.).

M213

IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO CUT YOUR MAGAZINE, PHOTOCOPY THIS COUPON OR SEND YOUR ORDER ON PLAIN PAPER STATING ALL RELEVANT INFORMATION.

PERNOD
Free the Spirit
PERNOD

QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Eighteen

Memories of sexual liaisons can provide the stimulus for new ones. A person may be reminded phyiscally of a former lover, or a particular technique. Quest investigates the memory factor

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow. all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

INTERVIEW - 1

SALES MANAGERESS, 27 years old, brunette, town of origin Barnsley

This interviewee left school at 16 and worked in various clerical jobs before joining her present firm. She recently completed a management training course and owns a flat jointly with her boyfriend.

Quest: How important is past experience in your sex life?

Manageress: Oh vital. I wouldn't have the sex life I have now if certain things hadn't happened in the past. I suppose everyone says that to some extent, but I know for a fact in my case.

Quest: You're talking about your rude experience on the train?

Manageress: And men I've known, yes.

Quest: What is so exceptional about your present sex life?

Manageress: It's not exceptional. We don't wear rubber or roll about in mud baths. We just do it all the normal ways, and it's lovely.

Quest: Do you have any favourite positions?

Manageress: I do quite like being on top.

Quest: You mean, sitting on your boyfriend's erection?

Manageress: Yes. I thought you were going to make some remark about the female executive having to be in a dominant position! I don't want to dominate anybody.

Quest: What exactly do you do?

Manageress: I usually try and surprise him with it, when we settle down for bed. Dave often reads for five minutes or so, and while he's lying there next to me I carefully lift back the sheet until I've uncovered him below his waist — neither of us wear pyjamas. Then I slide down his body, and lean over him and move my head so my hair just brushes backwards and forwards round and across his parts.

Quest: And is that effective?

Manageress: I've never known it fail! I used to wear my hair right down over my shoulders, and it was perfect then. I've had to trim it for work since, but it doesn't matter too much. I have to bend lower, but it also means I can breathe on him as well, and hot breath has a marvellous effect too!

Quest: It gives him an erection?

Manageress: He usually goes on pretending to read but in a moment or two his lovely little pink

Now only £10·50 each!

Any 2 £19·95 **Any 4 £37·95** **Prices inclusive of p&p**

ADULT VIDEO · 60 mins plus IN COLOUR

WARNING
These videos contain explicit adult viewing. If you think they might offend, please do not purchase.

DELICIOUS TO WATCH!

MOUTH WATERING PRICES

Excitingly Erotically DIFFERENT
KUMI TAGUCHI
EMMANUELLE IN TOKYO
101

101 Emmanuelle in Tokyo
Her approach is excitingly and erotically different

UNDER GRADUATE GIRLS
107

107 Undergraduate Girls
No imagination needed - the girls graduate with flying colours

GIRL OF PASSION
NON STOP SEX ACTION!
THE LUSTFUL ADVENTURES OF A GIRL HUNGRY FOR SEX!
FOR SALE TO ADULTS ONLY
RATED X
109

109 Girl of Passion
Beautiful and hungry for sex, She knows how to get it!

MORE DESIRES WITHIN YOUNG GIRLS
100

100 More Desires Within Young Girls
A story of youthful lust

SWEDISH COLLECTION
UNTAMED SEX!!!
110

110 Untamed sex
Sex for a twosome turns into sex for a threesome

SEX AND THE MARRIED WOMAN
118

118 Sex and the married women
Hands off—She's married but this girl does not worry

SCANDINAVIAN EROTICA
121

121 Scandinavian Erotica
Sexual action with beautiful girls that will blow your mind

UPS & DOWNS OF A HANDYMAN
CERT X
123

123 Ups and downs of a handyman
Constantly coping with the housewives needs

confessions of a RIDING MISTRESS
112

112 Riding Mistress
The sound of leather, the smell of hay—she dominates everything

BEHIND BARS
CERT. X
125

125 Behind Bars
Behind bars there are only girls, some beautiful, some cruel.

MARY MILLINGTON IS
Queen of the Blues
from Hokushin
127

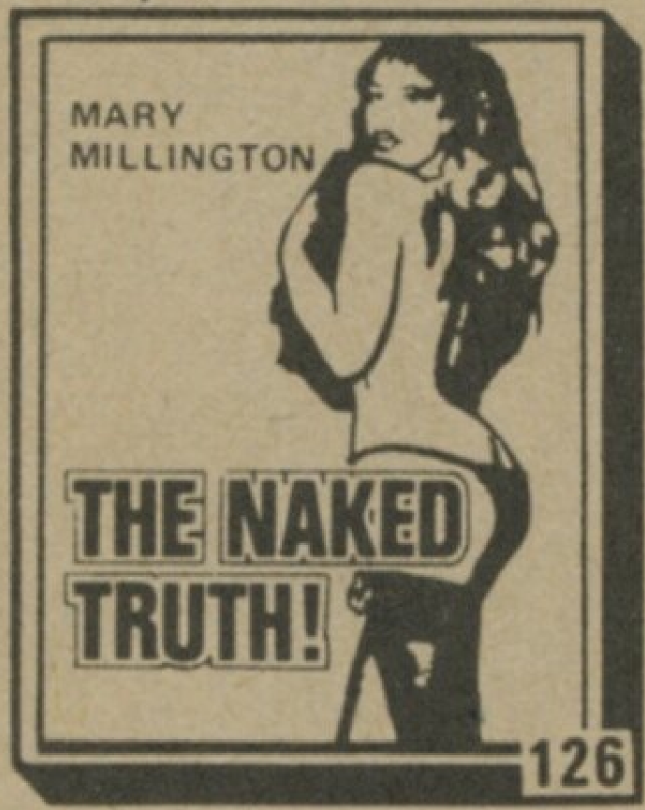
127 Queen of the Blues
Mary Millington turns a gentlemans club into a strip club

DAUGHTER OF EMMANUELLE
130

130 Daughter of Emmanuelle
A daring erotic story that introduces Emmanuelle's daughter

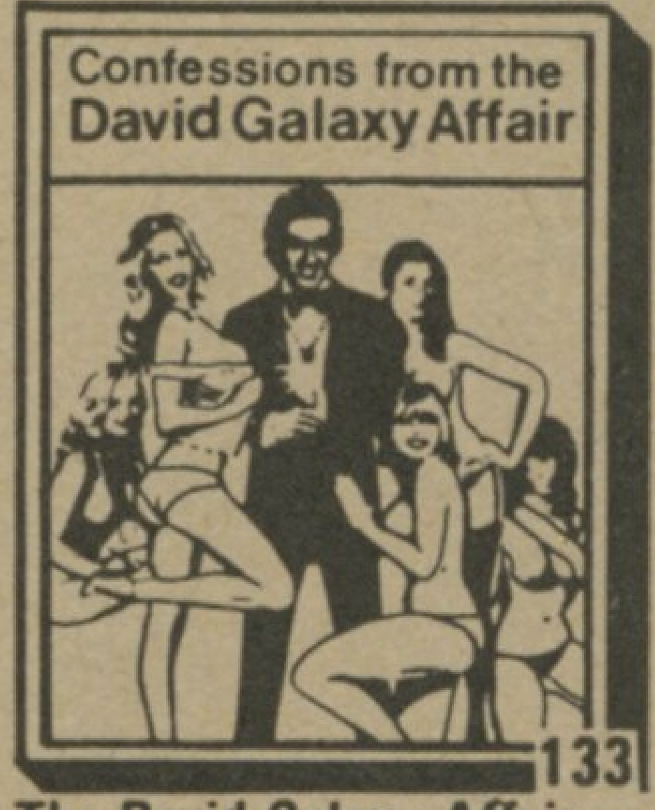
Come Play with Me
Mary Millington
132

132 Come Play With Me
The most successful British Sex Comedy ever



MARY MILLINGTON
THE NAKED TRUTH!
126

126 The Naked Truth
Stars Mary Millington who shares her luscious body with anyone



Confessions from the David Galaxy Affair
133

133 The David Galaxy Affair
A bevy of stunning beauties and lots of stars. A great film

Starlight Video Offers. Dept MF
P.O. Box 4QL, 81 Wardour St,
London W1A 4QL

HOW TO ORDER

● **PURCHASE ONLY**—Order by post ● **RENTAL OR PURCHASE** From outlets listed ● **ADULT CATALOGUE**—Free with purchase, mail order or stockists. £2 by post ● All goods sent under plain cover - prices include p&p.

Callers Welcome : Mon.-Sat. 9.30 – 6pm (Fri. 8pm)

SEX SHOPS — LONDON (Sth) *14 Bourne Rd, Bexley *1539 London Rd, Norbury SW16 **ALDERSHOT** *266b High St. **BARNSLEY** *8 New St. **BATH** 28 Victoria Bldgs, Lwr Bristol Rd. **BIRMINGHAM** (Cen) *43 The Bullring **BLACKBURN** *71 Darwen St. **BLACKPOOL** 311 Church St. **BOURNEMOUTH** 216 Holdenhurst Rd. **BRIGHTON** *11 Surrey St. **BRISTOL** *76 West St. **BURNLEY** 124c Colne Rd. **BURY** *94 Rochdale Rd. **CAMBRIDGE** 38 Chesterton Rd. **CARLISLE** 6 London Rd. **CHATHAM** *18 High St. **CHELMSFORD** *167 Moulsham St. **CHESTERFIELD** *528 Sheffield Rd. **CHESTER** 5 Boughton **COLCHESTER** *74 Butt Rd. **COVENTRY** 34 Walsgrave Rd. **CREWE** 74 Edelston Rd. **CROYDON** *109a Church St. **DARLINGTON** *91 Victoria Rd. **DERBY** *61 Osmaston Rd. **FOLKESTONE** *105 Dover Rd. **GLOUCESTER** *178a Barton St. **GRIMSBY** *189 Grimsby Rd. **GREAT YARMOUTH** 3 Howard St. North **HEMEL HEMPSTEAD** *193 London Rd. **HUDDERSFIELD** 70 Bradford Rd., Fartown **KETTERING** *25 Market St. **KINGS LYNN** 41 Norfolk St. **KINGSTON** *203 Kingston Rd., New Malden **LEICESTER** 116 Granby St. **LINCOLN** *68 High St. **LIVERPOOL** 63 Moorfields **LUTON** *74 Wellington St. **MACCLESFIELD** *77 Chestergate **MANCHESTER** *54 Oldham St. **MARGATE** *55 Northdown Rd. **MIDDLESBROUGH** 14 Borough Rd. **NEWCASTLE** 56 Westmoreland Rd. **NORWICH** *39 St Augustine's St. **NOTTINGHAM** *18 Carrington St./213 Mansfield Rd. **OXFORD** 54 Cowley Rd. **PLYMOUTH** 23 Market Ave. **PORTSMOUTH** 62 Castle Rd., Southsea **ROTHERHAM** *3/5 Rawmarsh, Parkgate **SHEFFIELD** *Unit 5, 68 Division St. **SHREWSBURY** *40 Wyle Cop **SWINDON** 7 Devizes Rd., Old Town **WAKEFIELD** 71 Doncaster Rd. **WEST BROMWICH** *19 Bull St., Ringway **WOLVERHAMPTON** 17 Broad St. **YORK** 5 Scarcroft Rd. ●●● **WALES — WREXHAM** 6 Yorke St. ●●● **N. IRELAND — BELFAST** 31 Gresham St.

*Licensed by appropriate Local Authority.

STOCKISTS These are non-sex shops who stock a range of adult products incidental to their main business: ●●● **LONDON (East)** 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate E7 **(South)** 318 Lewisham Rd, Lewisham SE13. 19 West Hill, Wandsworth SW18 **(North)** 287 Pentonville Rd. N1 **BEDFORD** 72 Tavistock St. **BIRMINGHAM** 487 Stratford Rd., Sparkhill **BOLTON** 201 St George's Rd. **BRADFORD** 147 Manningham Lane **DONCASTER** 15 Copley Rd. **EXETER** 133 Fore St. **HIGH WYCOMBE** 512 Desborough Rd. **HULL** 263 Hessle Rd. **LEEDS** 237 Chapletown **NORTHAMPTON** 8 Regent Sq. **OLDHAM** **0295 Huddersfield Rd. PETERBOROUGH** 75 Oundle Rd. **PRESTON** 442 New Hall Lane **READING** 108 Southampton St. **SOUTHAMPTON** 103 St Mary St. **SOUTHEND** 39 Eastern Esplanade **STOKE** 62 Piccadilly, Hanley **WORCESTER** 18 Lowesmoor ●●● **WALES — CARDIFF** 9 Mill Lane **NEWPORT** Unit 14, Sovereign Arc., Kingsway Centre **SWANSEA** 3 Dillwyn St

Please rush me the following video(s)—tick as applicable including system required. I enclose cash/cheque/P.O. for £
If paying by cheque add your name and address to reverse - cheques and postal orders payable to Starlight Video.

100☐ 101☐ 107☐ 109☐ 110☐ 112☐ 118☐
121☐ 123☐ 125☐ 126☐ 127☐ 130☐ 132☐ 133☐

Adult video catalogue £2 (Free with purchase) ☐

VHS☐ **BETA**☐ **PHILIPS 2000**☐ **(Add £5 each for PHPS 2000)**

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

I am aware of the nature of these videos and agree not to show them to minors. I am over 18.

SIGNED..
Starlight Video Offers. Dept MF
P.O. Box 4QL, 81 Wardour St, London W1A 4QL

thing starts to stretch — I hope he won't mind me calling it 'little', but it *is* when it's small, like a little boy's. It's gorgeous. It makes me want to pop it in my mouth, and run it over my tongue. Of course it doesn't stay like that when I do!

Quest: Do you usually do that?

Manageress: Not straight off, unless he gets very big immediately and neither of us can wait. It's more fun to take it slowly, which helps me to get really moist too. I like to keep brushing him with my hair as he begins to stick up — when my hair was long I even used to wrap it round him, and stroke him that way. But sometimes I'll give him little licks with my tongue too — sometimes along the shaft, or the tip, or even at that very sensitive part just under the tip — that always makes him stretch a bit extra!

Quest: What happens next?

Manageress: I never thought we'd go into this much detail — it's making me feel quite naughty! Well, one thing Dave loves is when I lick round and round the edge of his tip until I feel his whole body go tense, then all at once I pop the whole top into my mouth and out again, very quickly. Another thing is when I give him long deep licks right from his balls to the top, all the way round his shaft, until he's covered in saliva. Then I sink my lips right over his erection, take it right into the back of my mouth, and give him some really long, deep, wet sucks. But I have to be careful with that.

Quest: Why?

Manageress: Because it's like doing it properly, isn't it, for a man? It is for Dave anyway. He's got quite good self control normally, but that usually ruins it! I don't mind him doing it in my mouth. But I prefer him to do me first!

Quest: When does intercourse occur?

Manageress: When I think Dave can't stand it any more, or when I can't. Usually when I can't! Then I ease up and put him inside me. Sometimes I'll try to slide him in a bit at a time, so he feels me all the way up. But that's usually too much strain! Usually I sit straight on him so his whole length fills me at once. That's a gorgeous feeling!

Quest: Who controls the thrusting?

Manageress: It depends. Sometimes I can get comfortable and gently slide up and down — or not so gently! — for ages and just feel my climax floating about until I let it happen. Other times I run out of puff very quickly, and Dave is virtually holding me upright under my arms, and jerking his penis up into my pussy.

Quest: But you prefer to be in control?

Manageress: I love to watch his face as he spurts. Sometimes that makes me come.

Quest: Do you encourage that moment?

Manageress: You mean we talk to each other? Yes. Especially me. You don't want to hear what I say.

Quest: Are you embarrassed?

Manageress: Yes! I tell him, 'Spunk in me, spunk in me now, darling.'

Quest: Does he make you come too?

Manageress: Oh almost always, more than half. And if I'm really frustrated he'll go down on me, and he'll lick me and stroke me until it happens. He's fantastic like that. The best lover I've ever had. So giving. I couldn't have got so involved with anyone who wasn't.

Quest: You sound as if you did before?

Manageress: Oh yes! I've only been to bed with four men in my life, but the other three were awful. Slam-bam chauvinists. All the men I grew up with seemed to be like that. The first was my fiancé when I was 19, and I wouldn't even let him put his hands in my knickers until we *were* engaged. I was afraid he'd go berserk. And he *did*.

Quest: How?

Manageress: The night of our engagement party. We sneaked up to his bedsit. I expected some tender romance. We started grappling the moment we were in the door, ended up on the bed. He had my knickers down under my party dress, and suddenly he was up me. Two minutes humping on his grubby sheets and it was over, he was asleep. We hadn't even taken our clothes off. The two that followed weren't much better. One was quite good in bed, but utterly selfish; the other never managed to keep it up long enough. If it hadn't been for my rude train journey with Stella I think I'd have given up men.

> ‘Dave was lying there half uncovered, and I suddenly felt the urge to try what I had seen Stella doing..’

Quest: Now who was Stella?

Manageress: She was a girl I worked with before I took work seriously, when I was 20, after I'd broken up with my fiancé. Stella was a year younger than me but always in charge. She was outrageous. We went on a works outing to Bridlington, got very drunk and missed the chara home. But we were with this young salesman from the same firm, who we both fancied like mad. He was about 25, dark, very handsome, but quite shy, which was surprising. He was putty in Stella's hands. She hit him like a tidal wave, but I was also putting my oar in, always suggesting more drinks when it looked like she was going to whisk him out the back. Finally all three of us ended up getting a night train home and the salesman — I think his name was Brian — could hardly stand. I wanted to keep us in the bar on the platform because I knew Stella would get him into an empty carriage. We started arguing, and the next thing Brian had vanished.

Quest: Vanished?

Manageress: We looked the length of the train. Then we found him snoozing in an empty compartment — one with no corridor. And that's when Stella decided she was going to have him, regardless.

Quest: How?

Manageress: Once the train started, she told me to lock the door, pull down the blinds and take off my tights. I thought she was crazy but I did it. Then I thought she was crazier. Stella took off her tights too, knelt down in front of him, and unzipped his fly. I couldn't believe it! I was nearly having hysterics. Then I realised she wasn't just playing a joke. She actually started to play with him.

Quest: In what way?

Manageress: With her hand, then her tongue, then both. She was actually wanking him and sucking him off in front of me! I told you she was outrageous. I'd never seen anyone do that.

Quest: What was your salesman doing?

Manageress: Getting very stiff indeed! I assumed he imagined he was having a lovely dirty dream, and sort of woke up into it — he certainly didn't open his eyes or say anything. He just started sighing as Stella sucked him off. It sounds obscene, and it was, but I was mesmerised — and fairly drunk, too.

Quest: Were you excited?

Manageress: I was turned on, yes, but what got to me more than anything else was that Stella was so completely in charge. I never realised a girl could do that before. She fancied the guy, knew exactly what she wanted from him, and just went and got it. Of course, I know now the fellow was obviously going along with her. You can't just jump on a fanciable men — unfortunately! There has to be a proper relationship in which you can take turns to be the seducer or the seduced. But before that I just assumed women were sort of willing mattresses for men. Afterwards I knew I wouldn't be happy until I met a man who could be as open as that salesman.

Quest: How did the incident end?

Manageress: Very sordidly! Stella was very turned on and wanted to do it properly with the guy, who was still just slumped there with this big red banana sticking out of his fly. First she tried to straddle him but the arm rests go into the way. Then she decided she could screw him the other way, and sit on him bottom first. She wanted me to hold him straight while she got into position! But I refused. In the end she managed on her own.

Quest: When did you know Dave was the right man?

Manageress: Not actually till we were in bed. It sounds awful, but I slept with him mainly because he asked me. We met at a party, and he was OK, pleasant, average-looking and he seemed quite keen on me — enough to ask me back for a nightcap. I'd finished with my last boyfriend nearly six months before, vowing I was finished with sex for good. Then I woke up one day knowing I'd go crazy if I didn't wake up with a man next to me just one more time — no matter how awful he behaved. I won't say I'd have gone to bed with anyone, but I think Dave was quite surprised when he made a fairly routine pass and I accepted.

Quest: So you had intercourse?

Manageress: A couple of times. The second was better. Then in the morning I woke first. Dave was lying there half uncovered and I suddenly felt the urge to try what Stella had done. I think I'd have been too embarrassed with someone I knew well. But for the first time in my life I was just a casual pick-up — virtually anonymous. So I bent over Dave, took hold of his penis very

The Mayfair Film Society

Six of the most sensational girls ever to appear in *Mayfair* star in our exclusive colour home movies

OUR SEXY SIX

Blonde, full-breasted Mandy Kuypers (left) is just one of the six sexy superbirds who appear in our exclusive, full-colour 8mm home movies, each one of them a sizzling masterpiece of erotic entertainment. Dressed in a thigh-revealing, knicker-flashing leather mini, Mandy's a randy secretary whose boss just can't keep his mind on his work or his hands off the tight white knickers that scarcely conceal or restrain Mandy's firm, rounded bottom. Everything is revealed as her office misadventures leave her beautifully bare. If you find uniforms a turn-on, you'll just love air-hostess Sophie, a long legged brunette whose crisp, starched uniform is discarded after an impromptu soaking leaves her white blouse moulded tantalisingly to the lush curves of her pert, long-nippled breasts. Then there's Victoria Jane, soft and cuddly in an outdoor romp that leaves her breathless, bare and beautiful. Remember Penny Mallett? She's better-known now as top model Nina Carter, one of the most popular pin-ups in the country. We've filmed her in a slinky, shiny, see-through PVC bikini that hides absolutely nothing from your eyes. Perhaps you also go for young, swinging dolly-birds. If so, you'll adore Caroline Dell, a svelte blonde with all the sex-appeal of a young Monroe. Finally, there's Sylvia Bayo, a sultry black temptress with huge, stubby-nippled breasts and a sizzling sensuality which will arouse all your darkest fantasies. Mandy, Sophie, Victoria Jane, Penny, Caroline and Sylvia; six of the very best, all lovingly photographed in pin-sharp, full colour 8mm films that you can enjoy again and again in your own home. The price? Just £10.30 per film and that includes postage and packing. Fill in the coupon below, remembering to specify which of the films you require, send it off, and soon you'll be enjoying the finest, freshest, and most arousing, home movies that star *Mayfair's* magical maids.

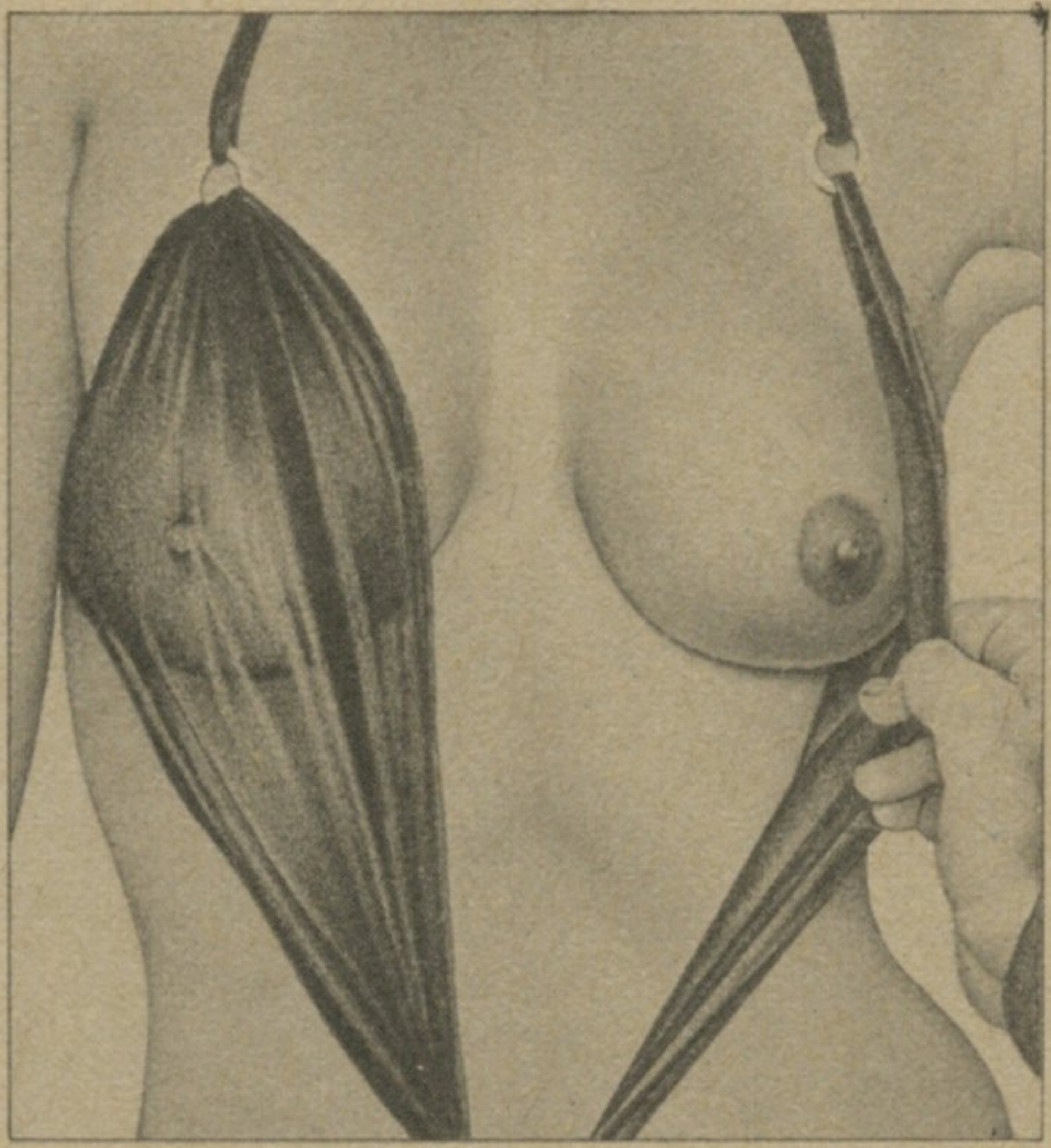
Please tick below the film(s) you require and mail the coupon to **Mayfair Film Society, 95a Chancery Lane, WC2.** All films are £10.30. I enclose a cheque/postal order made payable to Fisk Publishing Co for......
or debit by Access/American Express acc. My card number is ....

	Super 8 only		Super 8 only
Mandy	☐	Caroline	☐
Sophie	☐	Sylvia	☐
Penny	☐	Victoria Jane	☐

Name .... Address..

.... Date.......................... M213

If you don't want to cut your magazine, just send us your order printed in capitals on a sheet of paper, remembering to specify the film which you require. All films are attractively packaged and despatched to you under plain cover. *Reg. London 875169*



gently and gave him what he told me afterwards was the most sensational blow job he'd ever had. Then I finished by climbing on top of him and just riding him into the ground. I was transported, absolutely out of myself and he was with me all the way, right up to the moment I came off, and he fountained inside me. It was glorious. We haven't looked back since!

Quest: Thanks to your memories of Stella?

Manageress: Absolutely.

Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 2

SALESMAN, 31 years old, town of origin Walton-on-Thames

This, male, interviewee left school at 16 and embarked on a varied career, though usually with a sales basis. He now sells double glazing. He is separated with a young son, and owns his own flat.

Quest: Would you call yourself a seasoned seducer?

Salesman: *I* might — I doubt if anyone else would! I put a lot of effort into it, I'll tell you that. But I'm no oil painting or a millionaire so I have to. You'll be asking me for tips next!

Quest: Acutally, I was.

Salesman: Well I could bullshit but the only thing I've really noticed in a lot of women I've known — if not a majority — is what I call the 'memory factor.'

Quest: What exactly is that?

Salesman: In a nutshell, it's when you remind a woman of somebody else, preferably some fantastic previous lover, so she's automatically well disposed to you before you even start. I've noticed it dozens of times. She might say, 'You know when I first saw you I thought you looked exactly like a boy I went to school with.' The chances are she only remembers that far back because he was the fellow who first touched her up. Or she might just have wanted him to.

Quest: When did you develop this theory?

Salesman: I've been thinking about it for years. I was apparently a lookalike of Gwen's first fiancé — she should obviously have married him. But I should have been aware of it from the age of 19.

Quest: Why?

Salesman: I had it away for that reason — mainly that. It was actually how I lost my cherry. I was a late starter.

Quest: Who was the woman?

Salesman: It *was* a woman. She was 36, almost as old as my mum, though a damned sight better looking. She was very attractive, as a matter of fact — a strong face rather than a pretty one, blonde — her body was lovely. A bit overweight but lush with it — big, deep breasts like barmaids are supposed to have. She wasn't a barmaid, though. She was the wife of a businessman. They were having an extension built and I worked for the company who were building it.

Quest: Your talents include building?

Salesman: Labouring more like, at the time. Not that the builder cared. He was a complete cowboy. There was supposed to be a guy supervising me but he'd vanish to the pub at lunchtime, and never come back. He got the push eventually. I got to spend lots of afternoons chatting up Julia.

Quest: You made advances?

Salesman: No — it would have been more than my job was worth. And I was too scared to, anyway. She was a very sophisticated lady — way out of my league — but very friendly, very easy to talk to. Wally, my mate on the job — never better named — reckoned she fancied me and was giving me a quiet come-on.

Quest: You didn't believe it?

Salesman: I had enough fantasies about it, but she was a married woman with a successful husband — even though he always seemed to be away. She even had a teenaged daughter. She was hardly going to fling herself at a 19-year-old labourer.

Quest: But she did?

Salesman: Funnily enough it was when the work started to go really wrong that I first got the feeling I wasn't just fantasising. A wall virtually collapsed, and the builder seemed to go into hiding. Julia's hubby was away for a month, and she was having to deal with it all, but she was very good to me. She made it clear she knew I was doing my best and I was just as much a victim as she was. In the end I spent more time doing odd jobs for her about the house than building work. It was then she started talking about some fellow she'd known who I reminded her of, not just in looks but in personality. Apparently she'd been to college with him and he'd had lots of marvellous business ideas and gone to work for a big building firm. She used to wonder how well he'd done, even if I'd heard of him. It shows you how naive I was. It never occurred to me this guy had ever been anything than an old mate.

Quest: Go on.

Salesman: Looking back it was obvious things were building up to something. But at the time, being so unsure of myself — I thought it was just imagination. I had enough problems keeping my eyes off Julia's cleavage and hiding my hard-on when I couldn't. I assumed she'd never noticed, which was another mistake. Then one afternoon she asked me to get something for her out of the attic. It turned into a virtual clear-out, me passing stuff down to her. I was up there nearly three hours, and I came down filthy. She'd already promised me a meal for staying late — I didn't realise then her daughter was spending the night with a schoolfriend. When she saw me she insisted I have a shower in her bedroom then pop down to the kitchen for my meal.

Quest: And you did?

Salesman: I shut the bedroom door, stripped and showered. It was odd. I felt very randy standing naked in Julia's bedroom, smelling her perfumes. It was easy to imagine some incredible

MAYFAIR
NM
Corinne uncovered

ALLONS CITOYENS!

Voici la bonne affaire de l'année pour tous les hommes français! Un exemplaire de *Mayfair* en France vous còute 32.50^F et au moins 40^F pour notre numero special de Noël.

C'est à dire plus de 390^F a l'année. Nous faisons cette offre speciale pour tous les hommes français. Nous vous envoyons une souscription a l'année pour *Mayfair* au prix special de 250 francs. N'attendez pas. Envoyez dès aujourdhui.

Vous pouvez envoyer des francs. Remplissez le coupon cidessous et envoyez-le avec votre argent à:

Mayfair Magazine,
95A Chancery Lane, London,
WC2A 1DZ, England

S'il vous plait, envoyez-moi 12 exemplaire de *Mayfair*.

Nom:..............................
Adresse:..........................
....
....
Date:.............................

Je joinds les francs, pour la valeur de 250^F

M213

STARLIGHT

QUALITY GUARANTEED AT PRICES YOU CAN AFFORD

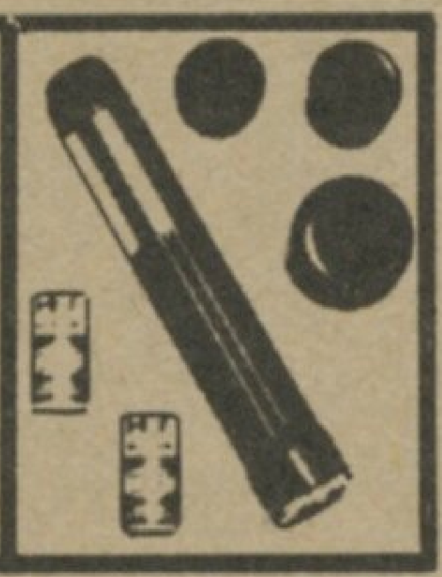
STARLIGHT PRODUCTS P.O. Box 4QL, 81 Wardour St, London W1A 4QL

ACTION PACKED VIBROS

MULTI-HEADER Multi-speed control and five very different pleasure heads for greater enjoyment **£11.95**
GIANT THRILLER A hand held giant, studded for extra thrills—plus variable control **£18.95**
8" *BENDER* Sheer ecstasy from this flexible latex vibrator with variable speed control **£8.50**
UP 'N' DOWNER The head moves backwards and forwards, twists & turns all on its own, with variable speed control. It's the real thing **£11.50**
FINGER & THUMB A squirming finger & thumb, add another two dimensions to your foreplay **£12.99**
VIBRO SLEEVE Soft pliable vibro cover. Fleshlike and realistic in every detail. Available 'flesh' or 'black' **£3.25**
CACTUS VIBRO 8 throbbing inches of exciting, caressing spikey satisfaction **£10.99**

BEAT THIS!

A very superior quality Non-Doctor set, with 3 different heads for all the excitement zones and a multiplicity of speed control for all your moods, is available at the
SILLY PRICE OF £9.95.



7½" MULTI-SPEED VIBRATOR The high quality, reliable version that goes on and on. **£4.50**
MINI VIBRO A rampant 4½" stimulator, its tip will drive her wild **£3.75**

CREAMS, TABLETS AND CAPSULES

APHRODITES TABLETS Just ½ a tablet and she'll be hungry for sex **£6.50**
GINSENG TABLETS Potent enough to put the zest back in your love-life 50 tablets **£5.00** 100 tablets **£8.00**
SEXUAL LUBRICANT This super sex lubricant should be rubbed into the more sensitive parts of the body. It reduces friction and greatly increases the excitement. One Jar **£4.99** Two Jars **7.99**
FEMALE BLISS CREAM Hightens the sensations of the more sensual parts. One Jar **£4.50** Two Jars **£7.50**
SEX SUGAR It will dramatically increase your sexual urge. One Box **£2.99** Two Boxes **£4.99**
MOTION LOTION Hot and tasty lotion for all parts of the body. Lubricates, invigorates and stimulates **£5.95**
STUD DELAY CREAM Apply to the penis before intercourse to keep him going longer & longer **£5.25**
STUD ACTION CREAM Rub into the penis to help assist and sustain a good strong erection **£5.25**
ORGASM CREAM Raises the temperature, increases sensitivity to help you climax more easily **£4.25**

NEW! POWERFUL! MUIRA PUAMA

NEW! POWERFUL! MUIRA PUAMA Just two or three drops Get and give the pleasure a full, firm, thrusting penis can deliver **£6.50.**

ADULT MAG PACK Swedish Erotica Collection—Probably the best in adult sex mags. Big girls and even bigger fellas performing in front of the camera. All colour. 4 different just **£15.**

EXERCISERS & DEVELOPERS

FOR HIM

THE WORLD FAMOUS CHARTHAM METHOD
Proved by doctors time after time to be effective and safe for penis enlargement. Complete with full detailed instructions **£19.50**
ACTION MAN The better developer with built in vibrator to make penis development a pleasure **£21.99**
POWER DEVELOPER Designed to enlarge your penis. Produced in soft latex for extra comfort **£17.99**
EXTENSION SHEATH Adds 1½" to the length of your penis—black or flesh **£4.00.** One of each **£7.00**
STALLION DELAY SPRAY Fully tested—its the best there is for controlling premature ejaculation **£5.00.** 2 sprays **£8.00**
MALE DEVELOPMENT SPRAY Just two or three sprays provides maximum staying power anytime, anywhere **£5.00.** 2 sprays **£8.00**

FOR HER

COVER GIRL A revealing sexy peephole bra and matching crutchless briefs. Black, white, red, blue. One size **£7.25**
HAREM GIRL A titilating tiny tassel set that just covers the nipples. For all swingers! One size **£5.99**
RHAPSODY BASQUE Daring satin cupless basque—black with red trimming. State size **£18.50**
BABY DOLL A daring see-through top and pantie set. Black, white, or red—one size **£10.75**
SILKY SATIN LINGERIE SET A slinky, sexy fun set to turn him on at anytime. **£13.99**
ELECTRIC LOVE EGG The most advanced feminine stimulant **£5.50**
ORIENTAL DUO BALLS A devilishly simple oriental sex aid that never stops working **£4.50**

SEX EDUCATION BOOKS

SENSUAL SECRETS Sex charged action. Marilyn Chambers, America's first lady of sex, shows how she likes it. She's featured in action throughout. 300+ sex charged colour pics **£7.50.**

INTERCOURSE ILLUSTRATED All positions shown. Learn how to make the most of your favourite positions, guided by precise descriptions. Over 200 detailed pics including pulsating close-up shots **£4.95.**

FREE—SEDUCTION KIT

Spend £3 or more at any outlet listed below and collect free "**SEDUCTION KIT**" gift of £6.95.

SPRAY ON SEX APPEAL

ATTRACTANT 10 The strong male pheremone—a short spray is all you need to attract women, the key to unlock a woman's sensuality and arouse her innermost desires without her being aware of it.
Spray on sex appeal—
Heaven scent **£9.95.**

ATTRACTANT 10
STRONG MALE PHEROMONE

CONTRACEPTIVES

RUGGED America's most popular sheath. Ripple barrelled for extra sensations. **10 @ £3.00 100 @ £25.00**
SNUGFIT Lubricated contraceptive sheaths with ultra snug fit. **10 @ £5.00 100 @ £45.00**
DUREX NU FORM Extra safe sensitol lubricated and profiled. **24 @ £6.00 144 @ £32.00**
DUREX AROUSA Lubricated and with special rings. **24 @ £6.00 144 @ £32.00**
RAINBOW Multicoloured for variety. **24 @ £6.00 144 @ £32.00**
EROTIM BLACK CAT Lubricated, black safety condom. **24 @ £7.00 144 @ £36.00**
EROTIM LONGLOVE Uniquely coated to counter premature ejaculation. **20 @ £6.00**
FRENCH TICKLERS RE-USABLE All different shapes to test your imagination. **8 White £6.00 6 Black £6.00**

SPECIAL OFFER £4.50
A pack of 36 assorted leading-brand condoms from all over the world.
We stock a full range of Durex, Horizon, Erotim and many other brand name contraceptives. Please write for further details.

ADULT VIDEOS

State system when ordering: VHS, BETA & PHILIPS 2000
EMMANUELLES SILVER TONGUE
Emmanuelle uses here quick silver tongue on Billy and Andrea to great effect. It speaks the language of sex.
ONLY £23.95
UNDERGRADUATE GIRLS
You will not need your imagination with this one. The close-ups are shocking, the action continuous. Oh to be an undergraduate boy! **£23.95**

BOTH VIDEOS £45.00

***BIG GIRL SPECIAL** One hour of the biggest chests around, bouncing, wet, massaged, young girls & mature women **£22.95.**
***HOUSEWIFE STRIP SPECIAL** All genuine housewives and girlfriends, amateurs doing it all for your pleasure **£19.95.**

***BOTH FOR JUST £39.95**
ALL 4 VIDEOS FOR ONLY £75

COLOUR CATALOGUES £2.00 FILMS, VIDEOS, AIDS, BOOKS & MAGAZINES, LINGERIE

Just £2 brings you our bumper bundle pack of 3, yes 3 Catalogues! Your £2 is refunded with first Order.

ORDER BY POST OR CALL IN PERSON
The products in this advertisement are available amongst the adult shops listed.

MON-SAT 9.30-6pm (FRI 8pm).

SEX SHOPS—LONDON (Sth) *14 Bourne Rd, Bexley *1539 London Rd, Norbury SW16 **ALDERSHOT** *266b High St. **BARNSLEY** *8 New St. **BATH** 28 Victoria Bldgs, Lwr Bristol Rd. **BIRMINGHAM** (Cen) *43 The Bullring **BLACKBURN** *71 Darwen St. **BLACKPOOL** 311 Church St. **BOURNEMOUTH** 216 Holdenhurst Rd. **BRIGHTON** *11 Surrey St. **BRISTOL** *76 West St. **BURNLEY** 124c Colne Rd. **BURY** *94 Rochdale Rd. **CAMBRIDGE** 38 Chesterton Rd. **CARLISLE** 6 London Rd. **CHATHAM** *18 High St. **CHELMSFORD** *167 Moulsham St. **CHESTERFIELD** *528 Sheffield Rd. **CHESTER** 5 Boughton **COLCHESTER** *74 Butt Rd. **COVENTRY** 34 Walsgrave Rd. **CREWE** 74 Edelston Rd. **CROYDON** *109a Church St. **DARLINGTON** *91 Victoria Rd. **DERBY** *61 Osmaston Rd. **FOLKESTONE** *105 Dover Rd. **GLOUCESTER** *178a Barton St. **GRIMSBY** *189 Grimsby Rd. **GREAT YARMOUTH** 3 Howard St. North **HEMEL HEMPSTEAD** *193 London Rd. **EXETER***133 Fore St. **KETTERING** *25 Market St. **KINGS LYNN** 41 Norfolk St. **KINGSTON** *203 Kingston Rd., New Malden **LEICESTER** 116 Granby St. **LINCOLN** *68 High St. **LIVERPOOL** 63 Moorfields **LUTON** *74 Wellington St. **MACCLESFIELD** *77 Chestergate **MANCHESTER** *54 Oldham St. **MARGATE** *55 Northdown Rd. **MIDDLESBROUGH** 14 Borough Rd. **NEWCASTLE** 56 Westmoreland Rd. **NORWICH** *39 St Augustine's St. **NOTTINGHAM** *18 Carrington St./213 Mansfield Rd. **OXFORD** 54 Cowley Rd. **PLYMOUTH** 23 Market Ave. **PORTSMOUTH** 62 Castle Rd., Southsea **ROTHERHAM** *3/5 Rawmarsh, Parkgate **SHEFFIELD** *Unit 5, 68 Division St. **SHREWSBURY** *40 Wyle Cop **SWINDON** 7 Devizes Rd., Old Town **WAKEFIELD** 71 Doncaster Rd. **WEST BROMWICH** *19 Bull St., Ringway **WOLVERHAMPTON** 17 Broad St. **YORK** 5 Scarcroft Rd. ●●● **WALES—WREXHAM** 6 Yorke St. ●●● **N. IRELAND—BELFAST** 31 Gresham St.

*Licensed by appropriate Local Authority.

STOCKISTS These are non-sex shops who stock a range of adult products incidental to their main business: ●●● **LONDON (East)** 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate E7 **(South)** 318 Lewisham Rd, Lewisham SE13. 19 West Hill, Wandsworth SW18 **(North)** 287 Pentonville Rd. N1 **BEDFORD** 72 Tavistock St. **BIRMINGHAM** 487 Stratford Rd., Sparkhill **BOLTON** 201 St George's Rd. **BRADFORD** 147 Manningham Lane **DONCASTER** 15 Copley Rd. **HULL** 263 Hessle Rd. **LEEDS** 237 Chapletown **NORTHAMPTON** 8 Regent Sq. **OLDHAM** 95 Huddersfield Rd. **PETERBOROUGH** 75 Oundle Rd. **PRESTON** 442 New Hall Lane **READING** 108 Southampton St. **SOUTHAMPTON** 103 St Mary St. **SOUTHEND** 39 Eastern Esplanade **STOKE** 62 Piccadilly, Hanley **WORCESTER** 18 Lowesmoor ●●● **WALES—CARDIFF** 9 Mill Lane **NEWPORT** Unit 14, Sovereign Arc., Kingsway Centre **SWANSEA** 3 Dillwyn St

I have listed below the items I require and enclose cash/cheque/PO for £ . If paying by cheque, add name and address to reverse side. All goods sent under plain cover.

Name

Address

I am over 18 and aware that these products are for my personal use only and must not be shown to minors.

Signed

Starlight Products (Dept MF), PO Box 4QL,
81 Wardour St, London W1A 4QL

erotic fantasy where she just walked in naked and I fucked her stupid on the bed. Of course I got a stand-on immediately and it got worse in the shower. But it was *just* a fantasy as far as I was concerned. Apart from anything else her daughter was going to be home any minute. I remember getting out of the shower and going back into the bedroom, making a real effort to clear my mind so my cock would settle down. I even had wicked thoughts of having a quick wank by Julia's bed. And then she walked straight in.

Quest: Deliberately?

Salesman: I honestly don't know. As she opened the door she was calling out as if she expected me to be still in the shower, 'Oh Stephen (name changed), you can borrow some of my husband's old clothes and leave yours for the wash —' Then she saw me standing there in all my glory — I even had a hand round my cock!

Quest: How did she react?

Salesman: I expected her to scream or swear at me, but she seemed almost distracted. She even looked straight down at my cock which should have shrivelled to nothing but didn't.

Quest: How close was she?

Salesman: About three feet away. I'd been standing right by the door. Then as I stammered she said, 'Oh, don't be embarrassed, Stephen.' That's when I realised she had some clothes in her hands. She pushed them towards me. I grabbed at them without thinking. We both dropped them and bent down together. That's when her hand brushed against me — my thigh, I think — as we got up. I jumped, and she seemed to go to pieces. I just reached out and held her arm. And suddenly we were clutching at each other. It wasn't very smooth or anything. It probably looked ridiculous, she in a smart sweater and skirt, me with my pride and glory jammed up against her tummy.

Quest: Did you kiss?

Salesman: Very strongly and passionately — she was more like a teenybopper than a woman her age. Her hands kept squeezing the skin on my back and sliding round towards my crotch or down onto my bum without quite reaching it, as if she was frightened to. Then I brought my hand up the side of her sweater and onto the under curve of her boob, and the breath seemed to explode out of her. She immediately pulled away from me and snapped out the light, then she virtually pushed me toward the bed.

Quest: Was there no light at all?

Salesman: The bathroom light was still on and the door half open. I could see her sprawling on the bed beside me. She lay there looking up at me a moment, as if she expected me to take over. But this was virgin territory to me — in every sense. I was a real bozo. Then she said, 'Oh this is mad. I must be mad.' And she reached up and pulled me down onto her. This time her hands went straight onto my bum cheeks, kneading and squeezing them, then straight round onto my cock. No messing about. She gripped my foreskin and started wanking it up and down like a stirrup pump, whispering in my ear: 'Oh yes, oh *yes*! Now get my knickers off — help me — *help* me —' With her other hand she was fumbling under her skirt, which came undone. I got a glimpse of pale briefs, then she was pulling the gusset aside and that lovely thick bush peeped into view and she was pulling me on top of her, opening her thighs to hold me. She dragged my cock down very fiercely and I think I got a touch of this hot hairy swamp before it happened.

Quest: You had intercourse?

Salesman: I exploded all over the place! My cock had never been that near a pussy before and she'd been treating it as if it were made of wood.

Quest: Was that the end?

Salesman: I was terrified it might be, especially when she groaned and pulled away from me, curling up. I thought she was crying at first, then I suddenly realised she was laughing. She turned round, gave me a kiss and said, 'Well, we might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb' and she sat up and started taking off her sweater.

> 'The friend I'd reminded her of had been the first man to have sex with her. I had brought it all back'

Quest: You had sex then?

Salesman: She made me get under the top sheet, then she took off her bra and knickers and slipped in beside me, and I had my first all-over touch of that lovely soft body and those sensational boobs. My cock went straight back up, but not enough to spurt again, thank God, because she let me lick and caress every inch of her, from lips to pussy. Then she wanked me again, but gently this time and finished by sticking her head under the sheets and running her tongue round my crown before popping me into her mouth and sucking me. Then, when she thought I was ready, she got onto her back again, took hold of me and guided me into her.

Quest: To your mutual satisfaction?

Salesman: I didn't make her climax but I managed a few dozen strokes before I did. Then we talked and it all came out. Apparently the college friend I'd reminded her of had been the first guy to fuck her. They'd had this torrid affair and I'd brought it all back. He'd even had a premature ejaculation the first time they'd slept together — which is why she'd laughed. So I really owed my success to a blissful memory.

Quest: She still went to bed with you.

Salesman: Yes, it was more complicated than that. Hubby apparently hadn't made love for almost a year. He had a mistress somewhere. I just happened to press the right buttons at the right time.

Quest: Did the relationship last?

Salesman: About a fortnight, but it was difficult with the kid around, and my employer reappeared. Then hubby came home, and hired another firm, so that was it. But there was a strange sort of end to the story, which really proves my point.

Quest: Tell me.

Salesman: Years later, just after my marriage broke up, I went to a disco one night for the first time in donkey's years — locally. And I scored. It was a little blonde, very pretty with lovely big boobs. It was so easy I remember thinking, 'Christ, what have I been missing?' I took her back to the house — my wife had moved to her mother's with the kiddy. I started snogging with this girl on the sofa, and I knew there was something familiar about her but I couldn't make out what. Then she made it obvious she'd like to see the bedroom, so we went upstairs and undressed, and I fucked her. Afterwards she said, 'You still don't know me, do you?' Then she told me her mother's name. It was Julia's little daughter — though she was 22 now. She'd recognised me in the disco — after all those years. According to her, she'd had this picture of a kind of young white knight in a boiler suit who was going to whisk her mum away from it all — she hadn't been too keen on her dad at the time. Later she'd realised what Julia and I had really been up to, and she'd been curious to know what her mum's ex-fancy man had to offer. So I showed her again.

Quest: Another unexpected treat thanks to memory?

Salesman: I rest my case.

Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 3

HOUSEWIFE, 39 years old, blonde, town of origin Welshpool

This interviewee married at 23, and now works part-time in an insurance office. She has a son and daughter, both in their teens.

Quest: Do you think memory has an effect on you in romantic terms?

Housewife: Yes, enormously. I think it does for most women — and probably a lot of men, too. I know Gareth — my husband — and I have our honeymoon days — and nights — when something brings back our first days together. Perhaps a song — or a special meal. It doesn't happen as often as it did, mind! But it's still lovely when it does.

Quest: And that has a sexual effect too?

Housewife: Yes — if my luck's in! You have to be careful with some memories. They can make you very vulnerable.

Quest: To a sexual approach?

Housewife: I'm very sentimental. That makes me act a bit silly sometimes.

Quest: Do you mean being silly with someone other than your husband?

Housewife: No! Well, not as a habit, certainly.

Quest: So something has happened?

Housewife: Once, yes.

Quest: Are you and your husband normally faithful to each other?

Housewife: Normally, yes. Gareth had an affair with a girl in his office six years ago. He might be a bit naughty on his business trips but I don't think he'd actually sleep with another woman.

Quest: You seem fairly calm about his affair.

Housewife: I wasn't at the time! But I didn't blame him as much as I could have.

Quest: Why not?

Housewife: Because I felt guilty myself.

Quest: Was this when your memories made you act foolishly?

Housewife: Yes, but that was after Gareth had been bad. I felt guilty about something that had happened years before, which he didn't know about.

Quest: You were unfaithful then?

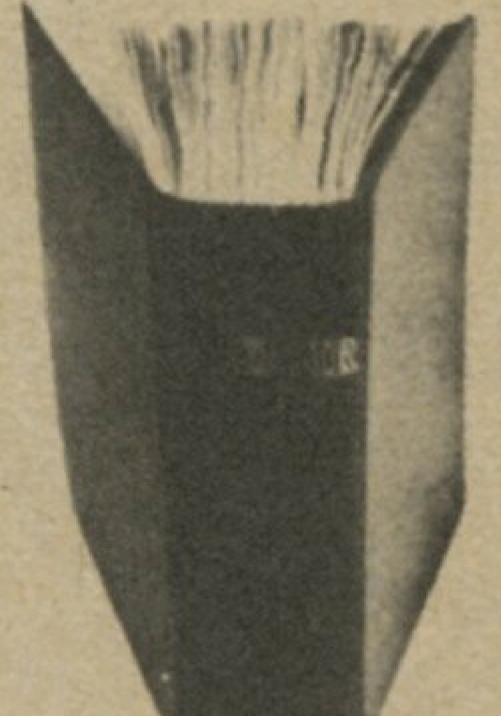
Housewife: Yes. Only once, and it was with someone I'd been extremely close to. But that didn't excuse me.

Quest: When did this happen?

Housewife: The day after I got married!

Quest: You didn't waste time then.

Housewife: It isn't quite as dreadful as it sounds. You see, before I met Gareth I was going out with a boy I'd known since I was 19 — nearly four years. His name was Alan and he was my first lover. I was his, too, and it was a very intense relationship. We'd both led quite sheltered lives and I suppose we made up for lost time. I think I was emotionally closer to Alan than anyone I've ever known — even Gareth. Some of our times in bed together were so extraordinary; I remember lying there in his arms and just weeping and weeping — there was so much feeling I couldn't cope with it. But then we'd have rows that went as far in the opposite direction. It was always one way or the other, hardly any in between. And when we talked about getting married, I knew we'd tear each other apart. So I broke it off, and within a month I'd met Gareth. We were married within the year.



BINDERS, KEEPERS

Do you have trouble keeping your *Mayfairs* together? Now the problem's solved with our own binder guaranteed to take 12 issues. It's dark green with a golden *Mayfair* logo, and costs only £6.00, inclusive of post, packing and VAT.

To: Pat Asquith, *Mayfair*, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. Please send me . . . binder(s) at £6.00 each. I enclose a PO/Cheque made payable to 'Fisk Publishing Co Ltd' for £ . . .

Name ....

Address ....

....

M213

Date.....................

Quest: On the re-bound?

Housewife: Yes and no. Gareth was the exact opposite of Alan. I remember how guilty I felt feeling relief when Gareth and I could be so normal together. But I did fancy him — not in the same way as Alan — and we really liked each other. I think Alan and I hated as much as loved each other. I knew I wouldn't be ecstatic with Gareth, but I'd be happy. So we got married, and the day after Gareth's firm told him to fly to Germany for three days. He was a radar engineer then, and always jetting about. We'd only just moved into a new maisonette that week, and we'd decided to have our honeymoon in it. So I spent most of my honeymoon alone. The second evening Alan turned up.

Quest: Had you been in touch?

Housewife: Not for months. I didn't see any point, though I still felt guilty. He was obviously very overwrought. He'd convinced himself I'd only gone out with Gareth to spite him or test him, and when the wedding had happened he couldn't cope. I don't think he really believed it had happened, or he wouldn't have done what he did.

> ‘With Alan, I was making love to memories, not someone who could be real to me. I was acting like a slut’

Quest: What did he do?

Housewife: He'd come into the living room — I hadn't really wanted him inside — but he insisted on talking. Then he'd cried which was the worst part of all. I felt awful, and I just put my arm round him. And he started kissing me.

Quest: Where were you?

Housewife: We were standing up.

Quest: Did you resist him?

Housewife: As soon as I realised what he was doing. I should have slapped his face or hit him, but I felt partly to blame, and that he needed comforting. So I just told him he shouldn't, which was useless, of course. Then his hands came up onto my breasts and he started rubbing my nipples through my blouse and bra — which he knew always turned me on. I struggled then, especially as his leg was pushing between mine, and I could feel him getting stiff. But he obviously wasn't going to stop and we fell onto the sofa and it happened.

Quest: Are you saying he forced you to have intercourse?

Housewife: No, that wouldn't be fair. I knew exactly how he felt. As far as he was concerned I belonged to him, and I obviously still fancied him — I can't deny I started to respond to what he was doing — so he thought he had the right. If I'm honest I think I was still partly in love with him and he saw that. I can still remember the thoughts running through my head as he stroked and kissed me on that sofa. I didn't feel properly married yet. Gareth and I had been quite strict before we married. I'd only had full sex with him twice before our wedding night.

Quest: Was it satisfactory?

Housewife: It was nice, because sex always is. But it wasn't the same as with Alan. Gareth and I took a while to become complete lovers. I did miss what Alan did to me, on a purely physical level. But on the sofa I didn't admit that to myself. I told myself that I *was* married now, and other men just couldn't affect me, so it was alright to let Alan hold me and touch me because — whatever *he* felt — *I* could treat him as a good friend whose need for comforting was more important than any feelings of outrage I might have. So it was alright if he opened my blouse, and unclipped my bra, and started to fondle and caress my breasts. It was alright if he licked my nipples, and rolled them between his teeth. It was just about alright if he slipped his hand under my skirt, and rubbed my pussy through the front of my knickers. It shows you how we kid ourselves!

Quest: You're not saying you were physically unaffected by a man massaging you there, even through pants?

Housewife: Of course I'm not! My heart was pounding, I was absolutely soaking. In a couple of minutes I didn't know where my knickers finished, and I started. I even thought they were still covering me when Alan eased down his trousers and pants, and slipped between my legs. I couldn't understand why he was getting his penis out because my knickers would be in the way, and he wouldn't be able to put it in me. But then he just leaned forward, and his thing touched me between my legs. And suddenly he was jerking backwards and forwards and I felt him moving inside me, really deep: he'd obviously just pushed my knickers aside. But all I knew, and cared about, then was that he was having me, we were doing it again like so many times before.

Quest: Was it pleasurable?

Housewife: Oh yes, at that moment it was heavenly. I just wanted him to ride and ride me until I faded away. But it was purely physical pleasure blinding me to everything. I felt a climax starting, and Alan must have sensed it because he began to hump me very fiercely. Then I felt that first little spark when I knew it was going to happen for me. That's when he went really deep, and bent right over me and said, 'I love you, I'll always love you' and then kissed me. And he went on kissing me, pushing his tongue into my mouth, and then mouthing the same words over and over again against my lips. Then I came, and he shuddered and spurted.

Quest: It sounds extremely satisfactory.

Housewife: It *was*. Like one of our very best times before. But it was just the physical side, and that finally seemed to hit me as we collapsed on each other. I suddenly realised exactly what he'd been saying, and he had no right to say he loved me, nor had I to listen to him. Gareth was the only man who could say that to me, and do those things as he said it. With Alan I was making love to memories, not to anyone who could be real to me — certainly not in a sexual way. I wasn't 'comforting' him, I was just acting like a selfish slut. Suddenly I saw the whole episode like Gareth would, and it was awful and sordid, and I could have died of shame. That's the moment all my feelings for Alan finally stopped. Someone who really loved me would never have exploited our past — my memories — just to go to bed with me.

Quest: So exit Alan?

Housewife: Within minutes. And there was no problem. Once he saw I meant it he went — and for good, though I was terrified for months afterwards that he'd tell Gareth. I didn't feel safe until he emigrated a couple of years afterwards.

Quest: Thank you.

Nikki

–secretary from Leicester's Royal Infirmary

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN BERNARD

If these pictures of Nikki Carter's sexy 36-24-36 figure raise the pulse of her workmates, they're in the right place. For Nikki is a medical secretary at the Leicester Royal Infirmary, working for a professor as well as various consultants and doctors. It is a responsible job for which Nikki, 22, had to take a special college course. One slip of the typewriter could be dangerous as her medical shorthand has to differentiate between similar terms which mean the complete opposite of each other. 'It is the biggest teaching hospital in Europe, and I love the work, but I would eventually like to try something a bit different.' Although Nikki is happy in her job, she wouldn't go to her doctors for a medical. 'They don't warm their stethoscopes.'

Nikki lives in a flat in the town centre along with assorted pets which include two rats, a balding hamster, and Hissing Sid, a grass snake. ‘I would like to work with animals one day. And I also intend to get a pet python to add to my collection.’ A natural redhead, Nikki can be as dizzy as any blonde. She was recently selling raffle tickets at a fashion show, and said, ‘I forgot to keep the ticket stubs, and was giving out both halves. They all had to be called back.’ In her spare time Nikki prefers a quiet drink in a country pub to the crowds of a disco. And as for men, she puts more importance on personality than looks. ‘I like men who are good fun. A lot of nice looking men think they can rely on that. But I don't want to get tied down until I am thirty.’

Hacked Off With Home Computers?

continued from page 80

for this purpose, sometimes needing several attempts to absorb or give up information.

Worse, it's very difficult to hop about along the length of a tape cassette, searching out one particular piece of information — as anyone who's tried to find a single track in an album tape, with only the counter of an inexpensive cassette recorder to help, will know.

It all takes time. And since the whole point of using a computer in the first place is to save time, the process quickly becomes self-defeating. Far more efficient to jot down those essential telephone numbers or handy recipes in a notebook — or to put your accounts in order with a ledger and a calculator.

But just as this painful truth began to emerge, something else arrived in time to save the home computer — the computer game. Video games, as they were then known, had reached the world's amusement arcades in the early seventies. The first success was a game called *Pong*, invented by a 28-year-old electrical engineer from Utah called Nolan Bushnell.

Pong consisted of a dark screen bisected by a vertical white line. Two shorter, thicker white lines lay to left and right of the screen, and each could be moved up and down by means of a round knob directly beneath.

The object of the game was to knock a moving white spot into your opponent's half of the screen by causing the 'ball' to bounce off your short white line. If your opponent failed to bounce the spot back to you, you won a point.

It hardly sounds earth-shaking today, but in a market dominated by flashy but basically mechanical pinball machines it was. *Pong* turned Bushnell's three-man company — called Atari — into a multi-million dollar concern, and sparked off a video game revolution. *Pong* gave way to *Breakout* (in which the bouncing 'ball' had to knock its way through a wall covering the top half of the screen, brick by brick), *Night Driver* (the screen became the 'windscreen' of a racing car which had to be guided between descending lines of white posts, marking a roadway at night), and *Sea Wolf* (ships passing along the surface of an ocean at the top of the screen had to be sunk by torpedoes released from a submarine at the bottom of the screen). But the considerable success of all of these paled before a Japanese game invented in 1978.

Space Invaders was the first and most successful of the 'shoot-'em-up' games, an excuse for conscienceless and unlimited mayhem, only mitigated by the suicidal nature of the exercise — nobody could actually win, merely survive a little longer than before. The player manned a laser base at the bottom of the screen, capable of moving to left or right in order to shoot descending rows of arm-waving aliens, or dodge the bombs they dropped. The more aliens you shot, the faster replacements arrived, all moving to a thumping electronic beat whose effect was hypnotic. The game became an instant classic, and a worldwide obsession.

The Japanese consolidated their hold on the market with *Pac-Man* and *Donkey Kong*. *Pac-Man* (the original Japanese name, Puck-Man, was changed for obvious reasons) was the first maze game, in which a disembodied yellow face was guided around a maze, chomping white dots, and pursued by four monsters who ate the face in turn until it disappeared. The only way to avoid this fate was for the face to consume one of the four large dots at each corner of the screen. At this point the monsters became temporarily vulnerable, and could be consumed by the face.

Donkey Kong was the first climbing and jumping game. Based on the film *King Kong* (the Japanese word for 'donkey' also means 'crazy' or 'stupid'), the player controlled a small, overalled figure whose task was to scale a series of ramps and girders in order to rescue a girl held captive by a large gorilla on the topmost girder. The gorilla attempted to deter this activity by hurling down barrels which turned into rolling fireballs on hitting the ground.

Addictive though these coin-operated games were, they could also be penally expensive to play. It soon became obvious there was a market for playing them at home, using the screen of the domestic TV. By the beginning of the eighties, video game consoles for the home, which could be programmed with cartridge versions of the major arcade games, were cashing in on the success in the arcades.

But both console and cartridge were still relatively expensive to buy, and there were limits to the complexity of the games. The average cartridge, for instance, contained a miserly 4000 bytes of information.

'Miserly', of course, only in terms of the memory capacity of the new generation of home micro-computers. If you could rid the universe of nasty aliens with only 4K, think what you could do with the 16K memory of the BBC Micro or Clive Sinclair's ZX80 replacement — the 16K ZX81. A lot of people did.

The result was the rescue of the home computer from its cardboard box — and a second revolution in electronic games. A revolution that is still going on.

It also re-fuelled the micro boom. Every year, sometimes every month, saw a new home computer with a bigger memory than its predecessors, and more improved facilities. Dozens of companies, and even larger numbers of products, flooded the market. As late as Christmas 1983 major manufacturers like Acorn, maker of the BBC Micro, were unable to keep up with demand. Then the bubble burst.

Part of the reason was that the market was simply saturated. Everyone who wanted a home computer had one. But there were other important reasons too.

Poor quality control was one. Too many new computers — some from major manufacturers — simply didn't work. Another — still to be overcome — is that each home micro boasted its own operating system.

Software for the Commodore, for example, would not operate in a BBC Micro or a Sinclair, and vice versa. As a result a company might create the world's most remarkable micro, but unless enough custom-made software was available no-one would buy it. And software manufacturers would only risk producing software in sufficient quantities for a high-selling micro.

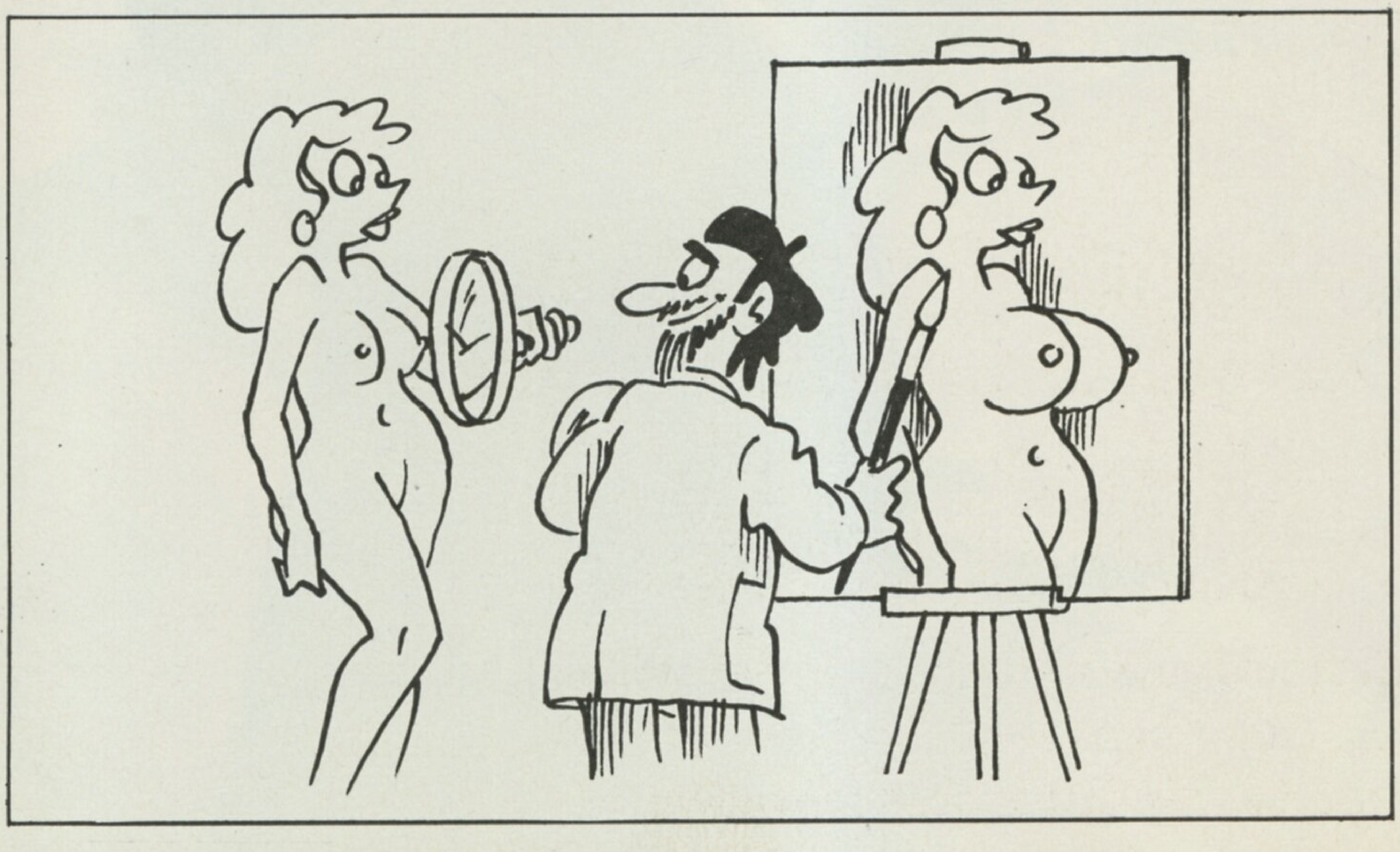
This Catch-22 saw off large numbers of smaller micro companies, leaving the market under the current domination of three survivors — Sinclair's 48K Spectrum, the cheapest and most popular home computer; the 32K 'B' version of the BBC Micro; and the 64,000 byte Commodore 64. Seven out of every ten British micro owners own one of these — though coming up fast is the Amstrad CPC64, the first home micro to banish the familiar spaghetti tangle of wires, as well as fraught arguments over who has use of the TV, by including computer, cassette recorder and monitor screen in one self-contained unit.

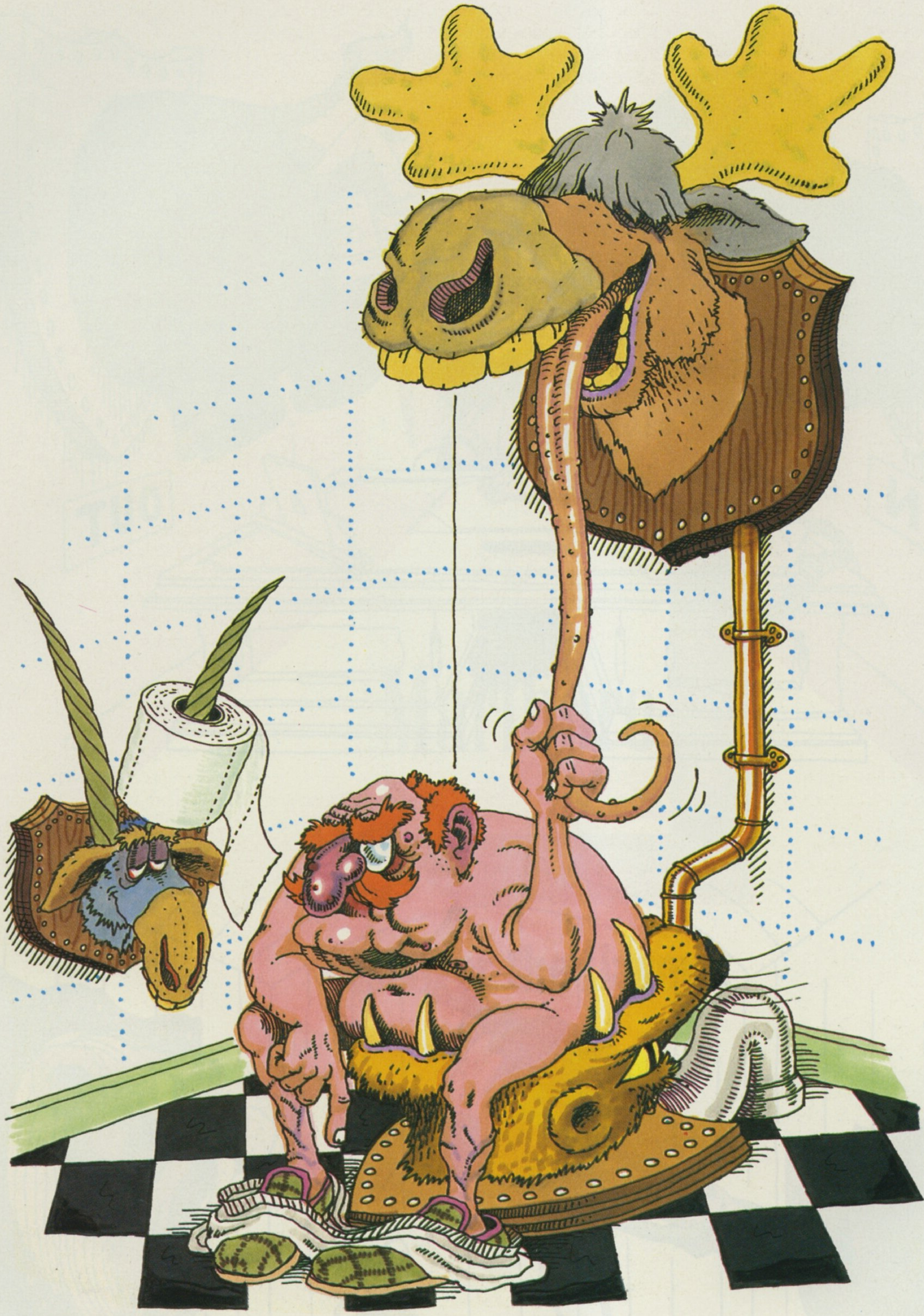
Against the background of a relatively stable market, the computer game has flourished. Today it's on a par with the early days of rock and roll, or the 'B' movies of the forties and fifties — outwardly crass and juvenile, actually displaying an astonishing degree of inspiration, sophistication and occasional bursts of quirky genius.

How else would you describe a game like Matthew Smith's classic *Manic Miner?*

It's a climbing and jumping game, ostensibly set in a long-lost mine beneath Surbiton. Yes, *that* Surbiton, though the opening screen sets a scene of generalised suburban bliss — sunset over the ocean next to a detached house and car, framed by wispy clouds, and a tree in leaf. An off-key rendering of *The Blue Danube* suggests this is not to be taken entirely seriously. The player has to guide Miner Willy, a plump walking figure in a miner's helmet, onto a series of platforms, conveyor belts and lifts in search of numerous keys. His progress is impeded by deadly plants, spikes, or slime, and bizarre creatures moving in set patterns. They include ringing telephones, mobile lavatory pans with snapping lids, carnivorous prams, and crashing spacecraft in a section entitled 'Skylab Landing Bay' (a computer game in-joke: landing is always the

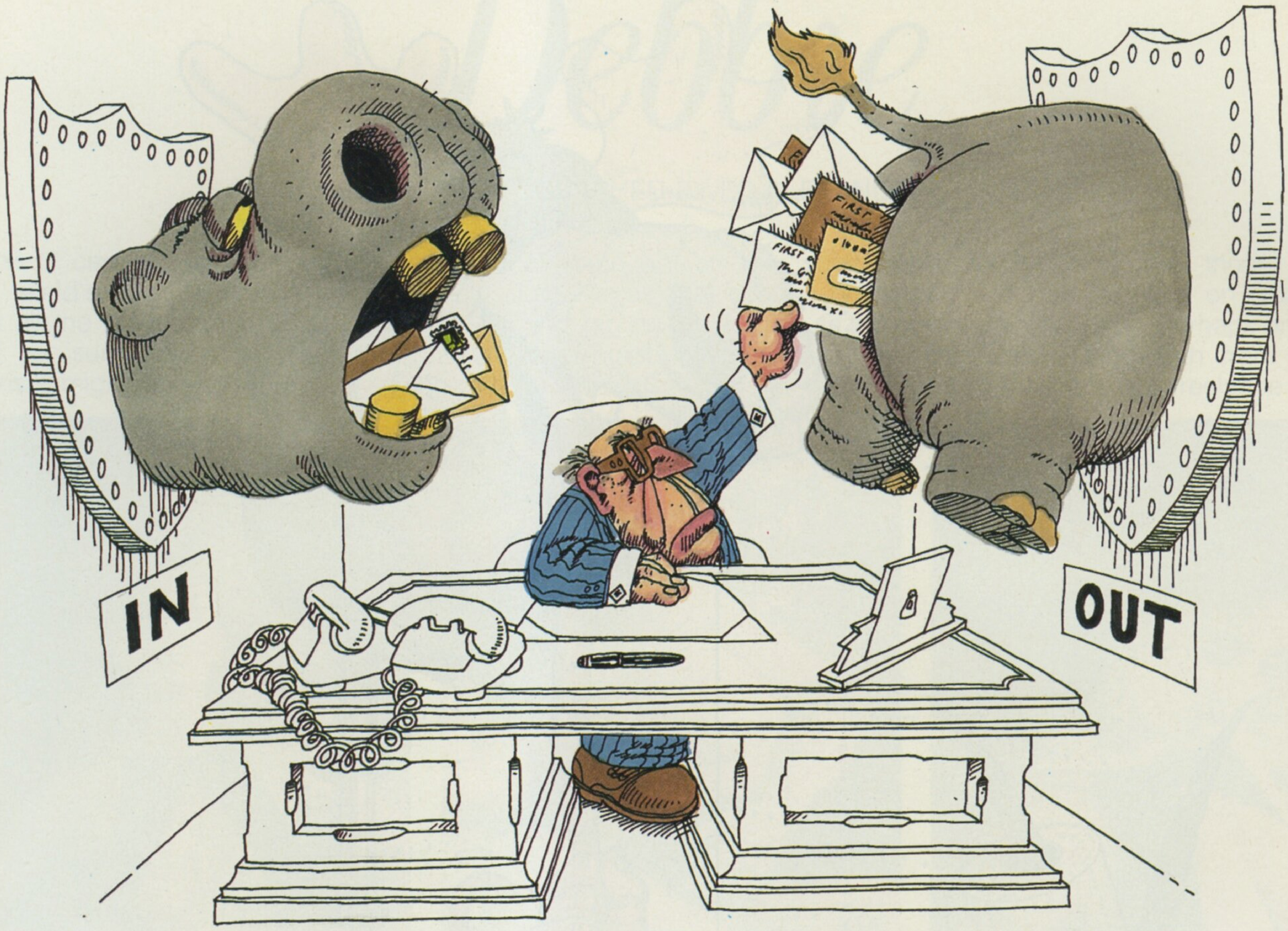
turn to page 100

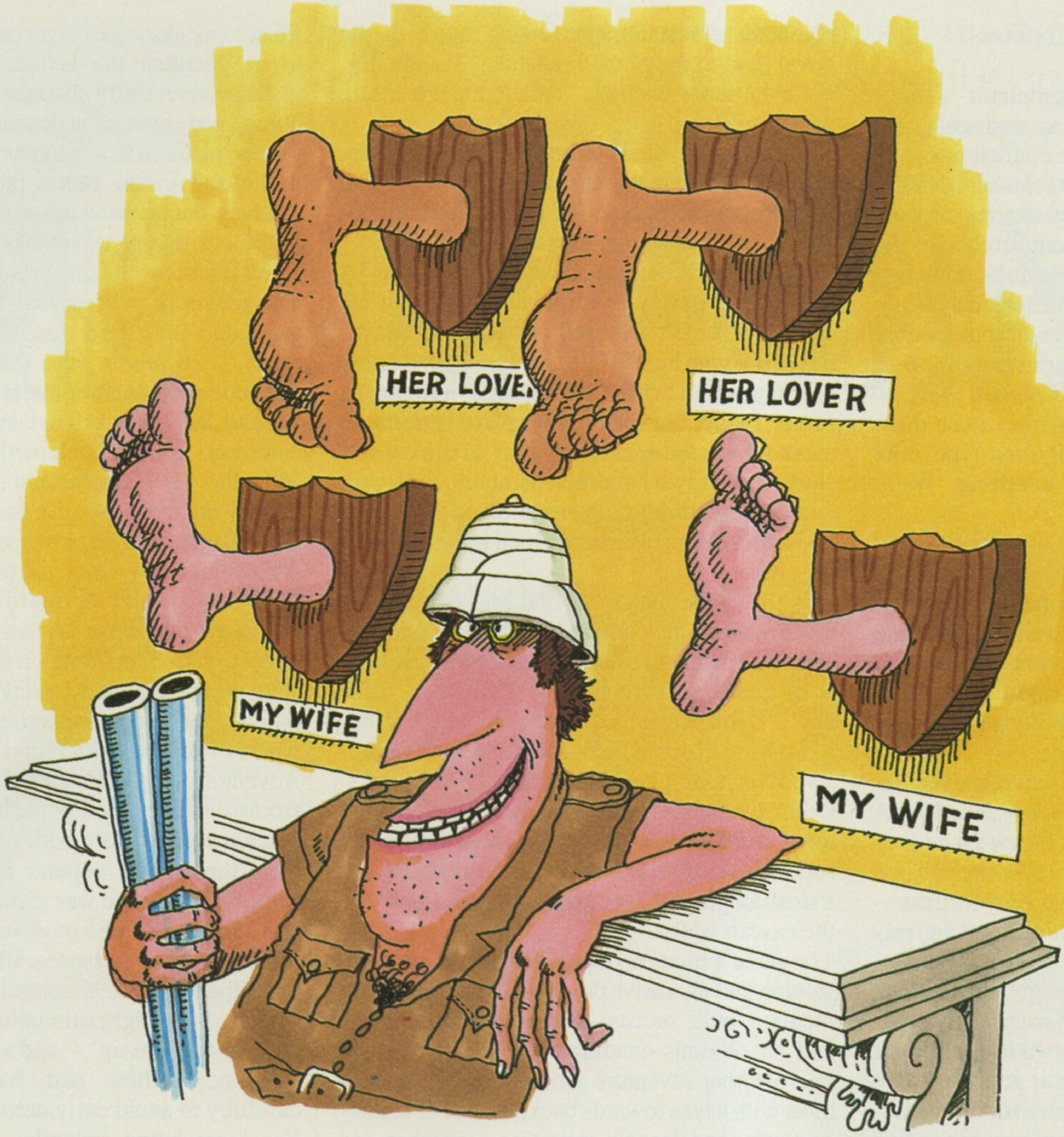


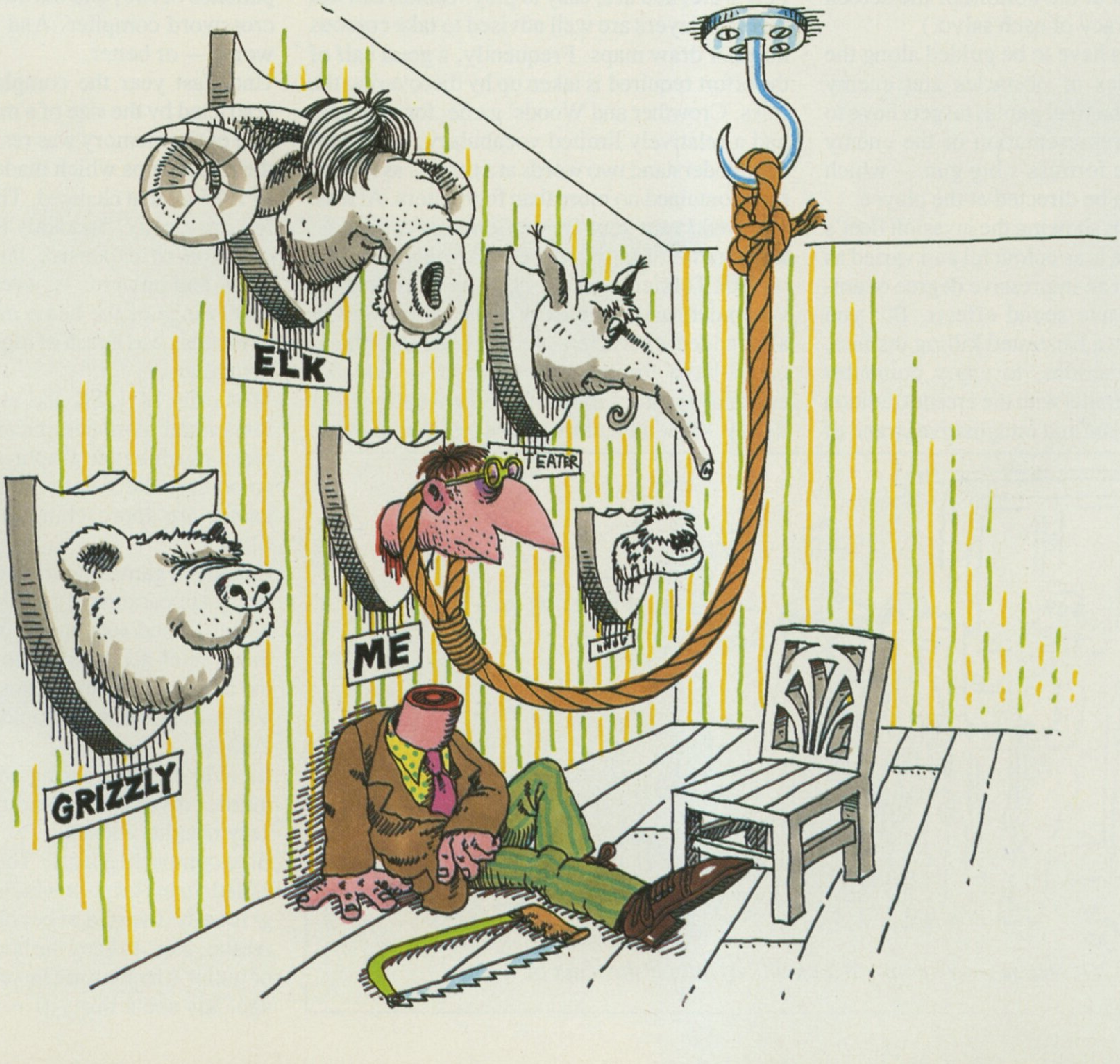


MAKE MINE A TROPHY

Cartoonist Fieldvole's humour always strikes right between the eyes, and when he takes a few pot-shots at hunters' trophy rooms, his aim is deadlier than ever


IN
OUT
FIRST


HER LOVE
HER LOVER
MY WIFE
MY WIFE


ELK
EATER
ME
GRIZZLY

Hacked Off With Home Computers?

continued from page 96

most difficult part of a simulator game.) Bouncing kangaroos, penguins, and seals with balls on their noses add to the confusion.

Contact with any of these obstacles sends Willy back to the beginning — a frustrating process since there are twenty different screens in all, each of increasing difficulty. He does, however, have three lives per game, represented by Willy duplicates who march up and down at the bottom of the screen in time to a tinny rendition of Grieg's *In the Hall of the Mountain King* — which plays throughout the game. Lose three lives, and a large Monty Python-type boot descends from the sky, crushing Willy underfoot.

The screen is a continual riot of colour, sound and bizarre visual invention. It is also very difficult to make progress, demanding concentration, swift eye and hand co-ordination, and patience. All too often a moment of hard-won triumph is snatched away when a platform decides to evaporate beneath Willy's feet. Speed as well as skill is of the essence.

'Shoot-'em-up' games, too, have moved far away from the simplicities of *Space Invaders*. A bestseller like Bruce Carver's *Beach-Head* — in which the player has to land a 10-ship invasion fleet, approach and destroy an enemy fortress — comprises, in effect, five separate and entirely different games.

In the first, each ship has to negotiate a hidden passage filled with mines, and continually criss-crossed by torpedoes. Game two is a sea-to-air battle: the player directs fire at attacking dive bombers who fly off a distant aircraft carrier. Game three is a sea battle: the player has to find the right elevation for his guns to sink attacking vessels (a read-out at the bottom of the screen indicates the accuracy of each salvo.)

In game four tanks have to be guided along the beach past a series of obstacles and enemy defences. And in the final game, targets have to be hit in a large representation of the enemy fortress before the fortress's big gun — which cannot miss — can be directed at the player.

Interrupted by maps showing the invasion fleet's progress, the game is as colourful and varied as *Manic Miner*, with an impressive degree of animation and explosive sound effects. But you don't have to nurse a frustrated killing instinct, or razor sharp reactions, to enjoy computer games. Running parallel with the arcade tradition is a much more sedate and imaginative strand of computer entertainment, owing more to the novel than to the pinball machine. Potentially, it's even more exciting. This is the adventure game.

The first was created before the home computer, in 1976, by two researchers, Will Crowther and Don Woods, at the Stanford Research Institute in America. Their game — now known as *Classic Adventure* or *Colossal Adventure* — begins by describing, purely in text that appears on the computer screen, a location in which the player has to imagine himself. In this case it is standing outside a small brick building in the middle of a forest. In fact, the action takes place beneath, in a vast subterranean cavern with — in current versions — over two hundred chambers, each containing something dangerous or of value in a quest for hidden treasure, which is the object of the game.

It is up to the player to find and explore the cavern, using the computer as his eyes and ears and — sometimes reluctant — helpmate. He does so by typing in instructions — 'Go north', 'Take key', 'Drink water', etc — each of which brings a response of some kind, if only 'I don't understand' or 'Don't be ridiculous'.

Other assistance is provided by objects encountered en route — a lamp, keys, a curious black rod with a rusty star on the end — creatures like a small singing bird, or magic words scribbled on the cavern walls.

The game's mixture of pure adventure, problem solving and evocative description made it an immediate 'cult' success among programmers — and an obvious candidate for the new home micro. Other adventure games quickly followed, most with a bias towards backgrounds of fantasy or myth, and largely imitating Crowther and Woods' model.

Few were, and are, easy to play. Games can last weeks. Players are well advised to take copious notes or draw maps. Frequently, a good half of the effort required is taken up by discovering the rules. Crowther and Woods' game, for example, had a relatively limited vocabulary, and could only understand two words at a time — as long as they contained no more than four letters. At least you could vent your frustration in swearwords. Later games, like the successful *Hobbit* — based on JRR Tolkien's book — greatly increased the vocabulary and complexity of the instructions. It also added characters with whom the player could have limited conversation — and occasional graphics to illustrate the locations.

Today, some adventure games resemble cartoon films — in which the player participates, reacting to or deciding the action. In *Valhalla*, for instance, over thirty characters based on ancient Viking gods interact in dozens of colourful landscapes, pictured in a 'window' occupying the top half of the screen. Below the window, a panel provides background information on the action, while a further panel at the bottom of the screen is left blank for the player's instructions.

The player is represented by another figure standing within the action. He can simply stand there — in which case the other characters continue about their business. Or he can join in. By and large this is advisable since the most common form of interaction — this being Valhalla — is violent assault closely followed by victory or, more usually, death.

But a player can also move elsewhere, pick up or drop objects, buy, sell, eat or drink them, open doors, chests and cupboards, or ask the other characters for help or favours. They may or may not respond, depending on their personality — summarised in an accompanying handbook — or mood. Few things are entirely predictable in a world of supernatural Norsemen.

Adventure and arcade games now borrow freely from each other. Few of the latest releases don't contain aspects from both strands — as well as from three other popular forms of computer activity. These are war games, strategy games and simulations (the most successful deal with piloting aircraft or spacecraft, driving cars, and participating in field sports). *Dambusters*, for instance, is a flight simulation with episodes of pure 'shoot-'em-up' — and a strategy game: the Lancaster's flight path has to be planned carefully to avoid early detection.

Far from being juvenile, today's computer games demand the reflexes of a test pilot, the patience of Job, and the deviousness of a *Times* crossword compiler. And it looks like getting worse — or better.

Until last year the complexity of games was restricted by the size of a micro's memory. The size of the memory was restricted by the cost of the microchips which made it up.

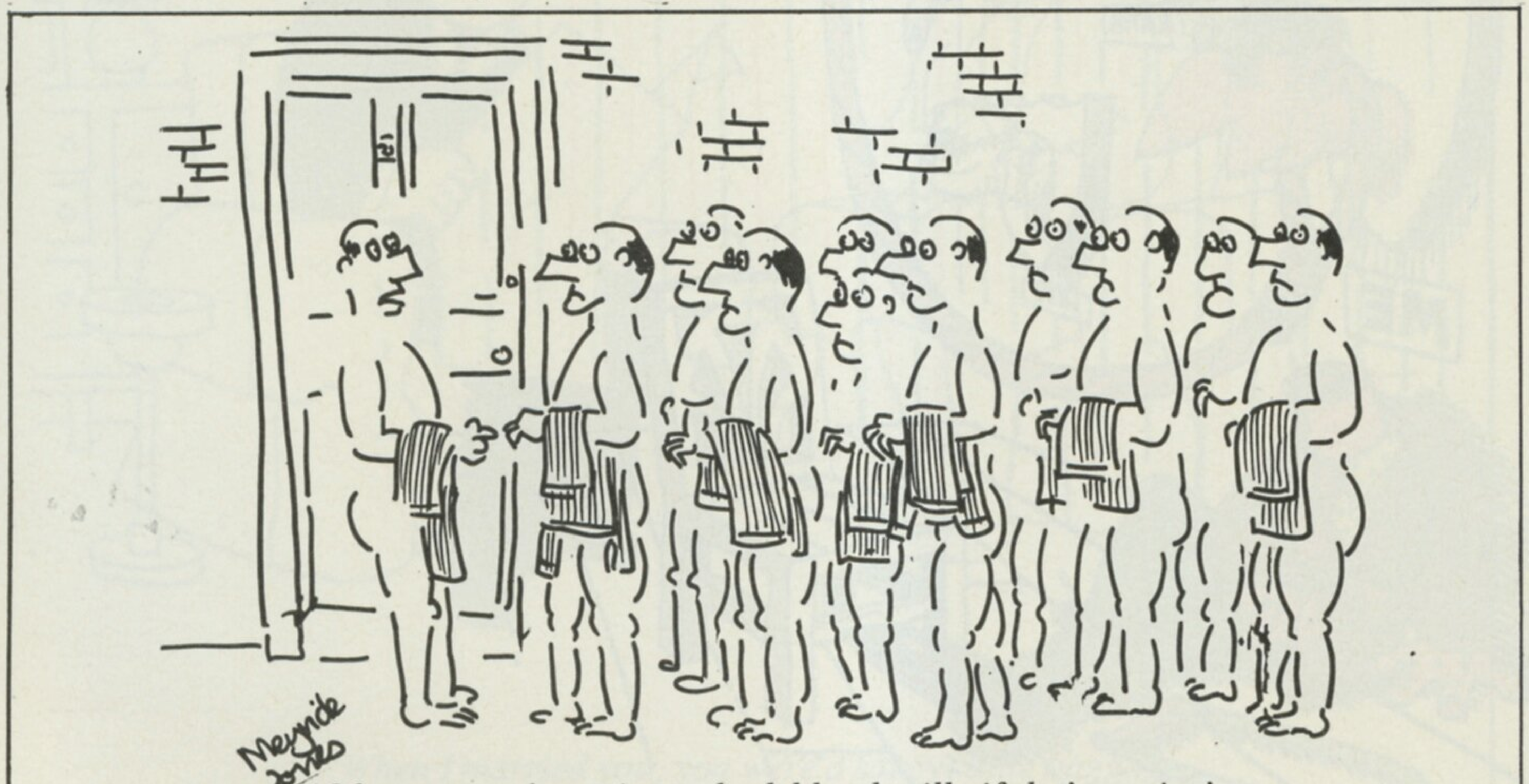
In 1985 all that changed. The cost of microchips fell drastically. Suddenly the sort of memories common to expensive business machines — 128K and upwards — were within the £100 to £200 range of the home micro. The result last Christmas was a rash of high-powered, low-cost computers.

Memories of 128K and more don't just mean longer and more complicated games, they also mean much better graphics. The action can be smoother, the details more precise. Already games are approaching the clarity of cartoon films.

Imagine a game featuring characters who have every appearance of reality, perhaps including actual filmed sequences. You could be one of them, inter-acting with the others, determining the action. You could construct your very own TV movie, which would change with each viewing.

It could be a riproaring adventure, a complex murder mystery, a torrid romance. It could be very naughty indeed.

Blue computer games? There's already a game called *Strip Poker* in which a reclining model is gradually divested of her clothing. All the more reason, then, to keep the home computer well out of junior's hands until he reaches an appropriate age. Say about thirty-five.

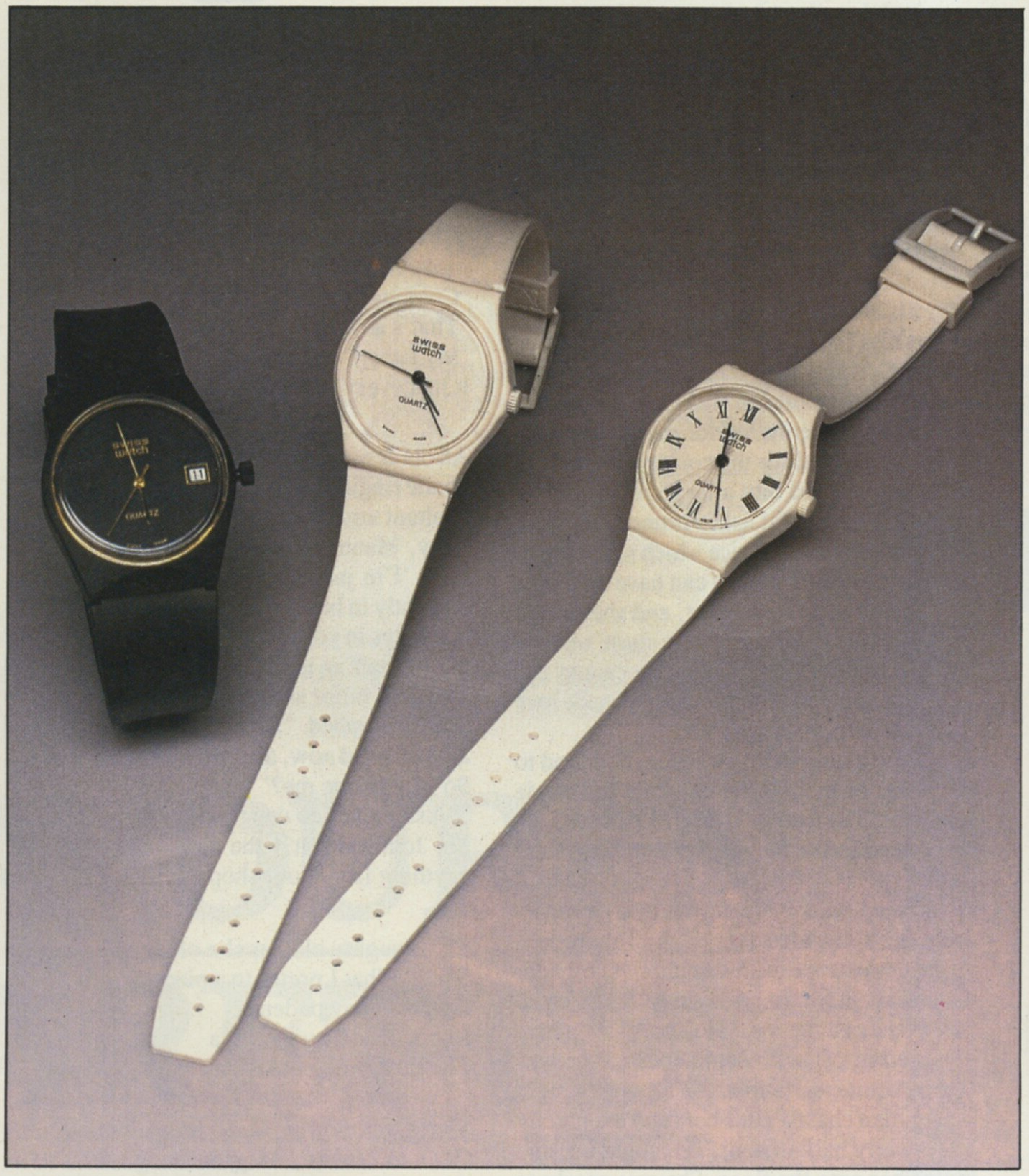


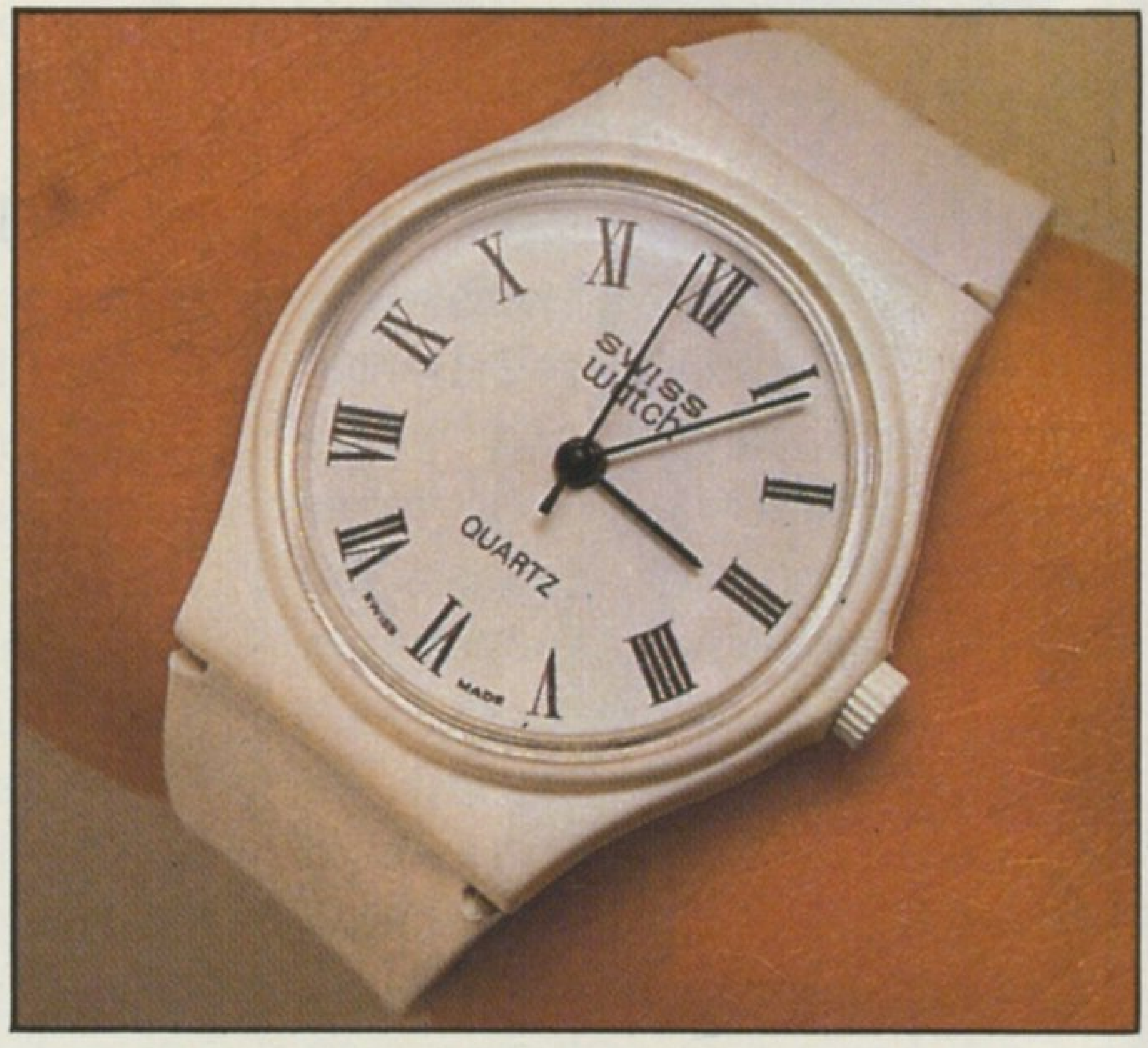
'Of course we're going to look bloody silly if she's not in.'

SWISS WATCHES AT DUTY FREE PRICES

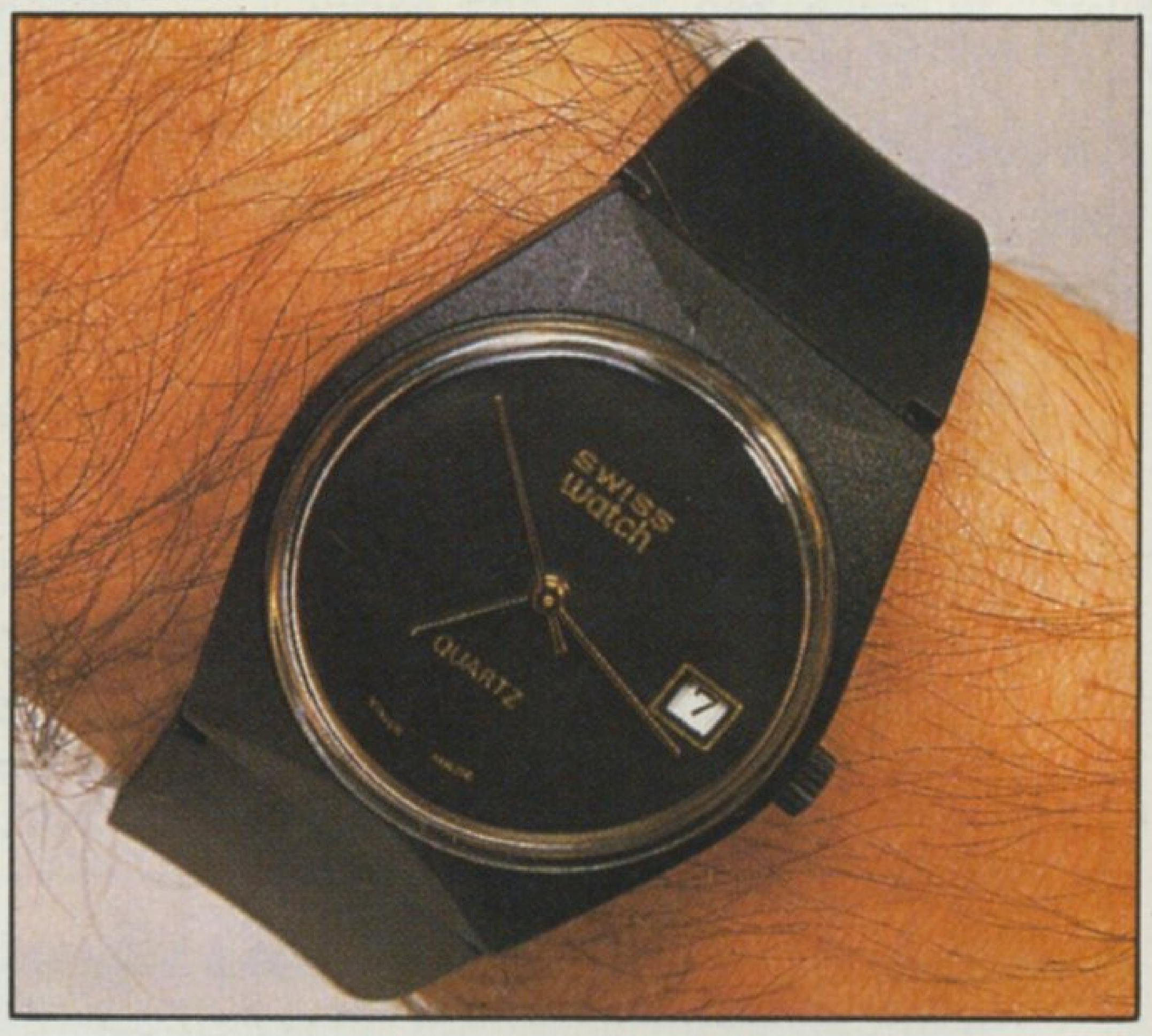
FROM £13.00 +£1.95 POSTAGE AND PACKING

They are the latest fun idea, and a great present even for a person who has a watch already. We first spotted these stylish Swiss watches on sale on the international airlines, and being eagerly snapped up. Now we can offer them at the same price, simply by cutting down our profit margin. Prices start as low as £13, yet these high fashion leisure watches offer quartz accuracy, are waterproof to 30 metres (ideal for swimming!), and guaranteed for a year. Order yours now.

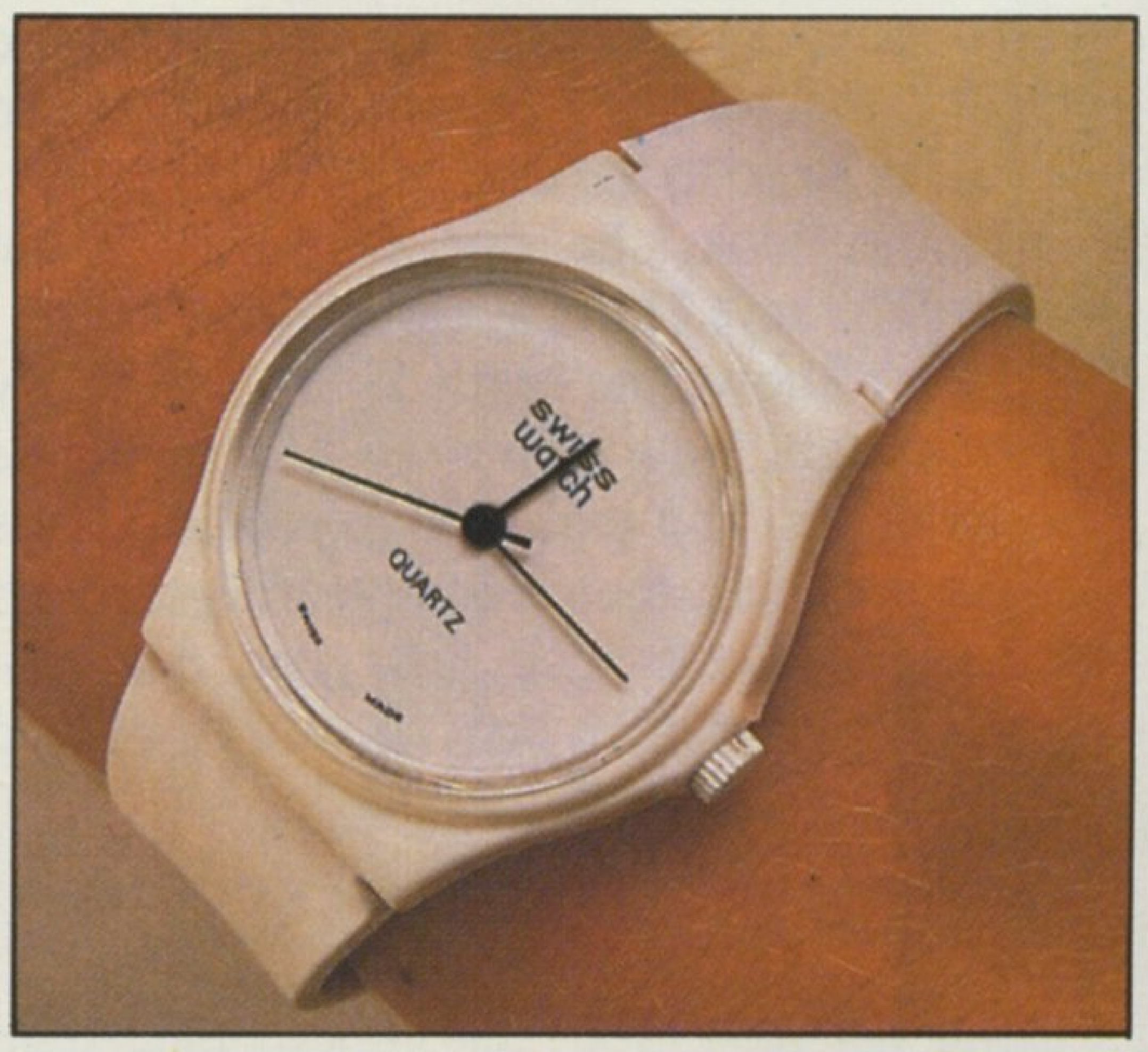




White Swiss watch with Roman numerals ★ Quartz accuracy ★ Waterproof to 30 metres ★ Plastic case and strap ★ One year guarantee. Price £13.



Fashionable black Swiss watch ★ Quartz accuracy ★ Waterproof to 30 metres ★ Date ★ Plastic case and strap ★ One year guarantee. Price £14.



Fashionable white Swiss watch ★ Quartz accuracy ★ Waterproof to 30 metres ★ Modern plastic case and strap ★ One year guarantee. Price £13.

TO MAYFAIR SWISS WATCH OFFER, MAYFAIR MAGAZINE,
95A, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON WC2A 1DZ.

Please send me
......(Qty) White Swiss watches with Roman numerals at £13 each.
......(Qty) Black Swiss watches with date at £14 each.
......(Qty) White Swiss watches with plain face at £13 each.
Please add £1.95 for postage, packing and insurance.

All payments from abroad should be in Sterling (IMO).

I enclose cheque/PO for........... made payable to Fisk Publishing Co Ltd, or debit my Access/American Express account

MY CARD NO IS ____________________

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

____________________SIGNATURE____________________

M213

IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO CUT YOUR MAGAZINE, PHOTOCOPY THIS OR SEND ORDER ON PLAIN PAPER STATING ALL RELEVANT INFORMATION

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

George came into the office one morning full of the joys of spring, and was amazed when his secretary immediately suggested that he sit down.

'Oh you do look ill,' she said. 'You'd better take the week off.' Surprised but none the less impressed by his secretary's obviously genuine concern, he went home.

On the way, he met Jim, an old friend.

'God, what's up with you?' he said.

'I don't know, I feel fine,' replied George.

'If I was you I'd get straight to the doctor,' Jim said looking worried.

'But I feel perfectly alright,' he protested.

Jim's response was a long intake of breath.

Even George's neighbour commented as he walked past.

'You look dreadful,' she said rather tactlessly, and George eventually bowed under the weight of public opinion, and decided to go to the doctor.

'Doctor, look,' he said. 'I feel fine but everyone says I look terrible. What's up?'

'I don't know,' he replied. 'You certainly look rough. Now let me see.' So saying he reached up, and took a large medical tome from the shelf, then started leafing through the pages. 'Looks good, feels good, that's not it. Looks good, feels bad, no. Ah, I've found it. Feels good, looks terrible.'

'And?' asked George anxiously.

'You're a cunt.'

After her operation, the famous lady soap opera star was propped up in bed in her private ward, as the doctor came on his rounds.

'Tell me, how are you feeling now?' he asked.

'A lot better, thank you,' purred the star in reply. 'But one thing does bother me. When will I be able to resume a normal sex life?'

'Oh, that's rather hard to say,' said the doctor. 'I've never been asked that after a tonsilectomy before.'

We've heard from an elderly reader who streaked at Chelsea flower show. He won first prize for his dried arrangement.

What's hard, straight and dry going in, and soft, wet and sticky coming out?

Chewing gum.

A rather overweight young man was passing his newsagent's window when he spotted an advertisement. 'Lose weight easily and pleasantly,' it said, 'First lesson £25, second lesson £35, and third lesson £45.' Deciding that it was time that he slimmed down a bit, he rang up and enrolled for the first lesson.

When he arrived for the course, he paid the £25, and was led into a large room, empty except for a beautiful naked brunette. Around her neck she wore a notice which said simply, 'If you can catch me, you can have me!' The young man approached her, and she started running. He ran after her. The chase went on for five minutes until he finally caught up, pulled her onto the floor, and they made love vigorously and passionately.

When the young man got home, he found to his pleasure that all the exercise had made him lose 5lbs. And he'd enjoyed himself, so he booked in for the second £35 lesson the next night.

He arrived, and again was led into a room, this time somewhat larger. And there in a corner was a beautiful seductive blonde, naked except for a sign saying, 'If you catch me, you can have me.' He approached her, but she ran off with some speed. She was clearly quite an athlete. The overweight young man chased after her, and eventually after nearly half an hour, he caught up, and pulled her onto the floor. She was nearly as energetic in her lovemaking, and the young man went home satisfied with £35 well spent, and 12lbs lighter.

He could hardly wait for the £45 lesson. And he was trembling with anticipation as he handed over the money. He was led into another room. It was empty save for one naked negro. He was six foot tall, and muscular and around his neck was a notice. It read, 'If I catch you, I have you.'

How do you talk to a Sloane Ranger's baby?

'Gucci Gucci goo.'

'Hello, my dear,' smiled the vicar of the Yorkshire parish at the little girl. 'That's a nice cat. What do you call him?'

'Cooking fat,' replied the girl.

'That's an odd name. Who thought of it?'

'My father,' she replied innocently. 'He calls it that every time he trips over it.'

An old Jewish tailor was woken at 3am by the phone ringing. He picked it up, and heard an exultant voice on the other end of the line.

'Hey, Manny, this is Mr Johnson here,' it said. 'I'm just ringing to tell you that I'm currently in bed with your daughter, the one that helps in your shop, and I've just banged her for half an hour.'

The little tailor smiled.

'So?' he replied. 'That is her business. She is 28-years-old now, and can look after herself. So why phone me?'

'I just wanted to congratulate you,' replied Mr Johnson. 'It's the first time I've had anything from your shop that fits.'

That naughty old Sappho of Greece
Said, 'What I prefer to a piece,
Is to have my pudenda
Rubbed hard by the enda
The little pink nose of my niece.'

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected, and £10 will be paid for each limerick. We no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final.

MAYFAIR'S own adult video is here ! –and only £9.95

+75p post and packing

MAKES A GREAT PRESENT

MANDY: Our 37-24-36 dream secretary turns up for work in provocative clothes, and her randy antics prove her undoing literally.

We've taken Mayfair's best-selling adult movies, and transferred them all to one top-quality video. Now you can see six of Mayfair's all-time favourite stars in this one stunning video spectacular. And all for the incredibly low price of £9.95 plus post and packing.

SOPHIE: The long-legged air hostess is soaked after spilling her duty-free liquor, and lingeringly peels off her sodden uniform on a train in an erotic striptease.

VICTORIA JANE: Our cuddly voluptuous beauty takes a stroll in the woods with her dog. But it turns into an outdoor romp which leaves her breathless and bare. Then she gets a drenching while attempting to bathe her pet.

CAROLINE: This svelte blonde livens up the local disco scene by discarding her teasing mini-skirt, and giving an impromptu display of excitingly sexy nude dancing.

SYLVIA: Her full rising-tipped breasts have to be seen to be believed as this sexy au pair livens up a bachelor flat. But the housework soon becomes forgotten.

PENNY: (better known as top model Nina Carter): This gorgeous blonde has novel ideas about swimwear when she puts on a slinky, shiny PVC bikini which leaves nothing at all to the imagination.

Mayfair's outstanding value adult video features all six girls and runs for 30 mins. To get your copy fill in the coupon, and send it with cheque/cash/PO for £10.70 (£11.20 I.M.O. for overseas customers). American Express/Access are also accepted. Remember to indicate VHS or Betamax. Send your order to Video Offer, Mayfair Magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

TO: VIDEO OFFER, MAYFAIR MAGAZINE, 95A CHANCERY LANE, LONDON WC2A 1DZ

Please send me............video(s). VHS/Betamax (please indicate). I enclose cheque/cash/postal order for £............made payable to Mayfair Video Offer. Or debit my Access/American Express account.

My card no. is..

Name..

Address..

....I am over 18 years of age.. Signature ....

Please allow 21 days for delivery. If you are not completely satisfied, simply return goods undamaged within 28 days of receipt for immediate refund. Overseas orders should be in Sterling (IMC). If you do not wish to cut your magazine, photocopy this coupon or send your order on plain paper stating all relevant information.

Joanna

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JEAN ROUGERON

Dallas and *Dynasty* may have their followers, but now we are happy to present our own opulent soap opera star, Joanna Kennedy. Joanna may not be as famous as some of her 'rivals' on television, but our soap is a lot more saucy, and it was all her idea. Joanna, a great soap opera fan, wrote to us asking if she could live a Carrington-like lifestyle for a day, but make it naughtier than American TV would ever allow. What a good idea, we thought, and flew her to the United States.

CALIFORNIA
152 FVK

CALIFORNIA
152 FVK

It was the 23-year-old from Manchester's first visit to America, but she soon settled down, happy to swop roast beef and Yorkshire pudding for a Sunday lunch of steak and fries. The change from her two bedroom house in Wilmslow to the lavish ranch was a little more difficult to get used to. 'I got lost three times,' Joanna laughed. 'It was so big! We don't have anything like that up north.' But once she saw the Rolls we'd hired for the day, she was deliriously happy. 'I've always wanted to ride in one of these,' she insisted. 'What you could do on the back seat with some wealthy handsome hunk like Patrick Duffy . . . ' She didn't go into details.

Instead we settled for the spectacular sight of Joanna's 36-23-35 figure lounging around her new 'home'. By the end of the day she was more than a little reluctant to return to her parent's house and her job as a temp in a Stockport office. 'They'll never believe it happened,' she said, 'until the pictures come out. It will be a massive seller. I'll be buying dozens myself.' However, on the plane back, she was beginning to look forward to boasting about it to her friends. 'After all,' she grinned, 'I'm one up on Joan Collins. I've spent a day in a house like Alexis Carrington's but she's never stripped off in a two-bedroom terrace house in Wilmslow.' Then she added with a laugh. 'But perhaps *Mayfair* could fix that.'

The Performer

continued from page 71

for the moment. There had to be a moment. He really felt that this waiting was bad: the longer it went, the worse it was going to be. A really quiet Mont meant business.

'You were weird tonight,' said Pack, and John realised he meant him. Pack rarely criticised, never with such a severe look. He worried what it meant.

'Yeah,' said Vince, very aloof. 'Like you were on another planet. Did you indulge?'

Drymouthed, John skimmed a look at the hulking Mont who moved on impassively.

'No. Course not.'

'Something grabbed you,' said Vince, unimpressed.

They walked on in silence for a few steps.

'Hey, Mont!' said Vince suddenly. 'Where's this girl, then?'

The words kicked John right in the guts.

Christ! he thought. Now.

'You'll see her in a minute,' said Mont without looking back.

John took a long slow breath. And suddenly they were there, pushing through the dressing room door, the lights going on blindingly.

John could not help glancing about, fists ready at his sides.

There was nobody there.

Mont began taking off his shirt, staring fixedly at the table by the mirrors. His slow, purposeful fingers freed the buttons methodically and peeled the sweaty thing off his broad white back.

John realised that Vince had his back to the door, not seeming to look at much. Pack leant idly against the wall the far side of him.

Mont was reaching under the table.

'Going out a minute,' muttered Pack somewhat awkwardly.

'Okay.' Vince moved away from the door.

Mont pulled a carrier bag full of thick towels from under the table and dumped them on top.

'I hate getting so sweaty,' he grunted. 'What I'd give for a shower!'

Vince glanced at John.

'Aren't we clearing up first? No point in doing that before we load the stuff in the van.' He leaned out the door after Pack. 'Hey, Pack! Do us a favour and open the van, will you?' He threw the keys and closed the door.

John didn't know whether to relax or stay edgy. This slow play bothered him; on the other hand, nothing really seemed to be happening.

'This is only till I get home,' Mont told Vince who should have known anyway.

John began to strip. He'd have a quick wash down at the tap down the corridor, and change into his spares. Mont was right: it was misery clearing up in wet clothing.

It was barely quarter past eleven. He was experiencing the usual end-of-performance downer. He was different from the others like that: in the old days — in the van — they'd be laughing and chattering while he'd be slumped round a fag, going back on what had gone wrong and what could be done better. They'd come close to rape then, he remembered, sitting up suddenly, with some of the lifts they'd picked up on the way back from gigs.

Don't judge me! he thought, glaring at them.

There was a bang on the door.

In jeans and towel, Mont yanked the door open. 'Yeah,' he said. 'Come in.' To the room, he said: 'This is my girl,' and rubbed his face with the end of the towel.

Despite himself, John stiffened, coming away from the wall with a jerk.

The girl came in with quick little steps.

'Don't mind me!' she grinned.

John had never seen her before.

'Steph,' said Mont, 'this is John, Vince.'

'Hi,' grinned Vince.

John stared. Who was this?

'Hullo,' she said, cheerfully.

John tried to hide blankness.

'Cradle-snatcher!' she accused him with a broad grin.

'I know what you were up to! I was watching in the wings while I waited for Monty.'

Wings? And he was shocked to hear Heavy called Monty.

'He dumped me for some little scrubber,' she told them all, 'all in black. Slipped off with her. Came back smiling.'

Now he knew: the girl with the incredible smile and even more wonderful legs. *Dance Time*. It was like a window opening in his mind: now he remembered dancing with this one and then forgetting her, putting her aside as his eyes fell on a happy oval face.

And this was Mont's girl!

'Yeah...' he drawled out slowly, an odd mix of feelings in him.

'I got the car round,' she told Heavy.

'Right,' he said. 'I'm just lending a hand with the gear.' He was climbing into an old grey track-suit. 'Ready?'

'Yes,' said Vince.

John followed them out. His glance caught that of the girl. Briefly, he cursed the arrogance that led to him bringing the other girl back. But what the hell, they were all much like that!

In the hall there was mournful music. Pack leaned against a dreary-coloured wall, putting all his natural pessimism through pan pipes. Pack had always been a busker. He was probably going to drop away soon. And the drummer: John had no way of kowing the effects of romance on Mont's plans.

Monty!

'Want a hand with that?' asked the drummer out of nowhere, looming into his thoughts quick enough to startle.

'No,' said John, sounding completely confident. He lifted all four of their precious monitors in tired arms. 'I can take them.'

'Well, careful', warned Mont and left him to it.

Along the dark passage, John turned again to the latest problem. He didn't mind them going at much the same time. Three perhaps: Vince might be restless, there was something odd about him lately. It was okay having ideas, but you needed people to play them.

In the doorway at the top of the narrow stone steps leading down into the back way, he heard music from a radio, probably the caretaker's.

He paused, torn briefly with real regret. He wished he had a gift with words. His were such rubbish.

Something slammed into his back. He yelled, taking all the dark steps in a hopeless flounder; irreplaceable gear fled through darkness ahead of him, echoing suddenly from the hollow van side, clattering woodenly across the road.

Resounding disaster. Despair hit him just before the concrete did.

'What happened?' yelled Mont, appearing in the dimlit doorway. 'What have you done?'

John rolled, hugging his ribs, head spinning.

He let Mont pick him up; leaned against the van while Mont stared at the wreckage and called him names.

'Lost my footing,' he muttered. 'Could have happened to anyone.'

He never told of light feet coming down the steps behind him as he lay, hurting, on the cold concrete road. Not of a voice of spite that said: '*There*! I hope that *fucked* you!'

IF YOU DO NOT SEE WHAT YOU WANT ASK AN ASSISTANT
TONY ELLIS

'I want to see those cute little tits naked and heaving with passion, those buttocks . . .'

AND NOW IT
IS UP TO
YOU!

MAYFAIR'S GREAT SUBSCRIPTION OFFER

There comes a time when every man has to act – and act fast. It is specially true if you are the type of man who would enjoy a full year of marvellous *Mayfair* maids delivered to your door. A *Mayfair* subscription secures you 12 issues, each crammed with our fabulous girls, fascinating features, and fantastic fiction, *before* they are on sale in the newsagent's. And what price a year's pleasure? Only £15, which means that we are paying the post and packing costs. And each *Mayfair* will arrive in a plain brown envelope, safe from prying eyes. So send off the coupon, *below*, now and very soon you will be enjoying our gorgeous girls in your own home for a full year.

We offer a great deal to foreign subscribers, too. Look at these prices, all well below bookstall levels. AUSTRIA 500 A SCH/ BELGIUM 1500 B FR/ GERMANY 100 DM/ HOLLAND 80 FL/ FRANCE 250 FR/ SPAIN 3500 PTAS/ SWITZERLAND 60 SFR/ NTH AMERICA US $25. Payment from abroad in Sterling Eurocheques or local currency notes.

To: *Mayfair* Subscriptions, Fisk Publishing Co Ltd, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. Please send me 12 issues of *Mayfair* starting with Vol. .... No. ....

NAME ____________________________________

ADDRESS ____________________________________

____

I enclose cheque/PO made payable to Fisk Publishing Co Ltd, or debit my Access/ American Express acc no ....,....

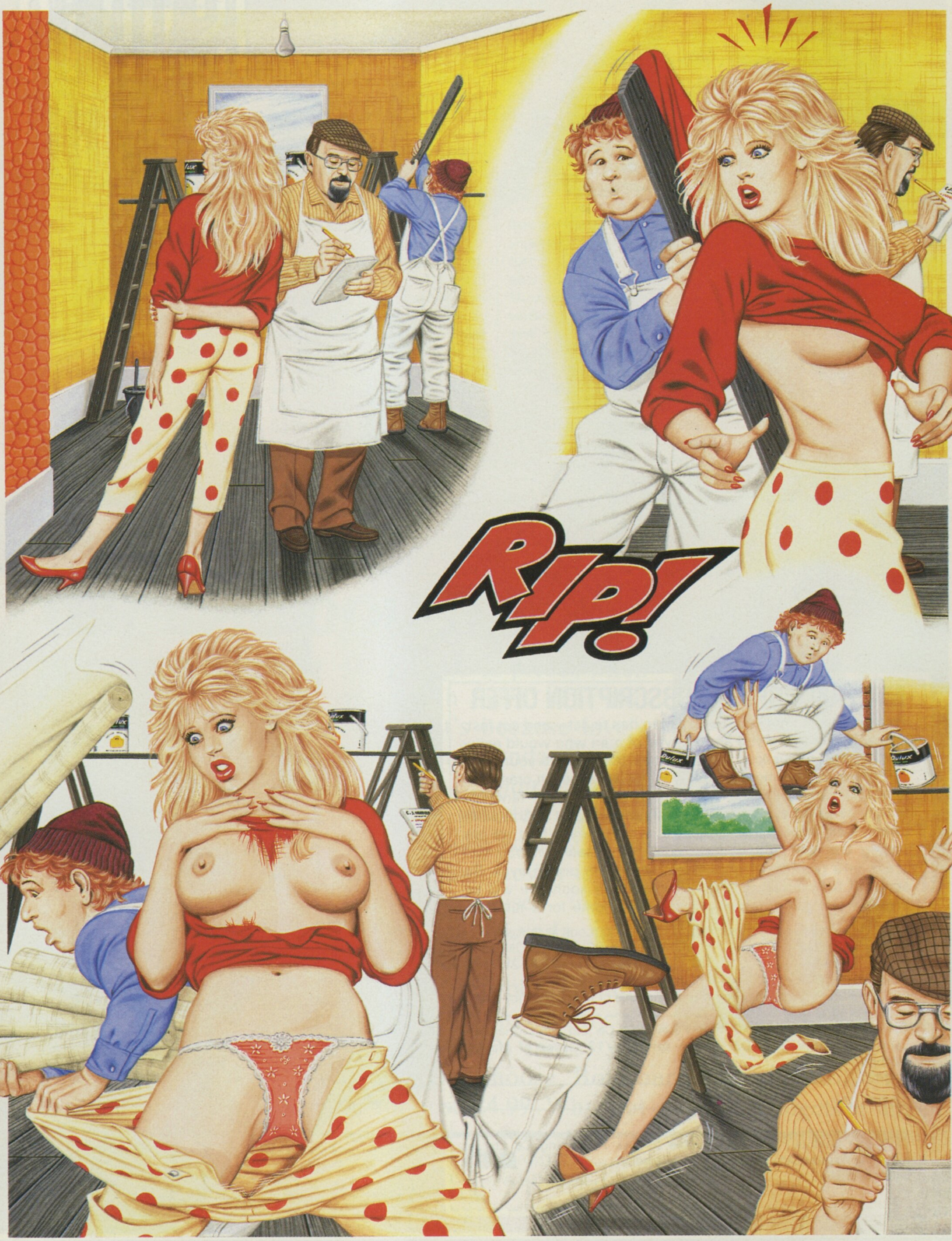
SIGNATURE ....

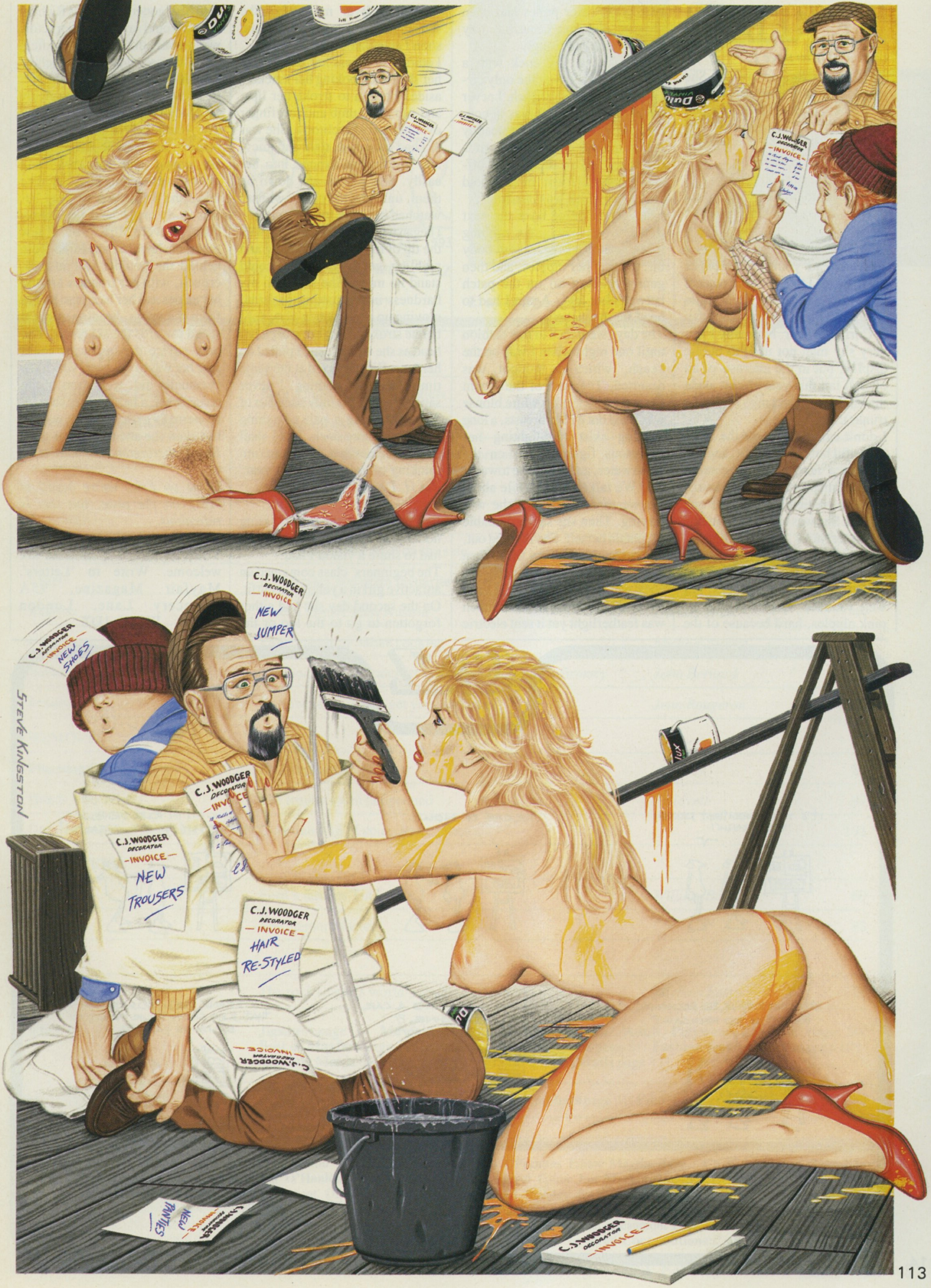
M213

IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO CUT YOUR MAGAZINE, THEN PHOTOCOPY THIS COUPON OR SEND YOUR ORDER ON PLAIN PAPER, STATING ALL RELEVANT INFORMATION.

CARRIE

Carrie finishes the paperwork for the stuck-up decorators


RIP!
Dulux
Dulux
Dulux


Dulux
C.J. WOODGER
INVOICE
INVOICE
C.J. WOODGER
DECORATOR
INVOICE
Dulux
C.J. WOODGER
DECORATOR
INVOICE
NEW SHOES
C.J. WOODGER
DECORATOR
INVOICE
NEW JUMPER
STEVE KINGSTON
C.J. WOODGER
DECORATOR
INVOICE
C.J. WOODGER
DECORATOR
INVOICE
NEW TROUSERS
C.J. WOODGER
DECORATOR
INVOICE
HAIR RE-STYLED
Dulux
C.J. WOODGER
DECORATOR
INVOICE
C.J. WOODGER
DECORATOR
INVOICE
NEW PANTIES
C.J. WOODGER
DECORATOR
INVOICE

LETTERS

continued from page 15

on her buttocks and breasts. She stood there with a faraway look in her eyes. She seemed satisfied. I can't wait for her moped to go wrong again.
'Road Rat', Chippenham

We dread to think what would happen if she asked you to do a full service.

Having read your letters pages many times, I thought your readers would be interested in a little adventure I had whilst on holiday in Corfu last year. Normally I'm a very shy man not used to public display, but in the interests of an overall tan this year, I cast aside my inhibitions (and my swimming trunks).

I don't exactly possess the body beautiful but I am very fit, and did receive a few admiring glances from members of the local naturist club. In particular I noticed one person. She was tall, slim, with the warm features of an Italian — raven hair, hazel eyes, and a firm inviting mouth. Her body was perfect — tight little buttocks, full well rounded breasts with rosy pink nipples, hard because of the cold water. Her pubes had been shaven, and that beautiful, tiny vulva winked invitingly.

She looked at my cock with a knowing grin. It was the only circumcised one on the beach. I never knew how difficult it was to concentrate on a suntan whilst steadily getting a hard-on. I bolted towards the water and swam to some offshore rocks. Even in the cold water, my prick was bursting.

I decided to come back the next day. She was there again, rubbing those beautiful breasts with body oil, tugging her nipples, and then gently rubbing oil on the patch between her legs. Again I had to head for the water.

The days went past in this fashion until one night when I was on the beach, which I thought was deserted. Then out of the gloom she came. Her crisp white blouse was filled out by her breasts, a long flowing skirt highlighting her voluptous figure. I sat on the breakwater, and she came towards me. We talked for a while about the weather and where she was staying. Then she seemed unable to contain herself. She reached out, and put her hand on my flies. Then she started to undo my shorts. My cock was hard, almost rigid, and she started to stroke me. Her touch was featherlight yet it sent electric shocks all over my body. She started to caress my member, and soon I ejaculated into her hand.

I started to caress her too, lifting her skirt and hooking her knickers aside. I began to stroke her lips, and rub my thumb and forefinger over her swollen clitoris. She was as I had imagined, tight and juicy, and my fingers slipped into her easily. She slid up and down on them, until she too came, whilst I watched her rock hard nipples.

I began nuzzling them, licking with the tip of my tongue, sucking and nibbling gently until she could stand no more. She slid onto my hardness in a squatting position, moving up and down in slow deliberate strokes. She threw back her head as she moved, and I pulled on her hair. We climaxed at the same time, then said nothing. I never saw her again, the only souvenir of the night being a pair of aching balls and a sore cock. But I shall always remember her, and am thinking of going back this year.
R A H, Doncaster

I've just come back from a skiing holiday in Switzerland, and just had to share a vision I had.

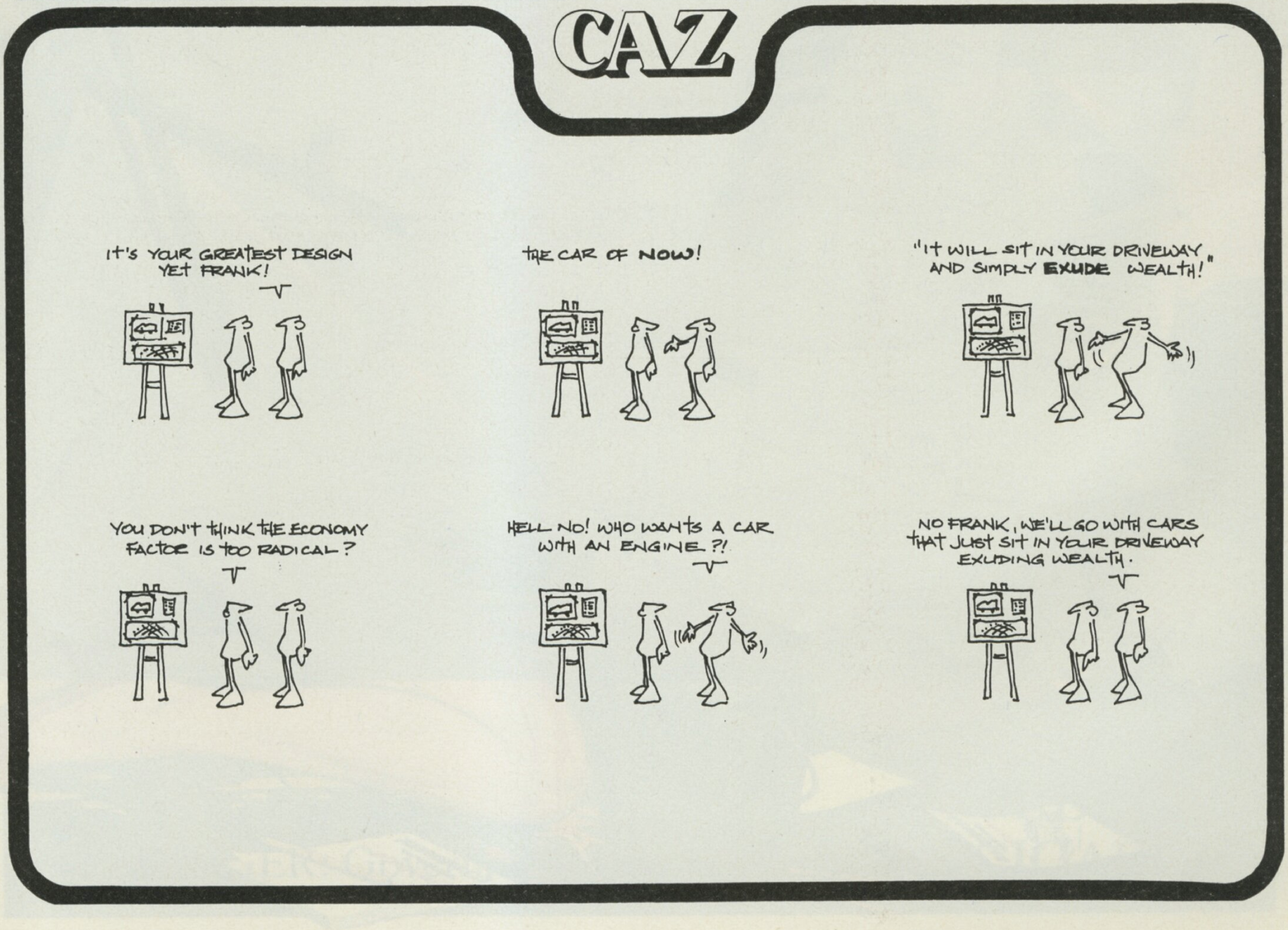
The beginners' class contained an attractive girl in a yellow ski outfit. On the second day she had either forgotten to go to the loo or the cold had 'gotten' to her (as Richard Nixon would say). The instructor, when aware of the lady's predicament, suggested that she go behind a boulder on the side, and the rest of us would do the gentlemanly (and ladylike) thing, and turn away.

The young lady went behind the boulder, managed to pull down her ski pants, and knickers, and assume a crouching position. The thing she forgot was to keep her skis at an angle, and the consequences were dire. For a few moments later she appeared from behind the boulder still in mid-crouch, with her trousers around her ankles and her bare bum inches from the snow, heading at great speed towards the ski resort. The only advice the instructor could give her was to fall over, which she eventually did, well short of the resort hotel, a fact I gather she will be eternally grateful for. It was the last class she attended, poor girl.
Eric Fetherington, Carlisle

Come on Eric, we've heard of being on the piste, but this is ridiculous.

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

CAZ


IT'S YOUR GREATEST DESIGN YET FRANK!
THE CAR OF NOW!
"IT WILL SIT IN YOUR DRIVEWAY AND SIMPLY EXUDE WEALTH!"
YOU DON'T THINK THE ECONOMY FACTOR IS TOO RADICAL?
HELL NO! WHO WANTS A CAR WITH AN ENGINE?!
NO FRANK, WE'LL GO WITH CARS THAT JUST SIT IN YOUR DRIVEWAY EXUDING WEALTH.

FREE!

TO VIDEO USERS ONLY!

OUR **ADULT!**
FULL HALF HOUR
YES–A FREE ADULT VIDEO PREVIEW FILM (30 mins)

THE HOTTEST 'COMING ATTRACTIONS' FILM IN THE U.K.—FREE!!

HOW CAN WE DO IT FREE!!!

EASY—Our films are *GENUINE* XXX adult films and not rubbish you could show to your maiden aunt!!!
YES! 90% of the people who have our free *ADULT PREVIEW FILM* buy from us within 24 hours of seeing the free film. THEN BUY AGAIN AND AGAIN!!

THAT IS WHY WE CAN MAKE THIS OFFER!

ALSO—You are under no obligation to buy any films. If you think that our ADULT films are rubbish you can keep the sample to use as a blank!
YES —WE ARE THAT CONFIDENT YOU WILL BUY FROM US LATER!

TO SAVE TIME! **01 870 7313** 24 HOURS OPEN SAT & SUN **TO ORDER**

TO – VIDEO VIEW, FREEPOST, LONDON, E11 4BR
(no stamp needed)

SEND ME MY FREE VIDEO

I UNDERSTAND THAT I AM UNDER NO OBLIGATION TO BUY ANY OF YOUR FILMS AND THE TAPE IS MINE TO KEEP.

MY VIDEO FORMAT IS ☐ VHS or BETA

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

TELEPHONE NO. ....

I am over 18 years old

ORIGINAL
YOU MUST USE THIS COUPON. THIS IS TO STOP PEOPLE GETTING MORE THAN ONE EACH.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

ADULT ? ? ?
VIDEO FILMS ? ? ?

TAKE NO RISKS!

There is only one way to make sure you are getting good XXX adult video films worth watching.

BUY A SAMPLE TAPE FIRST!

for only **£7** (inc. P. & P.)

YES — a full HALF HOUR sample film showing the best excerpts from our HUGE RANGE OF ADULT video films (for virtually the cost of a blank!)

YES — we are so confident you will be satisfied with our films we are prepared to take a no profit risk!

WE KNOW YOU WILL BUY THEN!

Order from
T. T. VIDEO
Concorde House, Margaret Street,
Brighton, Sussex BN2 1TS

Please send me my half hour EROTIC INFERNO sample film.
My video is (VHS/BETA). I am over 18.
I enclose cheque/P.O. for £7 payable to VIDEO CO.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

TELEPHONE NUMBER ....

(Please send under plain packaging)

M/F

SPECIALIST

ADULT VIDEO FILMS!

WHY BUY A BORING ADULT FEATURE FILM WHEN YOU CAN BUY ADULT FILMS *TAILOR MADE* TO YOUR INDIVIDUAL TASTES!

All you have to do is choose any THREE or SIX films from the list below and we will make up a SPECIALIST order as close to your own individual tastes as possible. ALL FILMS SENT UNDER PLAIN COVER

CODE LETTER 'A' (ALPHA)	ONE HOUR OF GENERAL
CODE LETTER 'B' (BRAVO)	ONE HOUR OF UNIFORMS (NURSES, ETC)
CODE LETTER 'C' (CHARLIE)	ONE HOUR OF FEMALE DOMINATION
CODE LETTER 'D' (DELTA)	ONE HOUR OF MALE DOMINATION
CODE LETTER 'E' (ECHO)	ONE HOUR OF BIZARRE
CODE LETTER 'F' (FREDDIE)	ONE HOUR OF BUMPER BOOBS
CODE LETTER 'G' (GEORGE)	ONE HOUR OF BUMPER BOTTIES
CODE LETTER 'H' (HARRY)	ONE HOUR OF NAUGHTY WIVES
CODE LETTER 'I' (INDIGO)	ONE HOUR OF COLLEGE GIRLS
CODE LETTER 'J' (JUPITER)	ONE HOUR OF CAMPUS FROLICS
CODE LETTER 'K' (KETCHUP)	ONE HOUR OF MYSTERY
CODE LETTER 'L' (LARRY)	ONE HOUR OF SPANKING
CODE LETTER 'M' (MARY)	ONE HOUR OF SUPER STUD

ANY 3 FOR £39.95 – ANY 6 FOR £59.95

TO: **ALPHA VIDEO, 27a OLD GLOUCESTER STREET, LONDON, WC1N 3XX**

Please send me the following three/six films. I attach cheque/P.O. for £39.95/£59.95 payable to ALPHA VIDEO. *I AM OVER 18 YEARS OLD*

1	2	3	4	5	6

JUST WRITE CODE LETTER IN THE BOXES

NAME .... VIDEO FORMAT ....

ADDRESS ....

....

M/F

THE XXX ADULT VIDEO
SWITCHBOARD

IS OPEN 24 HOURS INCLUDING SAT. & SUNDAY
JUST TELEPHONE (in confidence)

0373-830563

the INFORMATION desk will tell you the latest!

AMSTERDAM!

MAKE SURE YOU GET THE BEST IN ADULT MOVIES. BUY DIRECT FROM US. U.K. CHEQUES AND POSTAL ORDERS ACCEPTED. (FILMS SENT IN U.K.)

ONE HOUR SPECIAL £19 (inc p & p)

Order from – **Techno Video, P.O. Box 70385**
1007 KJ, Amsterdam, Holland. (22p stamp)

Buy a SAMPLE video first!

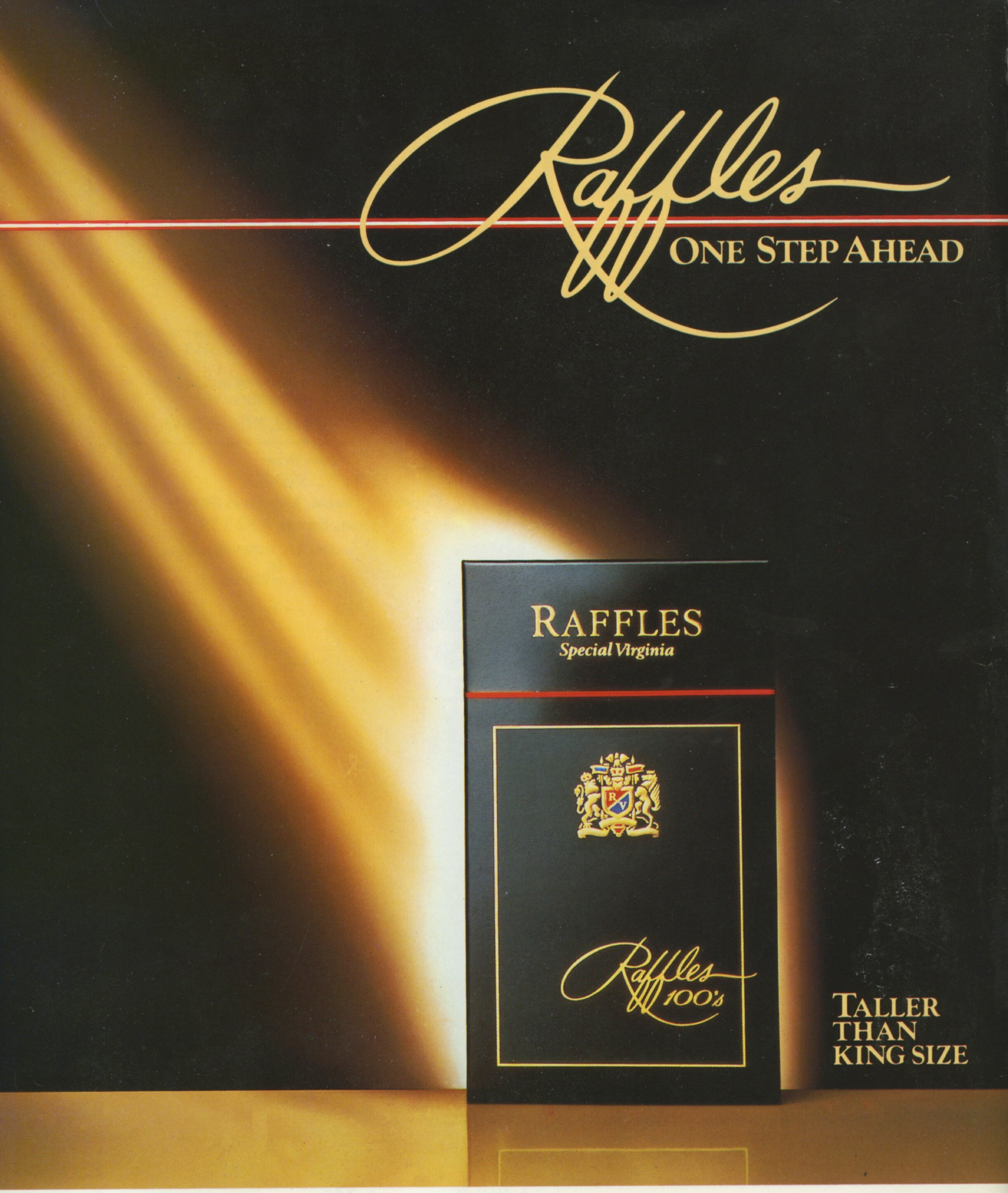
WHY TAKE ANY RISK WHEN FOR ALMOST THE COST OF A BLANK YOU CAN BUY A PREVIEW!

Only the Genuine Adult Video Dealers Make Such an Offer

FULL ONE HOUR **£10** **YES – ONLY £10**
inc P & P VHS/BETA

To ACE VIDEO
CIRCLE HOUSE, 65/67 WEMBLEY HILL ROAD,
WEMBLEY, MIDDLESEX, HA9 8DP

Please send my 1 HOUR sample. I am over 18. I enclose cheque/P.O. for £10 payable to ACE VIDEO (*attach your address*)
My adult interests are GENERAL ☐ ORGIES ☐ GAY ☐
SPANK ☐ GROUP ☐ (*tick your interests!*)


Raffles
ONE STEP AHEAD
RAFFLES
Special Virginia
Raffles 100's
TALLER THAN KING SIZE

LOW TO MIDDLE TAR As defined by H.M. Government
DANGER: Government Health WARNING:
CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH